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THE WRITINGS OF

LAFCADIO HEARN

Large-Paper Edition

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

VOLUME IX

Fuji Yama

EXOTICS
AND RETROSPECTIVES
AND
IN GHOSTLY JAPAN

BY

LAFCADIO HEARN

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EXOTICS AND RETROSPECTIVES

ALL but one of the papers composing this volume appear for the first time. The little essays, or rather fantasies, forming the second part of the book, deal with experiences in two hemispheres; but their general title should explain why they have been arranged independently of that fact. To any really scientific imagination, the curious analogy existing between certain teachings of evolutional psychology and certain teachings of Eastern faith — particularly the Buddhist doctrine that all sense-life is Karma, and all substance only the phenomenal result of acts and thoughts — might have suggested something much more significant than my cluster of *Retrospectives*. These are offered merely as intimations of a truth incomparably less difficult to recognize than to define.

L. H.

TŌKYŌ, JAPAN
February 15, 1898

EXOTICS

Even the worst tea is sweet when first made from the new leaf.

Japanese proverb

EXOTICS

* * *

FUJI-NO-YAMA

Kité miréba,
Sahodo madé nashi,
Fuji no Yama!

Seen on close approach, the mountain of
Fuji does not come up to expectation.
Japanese proverbial philosophy

THE most beautiful sight in Japan, and certainly one of the most beautiful in the world, is the distant apparition of Fuji on cloudless days — more especially days of spring and autumn, when the greater part of the peak is covered with late or with early snows. You can seldom distinguish the snowless base, which remains the same color as the sky: you perceive only the white cone seeming to hang in heaven; and the Japanese comparison of its shape to an inverted half-open fan is made wonderfully exact by the fine streaks that spread downward from the notched top, like shadows of fan-ribs. Even lighter than a fan the vision appears — rather the ghost or dream of a fan; — yet the material reality a hundred miles away is grandiose among the mountains of the globe. Rising to a height of nearly 12,500 feet, Fuji is visible from thirteen provinces of the Empire. Nevertheless it is one of the easiest of lofty mountains to climb; and for a thousand years it has been

scaled every summer by multitudes of pilgrims. For it is not only a sacred mountain, but the most sacred mountain of Japan — the holiest eminence of the land that is called Divine — the Supreme Altar of the Sun; — and to ascend it at least once in a lifetime is the duty of all who reverence the ancient gods. So from every district of the Empire pilgrims annually wend their way to Fuji; and in nearly all the provinces there are pilgrim-societies — Fuji-Kō — organized for the purpose of aiding those desiring to visit the sacred peak. If this act of faith cannot be performed by everybody in person, it can at least be performed by proxy. Any hamlet, however remote, can occasionally send one representative to pray before the shrine of the divinity of Fuji, and to salute the rising sun from that sublime eminence. Thus a single company of Fuji-pilgrims may be composed of men from a hundred different settlements.

By both of the national religions Fuji is held in reverence. The Shintō deity of Fuji is the beautiful goddess Ko-no-hana-saku-ya-himé — she who brought forth her children in fire without pain, and whose name signifies "Radiant-blooming-as-the-flowers-of-the-trees," or, according to some commentators, "Causing-the-flowers-to-blossom-brightly." On the summit is her temple; and in ancient books it is recorded that mortal eyes have beheld her hovering, like a luminous cloud, above the verge of the crater. Her viewless servants watch and wait by the

precipices to hurl down whosoever presumes to approach her shrine with unpurified heart. . . . Buddhism loves the grand peak because its form is like the white bud of the Sacred Flower — and because the eight cusps of its top, like the eight petals of the Lotus, symbolize the Eight Intelligences of Perception, Purpose, Speech, Conduct, Living, Effort, Mindfulness, and Contemplation.

But the legends and traditions about Fuji, the stories of its rising out of the earth in a single night — of the shower of pierced jewels once flung down from it — of the first temple built upon its summit eleven hundred years ago — of the Luminous Maiden that lured to the crater an Emperor who was never seen afterward, but is still worshiped at a little shrine erected on the place of his vanishing — of the sand that daily rolled down by pilgrim feet nightly reascends to its former position — have not all these things been written in books? There is really very little left for me to tell about Fuji except my own experience of climbing it.

I made the ascent by way of Gotemba — the least picturesque, but perhaps also the least difficult of the six or seven routes open to choice. Gotemba is a little village chiefly consisting of pilgrim-inns. You reach it from Tōkyō in about three hours by the Tōkaidō railway, which rises for miles as it approaches the neighborhood of the mighty volcano. Gotemba is considerably more than two thousand feet above the sea, and therefore comparatively cool

in the hottest season. The open country about it slopes to Fuji; but the slope is so gradual that the table-land seems almost level to the eye. From Gotemba in perfectly clear weather the mountain looks uncomfortably near — formidable by proximity — though actually miles away. During the rainy season it may appear and disappear alternately many times in one day — like an enormous spectre. But on the gray August morning when I entered Gotemba as a pilgrim, the landscape was muffled in vapors; and Fuji was totally invisible. I arrived too late to attempt the ascent on the same day; but I made my preparations at once for the day following, and engaged a couple of gōriki ("strong-pull men"), or experienced guides. I felt quite secure on seeing their broad honest faces and sturdy bearing. They supplied me with a pilgrim-staff, heavy blue tabi (that is to say, cleft-stockings, to be used with sandals), a straw hat shaped like Fuji, and the rest of a pilgrim's outfit; — telling me to be ready to start with them at four o'clock in the morning.

What is hereafter set down consists of notes taken on the journey, but afterwards amended and expanded — for notes made while climbing are necessarily hurried and imperfect.

I

August 24th, 1897

FROM strings stretched above the balcony upon which my inn-room opens, hundreds of towels are

hung like flags — blue towels and white, having printed upon them in Chinese characters the names of pilgrim-companies and of the divinity of Fuji. These are gifts to the house, and serve as advertisements. . . . Raining from a uniformly gray sky. Fuji always invisible.

August 25th

3.30 A.M. — No sleep; — tumult all night of parties returning late from the mountain, or arriving for the pilgrimage; — constant clapping of hands to summon servants; — banqueting and singing in the adjoining chambers, with alarming bursts of laughter every few minutes. . . . Breakfast of soup, fish, and rice. Gōriki arrive in professional costume, and find me ready. Nevertheless they insist that I shall undress again and put on heavy underclothing; — warning me that even when it is Doyō (the period of greatest summer heat) at the foot of the mountain, it is Daikan (the period of greatest winter cold) at the top. Then they start in advance, carrying provisions and bundles of heavy clothing. . . . A kuruma waits for me, with three runners — two to pull, and one to push, as the work will be hard uphill. By kuruma I can go to the height of five thousand feet.

Morning black and slightly chill, with fine rain; but I shall soon be above the rain-clouds. . . . The lights of the town vanish behind us; — the kuruma

is rolling along a country-road. Outside of the swinging penumbra made by the paper-lantern of the foremost runner, nothing is clearly visible; but I can vaguely distinguish silhouettes of trees and, from time to time, of houses — peasants' houses with steep roofs.

Gray wan light slowly suffuses the moist air; — day is dawning through drizzle. . . . Gradually the landscape defines with its colors. The way lies through thin woods. Occasionally we pass houses with high thatched roofs that look like farmhouses; but cultivated land is nowhere visible. . . .

Open country with scattered clumps of trees — larch and pine. Nothing in the horizon but scraggy tree-tops above what seems to be the rim of a vast down. No sign whatever of Fuji. . . . For the first time I notice that the road is black — black sand and cinders apparently, volcanic cinders: the wheels of the kuruma and the feet of the runners sink into it with a crunching sound.

The rain has stopped, and the sky becomes a clearer gray. . . . The trees decrease in size and number as we advance.

What I have been taking for the horizon, in front of us, suddenly breaks open, and begins to roll smokily away to left and right. In the great rift part of a

dark-blue mass appears — a portion of Fuji. Almost at the same moment the sun pierces the clouds behind us; but the road now enters a copse covering the base of a low ridge, and the view is cut off. . . . Halt at a little house among the trees — a pilgrims' resting-place — and there find the gōriki, who have advanced much more rapidly than my runners, waiting for us. Buy eggs, which a gōriki rolls up in a narrow strip of straw matting; — tying the matting tightly with straw cord between the eggs — so that the string of eggs has somewhat the appearance of a string of sausages. . . . Hire a horse.

Sky clears as we proceed; — white sunlight floods everything. Road reascends; and we emerge again on the moorland. And, right in front, Fuji appears — naked to the summit — stupendous — startling as if newly risen from the earth. Nothing could be more beautiful. A vast blue cone — warm-blue, almost violet through the vapors not yet lifted by the sun — with two white streaklets near the top which are great gullies full of snow, though they look from here scarcely an inch long. But the charm of the apparition is much less the charm of color than of symmetry — a symmetry of beautiful bending lines with a curve like the curve of a cable stretched over a space too wide to allow of pulling taut. (This comparison did not at once suggest itself: the first impression given me by the grace of those lines was an impression of femininity; — I found myself think-

ing of some exquisite sloping of shoulders toward the neck.) I can imagine nothing more difficult to draw at sight. But the Japanese artist, through his marvelous skill with the writing-brush — the skill inherited from generations of calligraphists — easily faces the riddle: he outlines the silhouette with two flowing strokes made in the fraction of a second, and manages to hit the exact truth of the curves — much as a professional archer might hit a mark, without consciously taking aim, through long exact habit of hand and eye.

II

I SEE the gōriki hurrying forward far away — one of them carrying the eggs round his neck! . . . Now there are no more trees worthy of the name — only scattered stunted growths resembling shrubs. The black road curves across a vast grassy down; and here and there I see large black patches in the green surface — bare spaces of ashes and scoriæ; showing that this thin green skin covers some enormous volcanic deposit of recent date. . . . As a matter of history, all this district was buried two yards deep in 1707 by an eruption from the side of Fuji. Even in the far-off Tōkyō the rain of ashes covered roofs to a depth of sixteen centimetres. There are no farms in this region, because there is little true soil; and there is no water. But volcanic destruction is not eternal destruction; eruptions at last prove fertilizing; and the divine "Princess-who-causes-the-

flowers-to-blossom-brightly" will make this waste to smile again in future hundreds of years.

. . . The black openings in the green surface become more numerous and larger. A few dwarf-shrubs still mingle with the coarse grass. . . . The vapors are lifting; and Fuji is changing color. It is no longer a glowing blue, but a dead sombre blue. Irregularities previously hidden by rising ground appear in the lower part of the grand curves. One of these to the left — shaped like a camel's hump — represents the focus of the last great eruption.

The land is not now green with black patches, but black with green patches; and the green patches dwindle visibly in the direction of the peak. The shrubby growths have disappeared. The wheels of the kuruma, and the feet of the runners sink deeper into the volcanic sand. . . . The horse is now attached to the kuruma with ropes, and I am able to advance more rapidly. Still the mountain seems far away; but we are really running up its flank at a height of more than five thousand feet.

Fuji has ceased to be blue of any shade. It is black — charcoal-black — a frightful extinct heap of visible ashes and cinders and slaggy lava. . . . Most of the green has disappeared. Likewise all of the illusion. The tremendous naked black reality — always becoming more sharply, more grimly, more atrociously defined — is a stupefaction, a night-

mare. . . . Above — miles above — the snow patches glare and gleam against that blackness — hideously. I think of a gleam of white teeth I once saw in a skull — a woman's skull — otherwise burnt to a sooty crisp.

So one of the fairest, if not the fairest of earthly visions, resolves itself into a spectacle of horror and death. . . . But have not all human ideals of beauty, like the beauty of Fuji seen from afar, been created by forces of death and pain? — are not all, in their kind, but composites of death, beheld in retrospective through the magical haze of inherited memory?

III

THE green has utterly vanished; — all is black. There is no road — only the broad waste of black sand sloping and narrowing up to those dazzling, grinning patches of snow. But there is a track — a yellowish track made by thousands and thousands of cast-off sandals of straw (waraji), flung aside by pilgrims. Straw sandals quickly wear out upon this black grit; and every pilgrim carries several pairs for the journey. Had I to make the ascent alone, I could find the path by following that wake of broken sandals — a yellow streak zigzagging up out of sight across the blackness.

6.40 A.M. — We reach Tarōbō, first of the ten stations on the ascent: height, six thousand feet.

The station is a large wooden house, of which two rooms have been fitted up as a shop for the sale of staves, hats, raincoats, sandals — everything pilgrims need. I find there a peripatetic photographer offering for sale photographs of the mountain which are really very good as well as very cheap. . . . Here the gōriki take their first meal; and I rest. The kuruma can go no farther; and I dismiss my three runners, but keep the horse — a docile and surefooted creature; for I can venture to ride him up to Ni-gō-goséki, or Station No. 2½.

Start for No. 2½ up the slant of black sand, keeping the horse at a walk. No. 2½ is shut up for the season. . . . Slope now becomes steep as a stairway, and further riding would be dangerous. Alight and make ready for the climb. Cold wind blowing so strongly that I have to tie on my hat tightly. One of the gōriki unwinds from about his waist a long stout cotton girdle, and giving me one end to hold, passes the other over his shoulder for the pull. Then he proceeds over the sand at an angle, with a steady short step, and I follow; the other guide keeping closely behind me to provide against any slip.

There is nothing very difficult about this climbing, except the weariness of walking through sand and cinders: it is like walking over dunes. . . . We mount by zigzags. The sand moves with the wind; and I have a slightly nervous sense — the feeling only, not the perception; for I keep my eyes on the sand

— of height growing above depth. . . . Have to watch my steps carefully, and to use my staff constantly, as the slant is now very steep. . . . We are in a white fog — passing through clouds! Even if I wished to look back, I could see nothing through this vapor; but I have not the least wish to look back. The wind has suddenly ceased — cut off, perhaps, by a ridge; and there is a silence that I remember from West Indian days: the Peace of High Places. It is broken only by the crunching of the ashes beneath our feet. I can distinctly hear my heart beat. . . . The guide tells me that I stoop too much — orders me to walk upright, and always in stepping to put down the heel first. I do this, and find it relieving. But climbing through this tiresome mixture of ashes and sand begins to be trying. I am perspiring and panting. The guide bids me keep my honorable mouth closed, and breathe only through my honorable nose.

We are out of the fog again. . . . All at once I perceive above us, at a little distance, something like a square hole in the face of the mountain — a door! It is the door of the third station — a wooden hut half-buried in black drift. . . . How delightful to squat again — even in a blue cloud of wood-smoke and under smoke-blackened rafters! Time, 8.30 A.M. Height, 7085 feet.

In spite of the wood-smoke the station is com-

fortable enough inside; there are clean mattings and even kneeling-cushions. No windows, of course, nor any other opening than the door; for the building is half-buried in the flank of the mountain. We lunch. . . . The station-keeper tells us that recently a student walked from Gotemba to the top of the mountain and back again — in geta! Geta are heavy wooden sandals, or clogs, held to the foot only by a thong passing between the great and the second toe. The feet of that student must have been made of steel!

Having rested, I go out to look around. Far below white clouds are rolling over the landscape in huge fluffy wreaths. Above the hut, and actually trickling down over it, the sable cone soars to the sky. But the amazing sight is the line of the monstrous slope to the left — a line that now shows no curve whatever, but shoots down below the clouds, and up to the gods only know where (for I cannot see the end of it), straight as a tightened bowstring. The right flank is rocky and broken. But as for the left — I never dreamed it possible that a line so absolutely straight and smooth, and extending for so enormous a distance at such an amazing angle, could exist even in a volcano. That stupendous pitch gives me a sense of dizziness, and a totally unfamiliar feeling of wonder. Such regularity appears unnatural, frightful; seems even artificial — but artificial upon a superhuman and demoniac scale. I imagine that to fall thence from above would be to fall for

leagues. Absolutely nothing to take hold of. But the gōriki assure me that there is no danger on that slope: it is all soft sand.

IV

Though drenched with perspiration by the exertion of the first climb, I am already dry, and cold. . . . Up again. . . . The ascent is at first through ashes and sand as before; but presently large stones begin to mingle with the sand; and the way is always growing steeper. . . . I constantly slip. There is nothing firm, nothing resisting to stand upon: loose stones and cinders roll down at every step. . . . If a big lava-block were to detach itself from above! . . . In spite of my helpers and of the staff, I continually slip, and am all in perspiration again. Almost every stone that I tread upon turns under me. How is it that no stone ever turns under the feet of the gōriki? *They* never slip — never make a false step — never seem less at ease than they would be in walking over a matted floor. Their small brown broad feet always poise upon the shingle at exactly the right angle. They are heavier men than I; but they move lightly as birds. . . . Now I have to stop for rest every half-a-dozen steps. . . . The line of broken straw sandals follows the zigzags we take. . . . At last — at last another door in the face of the mountain. Enter the fourth station, and fling myself down upon the mats. Time, 10.30 A.M. Height, only 7937 feet; — yet it seemed such a distance!

Off again. . . . Way worse and worse. . . . Feel a new distress due to the rarefaction of the air. Heart beating as in a high fever. . . . Slope has become very rough. It is no longer soft ashes and sand mixed with stones, but stones only — fragments of lava, lumps of pumice, scoriæ of every sort, all angled as if freshly broken with a hammer. All would likewise seem to have been expressly shaped so as to turn upside-down when trodden upon. Yet I must confess that they never turn under the feet of the gōriki. . . . The cast-off sandals strew the slope in ever-increasing numbers. . . . But for the gōriki I should have had ever so many bad tumbles: they cannot prevent me from slipping; but they never allow me to fall. Evidently I am not fitted to climb mountains. . . . Height, 8659 feet — but the fifth station is shut up! Must keep zigzagging on to the next. Wonder how I shall ever be able to reach it! . . . And there are people still alive who have climbed Fuji three and four times, *for pleasure!* . . . Dare not look back. See nothing but the black stone always turning under me, and the bronzed feet of those marvelous gōriki who never slip, never pant, and never perspire. . . . Staff begins to hurt my hand. . . . Gōriki push and pull: it is shameful of me, I know, to give them so much trouble. . . . Ah! sixth station! — may all the myriads of the gods bless my gōriki! Time, 2.07 P.M. Height, 9317 feet.

Resting, I gaze through the doorway at the abyss below. The land is now dimly visible only through

rents in a prodigious wilderness of white clouds; and within these rents everything looks almost black. . . . The horizon has risen frightfully — has expanded monstrously. . . . My gōriki warn me that the summit is still miles away. I have been too slow. We must hasten upward.

Certainly the zigzag is steeper than before. . . . With the stones now mingle angular rocks; and we sometimes have to flank queer black bulks that look like basalt. . . . On the right rises, out of sight, a jagged black hideous ridge — an ancient lava-stream. The line of the left slope still shoots up, straight as a bow-string. . . . Wonder if the way will become any steeper; — doubt whether it can possibly become any rougher. Rocks dislodged by my feet roll down soundlessly; — I am afraid to look after them. Their noiseless vanishing gives me a sensation like the sensation of falling in dreams. . . .

There is a white gleam overhead — the lowermost verge of an immense stretch of snow. . . . Now we are skirting a snow-filled gully — the lowermost of those white patches which, at first sight of the summit this morning, seemed scarcely an inch long. It will take an hour to pass it. . . . A guide runs forward, while I rest upon my staff, and returns with a large ball of snow. What curious snow! Not flaky, soft, white snow, but a mass of transparent globules — exactly like glass beads. I eat some, and find it

deliciously refreshing. . . . The seventh station is closed. How shall I get to the eighth? . . . Happily, breathing has become less difficult. . . . The wind is upon us again, and black dust with it. The gōriki keep close to me, and advance with caution. . . . I have to stop for rest at every turn on the path; — cannot talk for weariness. . . . I do not feel; — I am much too tired to feel. . . . How I managed it, I do not know; — but I have actually got to the eighth station! Not for a thousand millions of dollars will I go one step farther to-day. Time, 4.40 P.M. Height, 10,693 feet.

V

It is much too cold here for rest without winter clothing; and now I learn the worth of the heavy robes provided by the guides. The robes are blue, with big white Chinese characters on the back, and are padded thickly as bed-quilts; but they feel light; for the air is really like the frosty breath of February. . . . A meal is preparing; — I notice that charcoal at this elevation acts in a refractory manner, and that a fire can be maintained only by constant attention. . . . Cold and fatigue sharpen appetite: we consume a surprising quantity of Zō-sui — rice boiled with eggs and a little meat. By reason of my fatigue and of the hour, it has been decided to remain here for the night.

Tired as I am, I cannot but limp to the doorway

to contemplate the amazing prospect. From within a few feet of the threshold, the ghastly slope of rocks and cinders drops down into a prodigious disk of clouds miles beneath us — clouds of countless forms, but mostly wreathings and fluffy pilings; — and the whole huddling mass, reaching almost to the horizon, is blinding white under the sun. (By the Japanese, this tremendous cloud-expanse is well named Wata-no-Umi, "the Sea of Cotton.") The horizon itself — enormously risen, phantasmally expanded — seems halfway up above the world: a wide luminous belt ringing the hollow vision. Hollow, I call it, because extreme distances below the sky-line are sky-colored and vague — so that the impression you receive is not of being on a point under a vault, but of being upon a point rising into a stupendous blue sphere, of which this huge horizon would represent the equatorial zone. To turn away from such a spectacle is not possible. I watch and watch until the dropping sun changes the colors — turning the Sea of Cotton into a Fleece of Gold. Half-round the horizon a yellow glory grows and burns. Here and there beneath it, through cloud-rifts, colored vaguenesses define: I now see golden water, with long purple headlands reaching into it, with ranges of violet peaks thronging behind it; — these glimpses curiously resembling portions of a tinted topographical map. Yet most of the landscape is pure delusion. Even my guides, with their long experience and their eagle-sight, can scarcely distinguish the real from

the unreal; — for the blue and purple and violet clouds moving under the Golden Fleece, exactly mock the outlines and the tones of distant peaks and capes: you can detect what is vapor only by its slowly shifting shape. . . . Brighter and brighter glows the gold. Shadows come from the west — shadows flung by cloud-pile over cloud-pile; and these, like evening shadows upon snow, are violaceous blue. . . . Then orange-tones appear in the horizon; then smouldering crimson. And now the greater part of the Fleece of Gold has changed to cotton again — white cotton mixed with pink. . . . Stars thrill out. The cloud-waste uniformly whitens; — thickening and packing to the horizon. The west glooms. Night rises; and all things darken except that wondrous unbroken world-round of white — the Sea of Cotton.

The station-keeper lights his lamps, kindles a fire of twigs, prepares our beds. Outside it is bitterly cold, and, with the fall of night, becoming colder. Still I cannot turn away from that astounding vision. . . . Countless stars now flicker and shiver in the blue-black sky. Nothing whatever of the material world remains visible, except the black slope of the peak before my feet. The enormous cloud-disk below continues white; but to all appearance it has become a liquidly level white, without forms — a white flood. It is no longer the Sea of Cotton. It is a Sea of Milk, the Cosmic Sea of ancient Indian

legend — and always self-luminous, as with ghostly quickenings.

VI

SQUATTING by the wood fire, I listen to the gōriki and the station-keeper telling of strange happenings on the mountain. One incident discussed I remember reading something about in a Tōkyō paper: I now hear it retold by the lips of a man who figured in it as a hero.

A Japanese meteorologist named Nonaka attempted last year the rash undertaking of passing the winter on the summit of Fuji for purposes of scientific study. It might not be difficult to winter upon the peak in a solid observatory furnished with a good stove, and all necessary comforts; but Nonaka could afford only a small wooden hut, in which he would be obliged to spend the cold season *without fire!* His young wife insisted on sharing his labors and dangers. The couple began their sojourn on the summit toward the close of September. In midwinter news was brought to Gotemba that both were dying.

Relatives and friends tried to organize a rescue-party. But the weather was frightful; the peak was covered with snow and ice; the chances of death were innumerable; and the gōriki would not risk their lives. Hundreds of dollars could not tempt them. At last a desperate appeal was made to them as representatives of Japanese courage and hardi-

hood: they were assured that to suffer a man of science to perish, without making even one plucky effort to save him, would disgrace the country; — they were told that the national honor was in their hands. This appeal brought forward two volunteers. One was a man of great strength and daring, nicknamed by his fellow-guides Oni-guma, "the Demon-Bear," the other was the elder of my gōriki. Both believed that they were going to certain destruction. They took leave of their friends and kindred, and drank with their families the farewell cup of water — midzu-no-sakazuki — in which those about to be separated by death pledge each other. Then, after having thickly wrapped themselves in cotton-wool, and made all possible preparation for ice-climbing, they started — taking with them a brave army-surgeon who had offered his services, without fee, for the rescue. After surmounting extraordinary difficulties, the party reached the hut; but the inmates refused to open! Nonaka protested that he would rather die than face the shame of failure in his undertaking; and his wife said that she had resolved to die with her husband. Partly by forcible, and partly by gentle means, the pair were restored to a better state of mind. The surgeon administered medicines and cordials; the patients, carefully wrapped up, were strapped to the backs of the guides; and the descent was begun. My gōriki, who carried the lady, believes that the gods helped him on the ice-slopes. More than once, all thought

themselves lost; but they reached the foot of the mountain without one serious mishap. After weeks of careful nursing, the rash young couple were pronounced out of danger. The wife suffered less, and recovered more quickly, than the husband.

The gōriki have cautioned me not to venture outside during the night without calling them. They will not tell me why; and their warning is peculiarly uncanny. From previous experiences during Japanese travel, I surmise that the danger implied is supernatural; but I feel that it would be useless to ask questions.

The door is closed and barred. I lie down between the guides, who are asleep in a moment, as I can tell by their heavy breathing. I cannot sleep immediately; — perhaps the fatigues and the surprises of the day have made me somewhat nervous. I look up at the rafters of the black roof — at packages of sandals, bundles of wood, bundles of many indistinguishable kinds there stowed away or suspended, and making queer shadows in the lamplight. . . . It is terribly cold, even under my three quilts; and the sound of the wind outside is wonderfully like the sound of great surf — a constant succession of bursting roars, each followed by a prolonged hiss. The hut, half buried under tons of rock and drift, does not move; but the sand does, and trickles down between the rafters; and small stones also move after each fierce gust, with a rattling just

like the clatter of shingle in the pull of a retreating wave.

4 A.M. — Go out alone, despite last evening's warning, but keep close to the door. There is a great and icy blowing. The Sea of Milk is unchanged: it lies far below this wind. Over it the moon is dying. . . . The guides, perceiving my absence, spring up and join me. I am reproved for not having awakened them. They will not let me stay outside alone: so I turn in with them.

Dawn: a zone of pearl grows round the world. The stars vanish; the sky brightens. A wild sky, with dark wrack drifting at an enormous height. The Sea of Milk has turned again into Cotton — and there are wide rents in it. The desolation of the black slope — all the ugliness of slaggy rock and angled stone — again defines. . . . Now the cotton becomes disturbed; — it is breaking up. A yellow glow runs along the east like the glare of a wind-blown fire. . . . Alas! I shall not be among the fortunate mortals able to boast of viewing from Fuji the first lifting of the sun! Heavy clouds have drifted across the horizon at the point where he should rise. . . . Now I know that he has risen; because the upper edges of those purple rags of cloud are burning like charcoal. But I have been so disappointed!

More and more luminous the hollow world. League-wide heapings of cottony cloud roll apart.

Fearfully far away there is a light of gold upon water: the sun here remains viewless, but the ocean sees him. It is not a flicker, but a burnished glow; — at such a distance ripplings are invisible. . . . Farther and farther scattering, the clouds unveil a vast gray and blue landscape; — hundreds and hundreds of miles throng into vision at once. On the right I distinguish Tōkyō Bay, and Kamakura, and the holy island of Enoshima (no bigger than the dot over this letter "i"); — on the left the wilder Suruga coast, and the blue-toothed promontory of Idzu, and the place of the fishing-village where I have been summering — the merest pin-point in that tinted dream of hill and shore. Rivers appear but as sun-gleams on spider-threads; — fishing-sails are white dust clinging to the gray-blue glass of the sea. And the picture alternately appears and vanishes while the clouds drift and shift across it, and shape themselves into spectral islands and mountains and valleys of all Elysian colors. . . .

VII

6.40 A.M. — Start for the top. . . . Hardest and roughest stage of the journey, through a wilderness of lava-blocks. The path zigzags between ugly masses that project from the slope like black teeth. The trail of castaway sandals is wider than ever. . . . Have to rest every few minutes. . . . Reach another long patch of the snow that looks like glass-beads, and eat some. The next station — a half-station —

is closed; and the ninth has ceased to exist. . . . A sudden fear comes to me, not of the ascent, but of the prospective descent by a route which is too steep even to permit of comfortably sitting down. But the guides assure me that there will be no difficulty, and that most of the return journey will be by another way — over the interminable level which I wondered at yesterday — nearly all soft sand, with very few stones. It is called the hashiri ("glissade") and we are to descend at a run! . . .

All at once a family of field-mice scatter out from under my feet in panic; and the gōriki behind me catches one, and gives it to me. I hold the tiny shivering life for a moment to examine it, and set it free again. These little creatures have very long pale noses. How do they live in this waterless desolation — and at such an altitude — especially in the season of snow? For we are now at a height of more than eleven thousand feet! The gōriki say that the mice find roots growing under the stones. . . .

Wilder and steeper; — for me, at least, the climbing is sometimes on all fours. There are barriers which we surmount with the help of ladders. There are fearful places with Buddhist names, such as the Sai-no-Kawara, or Dry Bed of the River of Souls — a black waste strewn with heaps of rock, like those stone-piles which, in Buddhist pictures of the underworld, the ghosts of children build. . . .

Twelve thousand feet, and something — the top! Time, 8.20 A.M. . . . Stone huts; Shintō shrine with tōrii; icy well, called the Spring of Gold; stone tablet bearing a Chinese poem and the design of a tiger; rough walls of lava-blocks round these things — possibly for protection against the wind. Then the huge dead crater — probably between a quarter of a mile and half-a-mile wide, but shallowed up to within three or four hundred feet of the verge by volcanic detritus — a cavity horrible even in the tones of its yellow crumbling walls, streaked and stained with every hue of scorching. I perceive that the trail of straw sandals ends *in* the crater. Some hideous overhanging cusps of black lava — like the broken edges of a monstrous cicatrix — project on two sides several hundred feet above the opening; but I certainly shall not take the trouble to climb them. Yet these — seen through the haze of a hundred miles — through the soft illusion of blue spring weather — appear as the opening snowy petals of the bud of the Sacred Lotus! . . . No spot in this world can be more horrible, more atrociously dismal, than the cindered tip of the Lotus as you stand upon it.

But the view — the view for a hundred leagues — and the light of the far faint dreamy world — and the fairy vapors of morning — and the marvelous wreathings of cloud: all this, and only this, consoles me for the labor and the pain. . . . Other pilgrims, earlier climbers — poised upon the highest crag,

with faces turned to the tremendous East — are clapping their hands in Shintō prayer, saluting the mighty Day.... The immense poetry of the moment enters into me with a thrill. I know that the colossal vision before me has already become a memory ineffaceable — a memory of which no luminous detail can fade till the hour when thought itself must fade, and the dust of these eyes be mingled with the dust of the myriad million eyes that also have looked in ages forgotten before my birth, from the summit supreme of Fuji to the Rising of the Sun.

INSECT-MUSICIANS

Mushi yo mushi,
Naîté ingwa ga
Tsukuru nara?

O insect, insect! — think you that Karma can be exhausted by song?

Japanese poem

I

If you ever visit Japan, be sure to go to at least one temple-festival — en-nichi. The festival ought to be seen at night, when everything shows to the best advantage in the glow of countless lamps and lanterns. Until you have had this experience, you cannot know what Japan is — you cannot imagine the real charm of queerness and prettiness, the wonderful blending of grotesquery and beauty, to be found in the life of the common people.

In such a night you will probably let yourself drift awhile with the stream of sight-seers through dazzling lanes of booths full of toys indescribable — dainty puerilities, fragile astonishments, laughter-making oddities; — you will observe representations of demons, gods, and goblins; — you will be startled by mandō — immense lantern-transparencies, with monstrous faces painted upon them; — you will have glimpses of jugglers, acrobats, sword-dancers, fortune-tellers; — you will hear everywhere, above the tumult of voices, a ceaseless blowing of flutes and booming of drums. All this may not be worth stop-

An Insect Musician — A Woman and a Boy on a Veranda, the Woman holding a Cage in which is a Singing Insect

ping for. But presently, I am almost sure, you will pause in your promenade to look at a booth illuminated like a magic-lantern, and stocked with tiny wooden cages out of which an incomparable shrilling proceeds. The booth is the booth of a vendor of singing-insects; and the storm of noise is made by the insects. The sight is curious; and a foreigner is nearly always attracted by it.

But having satisfied his momentary curiosity, the foreigner usually goes on his way with the idea that he has been inspecting nothing more remarkable than a particular variety of toys for children. He might easily be made to understand that the insect-trade of Tōkyō alone represents a yearly value of thousands of dollars; but he would certainly wonder if assured that the insects themselves are esteemed for the peculiar character of the sounds which they make. It would not be easy to convince him that in the æsthetic life of a most refined and artistic people, these insects hold a place not less important or well-deserved than that occupied in Western civilization by our thrushes, linnets, nightingales, and canaries. What stranger could suppose that a literature one thousand years old — a literature full of curious and delicate beauty — exists upon the subject of these short-lived insect-pets?

The object of the present paper is, by elucidating these facts, to show how superficially our travelers might unconsciously judge the most interesting

details of Japanese life. But such misjudgments are as natural as they are inevitable. Even with the kindest of intentions it is impossible to estimate correctly at sight anything of the extraordinary in Japanese custom — because the extraordinary nearly always relates to feelings, beliefs, or thoughts about which a stranger cannot know anything.

Before proceeding further, let me observe that the domestic insects of which I am going to speak, are mostly night-singers, and must not be confounded with the semi (cicadæ), mentioned in former essays of mine. I think that the cicadæ — even in a country so exceptionally rich as is Japan in musical insects — are wonderful melodists in their own way. But the Japanese find as much difference between the notes of night-insects and of cicadæ as we find between those of larks and sparrows; and they relegate their cicadæ to the vulgar place of chatterers. Semi are therefore never caged. The national liking for caged insects does not mean a liking for mere noise; and the note of every insect in public favor must possess either some rhythmic charm, or some mimetic quality celebrated in poetry or legend. The same fact is true of the Japanese liking for the chant of frogs. It would be a mistake to suppose that all kinds of frogs are considered musical; but there are particular species of very small frogs having sweet notes; and these are caged and petted.

Of course, in the proper meaning of the word, insects do not *sing;* but in the following pages I may occasionally employ the terms "singer" and "singing-insect" — partly because of their convenience, and partly because of their correspondence with the language used by Japanese insect-dealers and poets, describing the "voices" of such creatures.

II

THERE are many curious references in the old Japanese classic literature to the custom of keeping musical insects. For example in the chapter entitled "Nowaki"[1] of the famous novel "Genji Monogatari," written in the latter part of the tenth century by the Lady Murasaki-Shikibu, it is stated: "The maids were ordered to descend to the garden, and give some water to the insects." But the first definite mention of cages for singing-insects would appear to be the following passage from a work titled "Chomon-Shū":

On the twelfth day of the eighth month of the second year of Kaho [1095 A.D.], the Emperor ordered his pages and chamberlains to go to Sagano and find some insects. The Emperor gave them a cage of network of bright purple thread. All, even the head-chaplain and his attendants, taking horses from the Right and the Left Imperial Mews, then went on horseback to hunt for insects. Tokinori

[1] "Nowaki" is the name given to certain destructive storms usually occurring toward the end of autumn. All the chapters of the *Genji Monogatari* have remarkably poetical and effective titles. There is an English translation, by Mr. Kenchō Suyematsu, of the first seventeen chapters.

Ben, at that time holding the office of Kurando,[1] proposed to the party, as they rode toward Sagano, a subject for poetical composition. The subject was, "Looking for insects in the fields." On reaching Sagano, the party dismounted, and walked in various directions for a distance of something more than ten chō,[2] and sent their attendants to catch the insects. In the evening they returned to the palace. They put into the cage some hagi [3] and ominameshi [for the insects]. The cage was respectfully presented to the Empress. There was saké-drinking in the palace that evening; and many poems were composed. The Empress and her court-ladies joined in the making of the poems.

This would appear to be the oldest Japanese record of an insect-hunt — though the amusement may have been invented earlier than the period of Kaho. By the seventeenth century it seems to have become a popular diversion; and night-hunts were in vogue as much as day-hunts. In the "Teikoku Bunshū," or collected works of the poet Teikoku, who died during the second year of Shōwō (1653), there has been preserved one of the poet's letters which contains a very interesting passage on the subject. "Let us go insect-hunting this evening" — writes the poet to his friend. "It is true that the night will be very dark, since there is no moon; and it may seem dangerous to go out. But there are many people now going to the graveyards every night, be-

[1] The Kurando, or Kurōdo, was an official entrusted with the care of the Imperial records.

[2] A chō is about one fifteenth of a mile.

[3] Hagi is the name commonly given to the bush-clover. Ominameshi is the common term for the *Valeriana officinalis*.

cause the Bon festival is approaching; [1] — therefore the way to the fields will not be lonesome for us. I have prepared many lanterns; — so the hata-ori, matsumushi, and other insects will probably come to the lanterns in great number."

It would also seem that the trade of insect-seller (mushiya) existed in the seventeenth century; for in a diary of that time, known as the "Diary of Kikaku," the writer speaks of his disappointment at not finding any insect-dealers in Yedo — tolerably good evidence that he had met such persons elsewhere. "On the thirteenth day of the sixth month of the fourth year of Teikyo [1687], I went out," he writes, "to look for kirigirisu-sellers. I searched for them in Yotsuya, in Kōjimachi, in Hongō, in Yushimasa, and in both divisions of Kanda-Sudamachō; [2] but I found none."

As we shall presently see, the kirigirisu was not sold in Tōkyō until about one hundred and twenty years later.

But long before it became the fashion to keep singing-insects, their music had been celebrated by poets as one of the æsthetic pleasures of the autumn. There are charming references to singing-insects in

[1] That is to say, there are now many people who go every night to the graveyards, to decorate and prepare the graves before the great Festival of the Dead.

[2] Most of these names survive in the appellations of well-known districts of the present Tōkyō.

poetical collections made during the tenth century, and doubtless containing many compositions of a yet earlier period. And just as places famous for cherry, plum, or other blossoming trees, are still regularly visited every year by thousands and tens of thousands, merely for the delight of seeing the flowers in their seasons — so in ancient times city dwellers made autumn excursions to country districts simply for the pleasure of hearing the chirruping choruses of crickets and of locusts — the night singers especially. Centuries ago places were noted as pleasure-resorts solely because of this melodious attraction; — such were Musashino (now Tōkyō), Yatano in the province of Echizen, and Mano in the province of Ōmi. Somewhat later, probably, people discovered that each of the principal species of singing-insects haunted by preference some particular locality, where its peculiar chanting could be heard to the best advantage; and eventually no less than eleven places became famous throughout Japan for different kinds of insect-music.

The best places to hear the matsumushi were:

(1) Arashiyama, near Kyōto, in the province of Yamashiro;
(2) Sumiyoshi, in the province of Settsu;
(3) Miyagino, in the province of Mutsu.

The best places to hear the suzumushi were:

(4) Kagura-ga-Oka, in Yamashiro;
(5) Ogura-yama, in Yamashiro;

(6) Suzuka-yama, in Isé;
(7) Narumi, in Owari.

The best places to hear the kirigirisu were:

(8) Sagano, in Yamashiro;
(9) Takeda-no-Sato, in Yamashiro;
(10) Tatsuta-yama, in Yamato;
(11) Ono-no-Shinowara, in Ōmi.

Afterwards, when the breeding and sale of singing-insects became a lucrative industry, the custom of going into the country to hear them gradually went out of fashion. But even to-day city-dwellers, when giving a party, will sometimes place cages of singing-insects among the garden-shrubbery, so that the guests may enjoy not only the music of the little creatures, but also those memories or sensations of rural peace which such music evokes.

III

THE regular trade in musical insects is of comparatively modern origin. In Tōkyō its beginnings date back only to the Kwansei era (1789–1800) — at which period, however, the capital of the Shōgunate was still called Yedo. A complete history of the business was recently placed in my hands — a history partly compiled from old documents, and partly from traditions preserved in the families of several noted insect-merchants of the present day.

The founder of the Tōkyō trade was an itinerant

foodseller named Chūzō, originally from Echigo, who settled in the Kanda district of the city in the latter part of the eighteenth century. One day, while making his usual rounds, it occurred to him to capture a few of the suzumushi, or bell-insects, then very plentiful in the Negishi quarter, and to try the experiment of feeding them at home. They throve and made music in confinement; and several of Chūzō's neighbors, charmed by their melodious chirruping, asked to be supplied with suzumushi for a consideration. From this accidental beginning, the demand for suzumushi grew rapidly to such proportions that the foodseller at last decided to give up his former calling and to become an insect-seller.

Chūzō only caught and sold insects: he never imagined that it would be more profitable to breed them. But the fact was presently discovered by one of his customers — a man named Kirayama, then in the service of the Lord Aoyama Shimodzuké-no-Kami. Kiriyama had bought from Chūzō several suzumushi, which were kept and fed in a jar half-filled with moist clay. They died in the cold season; but during the following summer Kiriyama was agreeably surprised to find the jar newly peopled with a number of young ones, evidently born from eggs which the first prisoners had left in the clay. He fed them carefully, and soon had the pleasure, my chronicler says, of hearing them "begin to sing in small voices." Then he resolved to make some experiments; and, aided by Chūzō, who furnished

the males and females, he succeeded in breeding not only suzumushi, but three other kinds of singing-insects also—kantan, matsumushi, and kutsuwamushi. He discovered, at the same time, that, by keeping his jars in a warm room, the insects could be hatched considerably in advance of the natural season. Chūzō sold for Kiriyama these home-bred singers; and both men found the new undertaking profitable beyond expectation.

The example set by Kiriyama was imitated by a tabiya, or stocking-maker named Yasubei (commonly known as Tabiya Yasubei by reason of his calling), who lived in Kanda-ku. Yasubei likewise made careful study of the habits of singing-insects, with a view to their breeding and nourishment; and he soon found himself able to carry on a small trade in them. Up to that time the insects sold in Yedo would seem to have been kept in jars or boxes; Yasubei conceived the idea of having special cages manufactured for them. A man named Kondō, vassal to the Lord Kamei of Honjō-ku, interested himself in the matter, and made a number of pretty little cages which delighted Yasubei, and secured a large order from him. The new invention found public favor at once; and Kondō soon afterwards established the first manufactory of insect-cages.

The demand for singing-insects increased from this time so rapidly, that Chūzō soon found it impossible to supply all his would-be customers directly. He therefore decided to change his busi-

ness to wholesale trade, and to sell to retail dealers only. To meet orders, he purchased largely from peasants in the suburbs and elsewhere. Many persons were employed by him; and Yasubei and others paid him a fixed annual sum for sundry rights and privileges.

Some time after this Yasubei became the first itinerant-vendor of singing-insects. He walked through the streets crying his wares; but hired a number of servants to carry the cages. Tradition says that while going his rounds he used to wear a katabira[1] made of a much-esteemed silk stuff called sukiya, together with a fine Hakata-girdle; and that this elegant way of dressing proved of much service to him in his business.

Two men, whose names have been preserved, soon entered into competition with Yasubei. The first was Yasakura Yasuzō, of Honjō-ku, by previous occupation a sahainin, or property-agent. He prospered, and became widely known as Mushi-Yasu — "Yasu-the-Insect-Man." His success encouraged a former fellow-sahainin, Genbei of Uyeno, to go into the same trade. Genbei likewise found insect-selling a lucrative occupation, and earned for himself the sobriquet of Mushi-Gen, by which he is yet remembered. His descendants in Tōkyō to-

[1] Katabira is a name given to many kinds of light textures used for summer-robes. The material is usually hemp, but sometimes, as in the case referred to here, of fine silk. Some of these robes are transparent, and very beautiful. Hakata, in Kyūshū, is still famous for the silk girdles made there. The fabric is very heavy and strong.

day are amé [1] manufacturers; but they still carry on the hereditary insect-business during the summer and autumn months; and one of the firm was kind enough to furnish me with many of the facts recorded in this little essay.

Chūzō, the father and founder of all this curious commerce, died without children; and sometime in the period of Bunsei (1818–29) his business was taken over by a distant relative named Yamasaki Seïchirō. To Chūzō's business, Yamasaki joined his own — that of a toy-merchant. About the same time a law was passed limiting the number of insect-dealers in the municipality to thirty-six. The thirty-six men then formed themselves into a guild, called the Ōyama-Kō ("Ōyama Society"), having for patron the divinity Sekison-Sama of the mountain Ōyama in Sagami Province.[2] But in business the association was known as the Yedō-Mushi-Kō, or Yedo Insect-Company.

It is not until after this consolidation of the trade that we hear of the kirigirisu — the same musical insect which the poet Kikaku had vainly tried to buy in the city in 1687 — being sold in Yedo. One of the guild known as Mushiya Kojirō ("Kojirō the

[1] Amé is a nutritive gelatinous extract obtained from wheat and other substances. It is sold in many forms — as candy, as a syrupy liquid resembling molasses, as a sweet hot drink, as a solid jelly. Children are very fond of it. Its principal element is starch-sugar.

[2] Oyama mountain in Sagami is a great resort of pilgrims. There is a celebrated temple there, dedicated to Iwanaga-Himé ("Long-Rock Princess"), sister of the beautiful Goddess of Fuji. Sekison-San is a popular name both for the divinity and for the mountain itself.

Insect-Merchant"), who did business in Honjō-Ku, returning to the city after a short visit to his native place in Kadzusa, brought back with him a number of kirigirisu, which he sold at a good profit. Although long famous elsewhere, these insects had never before been sold in Yedo.

"When Midzu Echizen-no-Kami," says the chronicle, "became machi-bugyō (or chief magistrate) of Yedo, the law limiting the number of insect-dealers to thirty-six was abolished." Whether the guild was subsequently dissolved the chronicle fails to mention.

Kiriyama, the first to breed singing-insects artificially, had, like Chūzō, built up a prosperous trade. He left a son, Kaméjirō, who was adopted into the family of one Yumoto, living in Waséda, Ushigomé-ku. Kaméjirō brought with him to the Yumoto family the valuable secrets of his father's occupation; and the Yumoto family is still celebrated in the business of insect-breeding.

To-day the greatest insect-merchant in Tōkyō is said to be Kawasumi Kanésaburō, of Samonchō in Yotsuya-ku. A majority of the lesser dealers obtain their autumn stock from him. But the insects bred artificially, and sold in summer, are mostly furnished by the Yumoto house. Other noted dealers are Mushi-Sei, of Shitaya-ku, and Mushi-Toku, of Asakusa. These buy insects caught in the country, and brought to the city by the peasants. The wholesale dealers supply both insects

and cages to multitudes of itinerant vendors who do business in the neighborhood of the parish-temples during the en-nichi, or religious festivals — especially after dark. Almost every night of the year there are en-nichi in some quarter of the capital; and the insect-sellers are rarely idle during the summer and autumn months.

Perhaps the following list of current Tōkyō prices[1] for singing-insects may interest the reader:

Suzumushi	3	sen	5 rin, to 4	sen
Matsumushi	4	"	5	"
Kantan	10	"	12	"
Kin-hibari	10	"	12	"
Kusa-hibari	10	"	12	"
Kuro-hibari	8	"	12	"
Kutsuwamushi	10	"	15	"
Yamato-suzu	8	"	12	"
Kirigirisu	12	"	15	"
Emma-kōrogi	5	"		
Kanétataki	12	"		
Umaoi	10	"		

These prices, however, rule only during the busy period of the insect-trade. In May and the latter part of June the prices are high — for only artificially bred insects are then in the market. In July kirigirisu brought from the country will sell as low as one sen. The kantan, kusa-hibari, and Yamato-suzu sell sometimes as low as two sen. In August the Emma-kōrogi can be bought even at the rate of ten for one sen; and in September the kuro-hibari,

[1] Prices of the year 1897.

kanétataki, and umaoi sell for one or one and a half sen each. But there is little variation at any season in the prices of suzumushi and of matsumushi. These are never very dear, but never sell at less than three sen; and there is always a demand for them. The suzumushi is the most popular of all; and the greater part of the profits annually made in the insect-trade is said to be gained on the sale of this insect.

IV

As will be seen from the foregoing price-list, twelve varieties of musical insects are sold in Tōkyō. Nine can be artificially bred — namely, the suzumushi, matsumushi, kirigirisu, kantan, kutsuwamushi, Emma-kōrogi, kin-hibari, kusa-hibari (also called Asa-suzu), and the Yamato-suzu, or Yoshino-suzu. Three varieties, I am told, are not bred for sale, but captured for the market: these are the kanétataki, umaoi or bataori, and kuro-hibari. But a considerable number of all the insects annually offered for sale are caught in their native haunts.

KANÉTATAKI ("THE BELL-RINGER")
(*natural size*)

The night-singers are, with few exceptions, easily taken. They are captured with the help of lanterns. Being quickly attracted by light, they approach the lanterns; and when near enough to be observed, they can readily be covered with nets or little baskets. Males and females are usually secured at the same time, for the creatures move about in couples. Only the males sing; but a certain number of females are always taken for breeding purposes. Males and females are kept in the same vessel only for breeding: they are never left together in a cage, because the male ceases to sing when thus mated, and will die in a short time after pairing.

The breeding pairs are kept in jars or other earthen vessels half-filled with moistened clay, and are supplied every day with fresh food. They do not live long: the male dies first, and the female survives only until her eggs have been laid. The young insects hatched from them shed their skin in about forty days from birth, after which they grow more rapidly, and soon attain their full development. In their natural state these creatures are hatched a little before the Doyō, or Period of Greatest Heat by the old calendar — that is to say, about the middle of July; — and they begin to sing in October. But when bred in a warm room, they are hatched early in April; and, with careful feeding, they can be offered for sale before the end of May. When very young, their food is triturated and spread for them upon a smooth piece of wood; but the adults

are usually furnished with unprepared food — consisting of parings of egg-plant, melon-rind, cucumber-rind, or the soft interior parts of the white onion. Some insects, however, are specially nourished; — the abura-kirigirisu, for example, being fed with sugar-water and slices of musk-melon.

V

ALL the insects mentioned in the Tōkyō price-list are not of equal interest; and several of the names appear to refer only to different varieties of one species — though on this point I am not positive. Some of the insects do not seem to have yet been scientifically classed; and I am no entomologist. But I can offer some general notes on the more important among the little melodists, and free translations of a few out of the countless poems about them — beginning with the matsumushi, which was celebrated in Japanese verse a thousand years ago.

MATSUMUSHI [1]

As ideographically written, the name of this creature signifies "pine-insect"; but, as pronounced, it might mean also "waiting-insect" — since the verb "matsu," "to wait," and the noun "matsu," "pine," have the same sound. It is chiefly upon this double meaning of the word as uttered that a host of Japanese poems about the matsumushi are based. Some

[1] *Calyptotryphus marmoratus* (?)

of these are very old — dating back to the tenth century at least.

Although by no means a rare insect, the matsumushi is much esteemed for the peculiar clearness and sweetness of its notes (onomatopoetically rendered in Japanese by the syllables chin-chirorīn, chin-chirorīn), little silvery shrillings which I can best describe as resembling the sound of an electric bell heard from a distance. The matsumushi haunts pine-woods and cryptomeria-groves, and makes its music at night. It is a very small insect, with a dark-brown back, and a yellowish belly.

MATSUMUSHI
(slightly enlarged)

Perhaps the oldest extant verses upon the matsumushi are those contained in the "Kōkinshū" — a famous anthology compiled in the year 905 by the court-poet Tsurayuki and several of his noble friends. Here we first find that play on the name of the insect as pronounced, which was to be repeated in a thousand different keys by a multitude of poets through the literature of more than nine hundred years:

Aki no no ni
Michi mo madoinu;

Matsumushi no
Koe suru kata ni
Yadoya karamashi.

"In the autumn-fields I lose my way; — perhaps I might ask for lodging in the direction of the cry of the waiting-insect"; — that is to say, "might sleep to-night in the grass where the insects are waiting for me." There is in the same work a much prettier poem on the matsumushi by Tsurayuki:

With dusk begins to cry the male of the Waiting-insect; —
I, too, await my beloved, and, hearing, my longing grows.

The following poems on the same insect are less ancient but not less interesting:

Forever past and gone, the hour of the promised advent! —
Truly the Waiter's voice is a voice of sadness now!

Parting is sorrowful always — even the parting with autumn!
O plaintive matsumushi, add not thou to my pain!

Always more clear and shrill, as the hush of the night grows deeper,
The Waiting-insect's voice; — and I that wait in the garden,
Feel enter into my heart the voice and the moon together.

Suzumushi [1]

The name signifies "bell-insect"; but the bell of which the sound is thus referred to is a very small bell, or a bunch of little bells such as a Shinto priestess uses in the sacred dances. The suzumushi is a great favorite with insect-fanciers, and is bred in great numbers for the market. In the wild state it is

[1] *Homeogryllus japonicus.*

found in many parts of Japan; and at night the noise made by multitudes of suzumushi in certain lonesome places might easily be mistaken — as it has been by myself more than once — for the sound of rapids. The Japanese description of the insect as resembling "a watermelon seed" — the black kind — is excellent. It is very small, with a black back, and a white or yellowish belly. Its tintinnabulation — ri-ī-ī-ī-in, as the Japanese render the sound — might easily be mistaken for the tinkling of a suzu. Both the matsumushi and the suzumushi are mentioned in Japanese poems of the period of Engi (901–22).

SUZUMUSHI (*slightly enlarged*)

Some of the following poems on the suzumushi are very old; others are of comparatively recent date:

Yes, my dwelling is old: weeds on the roof are growing; —
But the voice of the suzumushi — that will never be old!

To-day united in love — we who can meet so rarely!
Hear how the insects ring! — their bells to our hearts keep time.

The tinkle of tiny bells — the voices of suzumushi,
I hear in the autumn-dusk — and think of the fields at home.

Even the moonshine sleeps on the dews of the garden-grasses;
Nothing moves in the night but the suzumushi's voice.

Heard in these alien fields, the voice of the suzumushi —
Sweet in the evening-dusk — sounds like the sound of home.

Vainly the suzumushi exhausts its powers of pleasing,
Always, the long night through, my tears continue to flow!

Hark to those tinkling tones — the chant of the suzumushi!
— If a jewel of dew could sing, it would tinkle with such a voice!

Foolish-fond I have grown; — I feel for the suzumushi! —
In the time of the heavy rains, what will the creature do?

HATAORI-MUSHI

The hataori is a beautiful bright-green grasshopper, of very graceful shape. Two reasons are given for its curious name, which signifies "the Weaver." One is that, when held in a particular way, the struggling gestures of the creature resemble the movements of a girl weaving. The other reason is that its music seems to imitate the sound of the reed and shuttle of a hand-loom in operation — Ji-ī-ī-ī — chon-chon! — ji-ī-ī-ī — chon-chon!

There is a pretty folk-story about the origin of the hataori and the kirigirisu, which used to be told to Japanese children in former times. Long, long ago, says the tale, there were two very dutiful daughters who supported their old blind father by the labor of their hands. The elder girl used to weave, and the younger to sew. When the old blind father died at last, these good girls grieved so much that they soon died also. One beautiful morning, some creatures of a kind never seen before were found

making music above the graves of the sisters. On the tomb of the elder was a pretty green insect, producing sounds like those made by a girl weaving— ji-ī-ī-ī, chon-chon! ji-ī-ī-ī, chon-chon! This was the first hataori-mushi. On the tomb of the younger sister was an insect which kept crying out, "Tsuzuré — sasé, sasé! — tsuzuré, tsuzuré — sasé, sasé, sasé!" (Torn clothes — patch, patch them up! — torn clothes, torn clothes — patch up, patch up, patch up!) This was the first kirigirisu. Then everybody knew that the spirits of the good sisters had taken those shapes. Still every autumn they cry to wives and daughters to work well at the loom, and warn them to repair the winter garments of the household before the coming of the cold.

Such poems as I have been able to obtain about the hataori consist of nothing more than pretty fancies. Two, of which I offer free renderings, are ancient — the first by Tsurayuki; the second by a poetess classically known as "Akinaka's Daughter":

Weaving-insects I hear; and the fields, in their autumn-colors,
Seem of Chinese-brocade: — was this the weavers' work?

Gossamer-threads are spread over the shrubs and grasses:
Weaving-insects I hear; — do they weave with spider-silk?

Umaoi

The umaoi is sometimes confounded with the hataori, which it much resembles. But the true

umaoi (called "junta" in Izumo) is a shorter and thicker insect than the hataori; and has at its tail a hook-shaped protuberance, which the weaver-insect has not. Moreover, there is some difference in the

UMAOI (*natural size*)

sounds made by the two creatures. The music of the umaoi is not "ji-ī-ī-ī — chon-chon," but, "zu-ī-in-tzō! — zu-ī-in-tzō!" — say the Japanese.

KIRIGIRISU[1]

THERE are different varieties of this much-prized insect. The abura-kirigirisu, a day-singer, is a delicate creature, and must be carefully nourished in confinement. The tachi-kirigirisu, a night-singer, is more commonly found in the market. Captured kirigirisu sold in Tōkyō are mostly from the neighborhood of Itabashi, Niiso, and Todogawa; and these, which fetch high prices, are considered the best. They are large, vigorous insects, uttering very clear notes. From Kujiukuri in Kadzusa other and

[1] *Locusta japonica* (?)

much cheaper kirigirisu are brought to the capital; but these have a disagreeable odor, suffer from the attacks of a peculiar parasite, and are feeble musicians.

As stated elsewhere, the sounds made by the kirigirisu are said to resemble those of the Japanese words, "Tsuzuré — sasé! sasé!" (Torn clothes —

KIRIGIRISU (*natural size*)

patch up! patch up!); and a large proportion of the many poems written about the insect depend for interest upon ingenious but untranslatable allusions to those words. I offer renderings, therefore, of only two poems on the kirigirisu — the first by an unknown poet in the Kokinshū; the second by Tadafusa:

O Kirigirisu! when the clover changes color,
Are the nights then sad for you as for me that cannot sleep?

O Kirigirisu! cry not, I pray, so loudly!
Hearing, my sorrow grows — and the autumn-night is long!

KUSA-HIBARI (*natural size*).

KUSA-HIBARI

THE kusa-hibari, or "Grass-Lark" — also called Asa-suzu, or "Morning-Bell"; Yabu-suzu, or "the Little Bell of the Bamboo-grove"; Aki-kazé, or "Autumn-Wind"; and Ko-suzu-mushi, or "the Child of the Bell-Insect" — is a day-singer. It is very small — perhaps the smallest of the insect-choir, except the Yamato-suzu.

YAMATO-SUZU
("LITTLE BELL OF YAMATO")
(*natural size*).

KIN-HIBARI (*natural size*)

Kin-hibari

The kin-hibari, or "Golden Lark," used to be found in great numbers about the neighborhood of the well-known Shino-bazu-no-iké — the great lotus-pond of Uyeno in Tōkyō; — but of late years it has become scarce there. The kin-hibari now sold in the capital are brought from Todogawa and Shimura.

Kuro-hibari (*natural size*)

Kuro-hibari

The kuro-hibari, or "Black Lark," is rather uncommon, and comparatively dear. It is caught in the country about Tōkyō, but is never bred.

Kōrogi

There are many varieties of this night-cricket — called kōrogi from its music: "kiri-kiri-kiri-kiri! — kōro-kōro-kōro-kōro! — ghi-ī-ī-ī-ī-ī-ī-ī!" One variety, the ebi-kōrogi, or "shrimp-kōrogi," does not make any sound. But the uma-kōrogi, or "horse-kōrogi"; the Oni-kōrogi, or "Demon-kōrogi"; and the Emma-kōrogi, or "Cricket-of-Emma" [1] (King of

[1] Sanscrit: Yama. Probably this name was given to the insect on account of its large staring eyes. Images of King Emma are always made with very big and awful eyes.

EMMA-KŌROGI (*natural size*)

the Dead), are all good musicians. The color is blackish-brown, or black; — the best singing-varieties have curious wavy markings on the wings.

EMMA-KŌROGI

An interesting fact regarding the kōrogi is that mention of it is made in the very oldest collection of Japanese poems known — the Manyōshu, probably compiled about the middle of the eighth century. The following lines, by an unknown poet, which contain this mention, are therefore considerably more than eleven hundred years old:

INSECT-MUSICIANS

Niwa-kusa ni
Murasamé furité
Kōrogi no
Naku oto kikeba
Aki tsukinikeri.

[Showers have sprinkled the garden-grass. Hearing the sound of the crying of the kōrogi, I know that the autumn has come.]

KUTSUWAMUSHI

THERE are several varieties of this extraordinary creature — also called onomatopoetically "gatcha-

KUTSUWAMUSHI (*natural size*)

gatcha"— which is most provokingly described in dictionaries as "a kind of noisy cricket"! The variety commonly sold in Tōkyō has a green back, and

a yellowish-white abdomen; but there are also brown and reddish varieties. The kutsuwamushi is difficult to capture, but easy to breed. As the tsuku-tsuku-bōshi is the most wonderful musician among the sun-loving cicadæ or semi, so the kutsuwamushi is the most wonderful of night-crickets. It owes its name, which means "The Bridle-bit-Insect," to its noise, which resembles the jingling and ringing of the old-fashioned Japanese bridle-bit (kutsuwa). But the sound is really much louder and much more complicated than ever was the jingling of a single kutsuwa; and the accuracy of the comparison is not easily discerned while the creature is storming beside you. Without the evidence of one's own eyes, it were hard to believe that so small a life could make so prodigious a noise. Certainly the vibratory apparatus in this insect must be very complicated. The sound begins with a thin sharp whizzing, as of leaking steam, and slowly strengthens; — then to the whizzing is suddenly added a quick dry clatter, as of castanets; — and then, as the whole machinery rushes into operation, you hear, high above the whizzing and the clatter, a torrent of rapid ringing tones like the tapping of a gong. These, the last to begin, are also the first to cease; then the castanets stop; and finally the whizzing dies; — but the full orchestra may remain in operation for several hours at a time, without a pause. Heard from far away at night the sound is pleasant, and is really so much like the ringing of a bridle-bit, that when you first listen to it you can-

not but feel how much real poetry belongs to the name of this insect — celebrated from of old as "playing at ghostly escort in ways where no man can pass."

The most ancient poem on the kutsuwamushi is perhaps the following, by the Lady Idzumi-Shikibu:

Waga seko wa
Koma ni makasété
Kinikeri to,
Kiku ni kikasuru
Kutsuwamushi kana:

— which might be thus freely rendered:

Listen! — his bridle rings; — that is surely my husband
Homeward hurrying now — fast as the horse can bear him! . . .
Ah! my ear was deceived! — only the Kutsuwamushi!

KANTAN

THIS insect — also called "kantan-gisu," and "kantan-no-kiri-girisu" — is a dark-brown night-cricket. Its note — "zi-ī-ī-ī-in" — is peculiar: I can only compare it to the prolonged twang of a bow-string. But this comparison is not satisfactory, because there is a penetrant metallic quality in the twang, impossible to describe.

KANTAN (*natural size*).

VI

BESIDES poems about the chanting of particular insects, there are countless Japanese poems, ancient and modern, upon the voices of night-insects in general — chiefly in relation to the autumn season. Out of a multitude I have selected and translated a few of the more famous only, as typical of the sentiment or fancy of hundreds. Although some of my renderings are far from literal as to language, I believe that they express with tolerable faithfulness the thought and feeling of the originals:

Not for my sake alone, I know, is the autumn's coming; —
Yet, hearing the insects sing, at once my heart grows sad.
KOKINSHU

Faint in the moonshine sounds the chorus of insect-voices:
To-night the sadness of autumn speaks in their plaintive tone.

I never can find repose in the chilly nights of autumn,
Because of the pain I hear in the insects' plaintive song.

How must it be in the fields where the dews are falling thickly!
In the insect-voices that reach me I hear the tingling of cold.

Never I dare to take my way through the grass in autumn:
Should I tread upon insect-voices [1] — what would my feelings be!

The song is ever the same, but the tones of the insects differ,
Maybe their sorrows vary, according to their hearts.
IDZUMI-SHIKIBU

[1] Mushi no koe fumu.

Changed is my childhood's home — all but those insect-voices:
I think they are trying to speak of happier days that were.

These trembling dews on the grass — are they tears for the death of autumn? —
Tears of the insect-singers that now so sadly cry?

It might be thought that several of the poems above given were intended to express either a real or an affected sympathy with imagined insect-pain. But this would be a wrong interpretation. In most compositions of this class, the artistic purpose is to suggest, by indirect means, various phases of the emotion of love — especially that melancholy which lends its own passional tone to the aspects and the voices of nature. The baroque fancy that dew might be insect-tears is by its very exaggeration intended to indicate the extravagance of grief, as well as to suggest that human tears have been freshly shed. The verses in which a woman declares that her heart has become too affectionate, since she cannot but feel for the bell-insect during a heavy shower, really bespeak the fond anxiety felt for some absent beloved, traveling in the time of the great rains. Again, in the lines about "treading on insect-voices," the dainty scruple is uttered only as a hint of that intensification of feminine tenderness which love creates. And a still more remarkable example of this indirect double-suggestiveness is offered by the little poem prefacing this article —

O insect, insect! — think you that Karma can be exhausted by song?

The Western reader would probably suppose that the insect-condition, or insect-state-of-being, is here referred to; but the real thought of the speaker, presumably a woman, is that her own sorrow is the result of faults committed in former lives, and is therefore impossible to alleviate.

It will have been observed that a majority of the verses cited refer to autumn and to the sensations of autumn. Certainly Japanese poets have not been insensible to the real melancholy inspired by autumn — that vague strange annual revival of ancestral pain: dim inherited sorrow of millions of memories associated through millions of years with the death of summer; — but in nearly every utterance of this melancholy, the veritable allusion is to grief of parting. With its color-changes, its leaf-whirlings, and the ghostly plaint of its insect-voices, autumn Buddhistically symbolizes impermanency, the certainty of bereavement, the pain that clings to all desire, and the sadness of isolation.

But even if these poems on insects were primarily intended to shadow amorous emotion, do they not reflect also for us the subtlest influences of nature — wild pure nature — upon imagination and memory? Does not the place accorded to insect-melody, in the home-life as well as in the literature of Japan, prove an æsthetic sensibility developed in directions that yet remain for us almost unexplored? Does not the shrilling booth of the insect-seller at a night-

festival proclaim even a popular and universal comprehension of things divined in the West only by our rarest poets: — the pleasure-pain of autumn's beauty, the weird sweetness of the voices of the night, the magical quickening of remembrance by echoes of forest and field? Surely we have something to learn from the people in whose mind the simple chant of a cricket can awaken whole fairy-swarms of tender and delicate fancies. We may boast of being their masters in the mechanical — their teachers of the artificial in all its varieties of ugliness; — but in the knowledge of the natural — in the feeling of the joy and beauty of earth — they exceed us like the Greeks of old. Yet perhaps it will be only when our blind aggressive industrialism has wasted and sterilized their paradise — substituting everywhere for beauty the utilitarian, the conventional, the vulgar, the utterly hideous — that we shall begin with remorseful amazement to comprehend the charm of that which we destroyed.

A QUESTION IN THE ZEN TEXTS

I

My friend opened a thin yellow volume of that marvelous text which proclaims at sight the patience of the Buddhist engraver. Movable Chinese types may be very useful; but the best of which they are capable is ugliness itself when compared with the beauty of the old block-printing.

"I have a queer story for you," he said.

"A Japanese story?"

"No — Chinese."

"What is the book?"

"According to Japanese pronunciation of the Chinese characters of the title, we call it 'Mu-Mon-Kwan,' which means, 'The Gateless Barrier.' It is one of the books especially studied by the Zen sect, or sect of Dhyâna. A peculiarity of some of the Dhyâna texts — this being a good example — is that they are not explanatory. They only suggest. Questions are put; but the student must think out the answers for himself. He must *think* them out, but not write them. You know that Dhyâna represents human effort to reach, through meditation, zones of thought beyond the range of verbal expression; and any thought once narrowed into utterance loses all Dhyâna quality. . . . Well, this story is supposed to be true; but it is used only for a Dhyâna

question. Thereare three different Chinese versions of it; and I can give you the substance of the three."

Which he did as follows:

II

THE story of the girl Ts'ing, which is told in the "Lui-shwo-li-hwan-ki," cited by the "Ching-tang-luh," and commented upon in the "Wu-mu-kwan" (called by the Japanese "Mu-Mon-Kwan"), which is a book of the Zen sect:

There lived in Han-yang a man called Chang-Kien, whose child-daughter, Ts'ing, was of peerless beauty. He had also a nephew called Wang-Chau — a very handsome boy. The children played together, and were fond of each other. Once Kien jestingly said to his nephew: "Some day I will marry you to my little daughter." Both children remembered these words; and they believed themselves thus betrothed.

When Ts'ing grew up, a man of rank asked for her in marriage; and her father decided to comply with the demand. Ts'ing was greatly troubled by this decision. As for Chau, he was so much angered and grieved that he resolved to leave home, and go to another province. The next day he got a boat ready for his journey, and after sunset, without bidding farewell to any one, he proceeded up the river. But in the middle of the night he was startled by a voice calling to him, "Wait! — it is I!" — and he saw a girl running along the bank toward the boat. It was Ts'ing. Chau was unspeakably delighted. She sprang into the boat; and the lovers found their way safely to the province of Chuh.

In the province of Chuh they lived happily for six years; and they had two children. But Ts'ing could not forget her parents, and often longed to see them again.

At last she said to her husband: "Because in former

time I could not bear to break the promise made to you, I ran away with you and forsook my parents — although knowing that I owed them all possible duty and affection. Would it not now be well to try to obtain their forgiveness?"

"Do not grieve yourself about that," said Chau; — "we shall go to see them."

He ordered a boat to be prepared; and a few days later he returned with his wife to Han-yang.

According to custom in such cases, the husband first went to the house of Kien, leaving Ts'ing alone in the boat. Kien welcomed his nephew with every sign of joy and said:

"How much I have been longing to see you! I was often afraid that something had happened to you."

Chau answered respectfully:

"I am distressed by the undeserved kindness of your words. It is to beg your forgiveness that I have come."

But Kien did not seem to understand. He asked:

"To what matter do you refer?"

"I feared," said Chau, "that you were angry with me for having run away with Ts'ing. I took her with me to the province of Chuh."

"What Ts'ing was that?" asked Kien.

"Your daughter Ts'ing," answered Chau, beginning to suspect his father-in-law of some malevolent design.

"What are you talking about?" cried Kien, with every appearance of astonishment. "My daughter Ts'ing has been sick in bed all these years — ever since the time when you went away."

"Your daughter Ts'ing," returned Chau, becoming angry, "has not been sick. She has been my wife for six years; and we have two children; and we have both returned to this place only to seek your pardon. Therefore please do not mock us!"

For a moment the two looked at each other in silence.

Then Kien arose, and motioning to his nephew to follow, led the way to an inner room where a sick girl was lying. And Chau, to his utter amazement, saw the face of Ts'ing — beautiful, but strangely thin and pale.

"She cannot speak," explained the old man; "but she can understand." And Kien said to her, laughingly: "Chau tells me that you ran away with him, and that you gave him two children."

The sick girl looked at Chau, and smiled; but remained silent.

"Now come with me to the river," said the bewildered visitor to his father-in-law. "For I can assure you — in spite of what I have seen in this house — that your daughter Ts'ing is at this moment in my boat."

They went to the river; and there, indeed, was the young wife, waiting. And seeing her father, she bowed down before him, and besought his pardon.

Kien said to her:

"If you really be my daughter, I have nothing but love for you. Yet though you seem to be my daughter, there is something which I cannot understand. . . . Come with us to the house."

So the three proceeded toward the house. As they neared it, they saw that the sick girl — who had not before left her bed for years — was coming to meet them, smiling as if much delighted. And the two Ts'ings approached each other. But then — nobody could ever tell how — they suddenly melted into each other, and became one body, one person, one Ts'ing — even more beautiful than before, and showing no sign of sickness or of sorrow.

Kien said to Chau:

"Ever since the day of your going, my daughter was dumb, and most of the time like a person who had taken too much wine. Now I know that her spirit was absent."

Ts'ing herself said:

"Really I never knew that I was at home. I saw Chau

going away in silent anger; and the same night I dreamed that I ran after his boat. . . . But now I cannot tell which was really I — the I that went away in the boat, or the I that stayed at home."

III

"THAT is the whole of the story," my friend observed. "Now there is a note about it in the 'Mu-Mon-Kwan' that may interest you. This note says: 'The fifth patriarch of the Zen sect once asked a priest — "In the case of the separation of the spirit of the girl Ts'ing, which was the true Ts'ing?" ' It was only because of this question that the story was cited in the book. But the question is not answered. The author only remarks: 'If you can decide which was the real Ts'ing, then you will have learned that to go out of one envelope and into another is merely like putting up at an inn. But if you have not yet reached this degree of enlightenment, take heed that you do not wander aimlessly about the world. Otherwise, when Earth, Water, Fire, and Wind shall suddenly be dissipated, you will be like a crab with seven hands and eight legs, thrown into boiling water. And in that time do not say that you were never told about the *Thing*.'. . . Now the *Thing* —"

"I do not want to hear about the Thing," I interrupted — "nor about the crab with seven hands and eight legs. I want to hear about the clothes."

"What clothes?"

"At the time of their meeting, the two Ts'ings would have been differently dressed — very differ-

ently, perhaps; for one was a maid, and the other a wife. Did the clothes of the two also blend together? Suppose that one had a silk robe and the other a robe of cotton, would these have mixed into a texture of silk and cotton? Suppose that one was wearing a blue girdle, and the other a yellow girdle, would the result have been a green girdle? . . . Or did one Ts'ing simply slip out of her costume, and leave it on the ground, like the cast-off shell of a cicada?"

"None of the texts say anything about the clothes," my friend replied: "so I cannot tell you. But the subject is quite irrelevant, from the Buddhist point of view. The doctrinal question is the question of what I suppose you would call the personality of Ts'ing."

"And yet it is not answered," I said.

"It is best answered," my friend replied, "by not being answered."

"How so?"

"Because there is no such thing as personality."

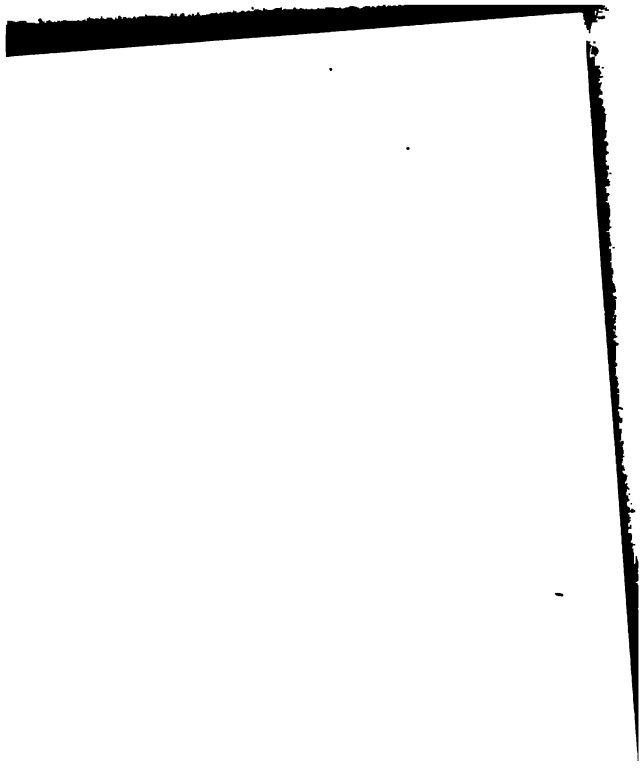
THE LITERATURE OF THE DEAD

Shindaréba koso ikitaré.
Only because of having died, does one enter into life.
Buddhist proverb

I

BEHIND my dwelling, but hidden from view by a very lofty curtain of trees, there is a Buddhist temple, with a cemetery attached to it. The cemetery itself is in a grove of pines, many centuries old: and the temple stands in a great quaint lonesome garden. Its religious name is "Ji-shō-in"; but the people call it "Kobudera," which means the "Gnarled," or "Knobby" Temple, because it is built of undressed timber — great logs of hinoki, selected for their beauty or strangeness of shape, and simply prepared for the builder by the removal of limbs and bark. But such gnarled and knobby wood is precious: it is of the hardest and most enduring, and costs far more than common building-material — as might be divined from the fact that the beautiful alcoves and the choicest parts of Japanese interiors are finished with wood of a similar kind. To build Kobudera was an undertaking worthy of a prince; and, as a matter of history, it was a prince who erected it, for a place of family worship. There is a doubtful tradition that two designs were submitted to him by the architect, and that he chose the more fantastic one under the innocent impression that undressed timber

The Gate of Kobudera



would prove cheap. But whether it owes its existence to a mistake or not, Kobudera remains one of the most interesting temples of Japan. The public have now almost forgotten its existence; — but it was famous in the time of Iyemitsu; and its appellation, Ji-shō-in, was taken from the kaimyō of one of the great Shogun's ladies, whose superb tomb may be seen in its cemetery. Before Meiji, the temple was isolated among woods and fields; but the city has now swallowed up most of the green spaces that once secluded it, and has pushed out the ugliest of new streets directly in front of its gate.

This gate — a structure of gnarled logs, with a tiled and tilted Chinese roof — is a fitting preface to the queer style of the temple itself. From either gable-end of the gate-roof, a demon-head, grinning under triple horns, looks down upon the visitor.[1]

[1] Such figures are really elaborate tiles, and are called "onigawara," or "demon-tiles." It may naturally be asked why demon-heads should be ever placed above Buddhist gateways. Originally they were not intended to represent demons, in the Buddhist sense, but guardian-spirits whose duty it was to drive demons away. The onigawara were introduced into Japan either from China or Korea — not improbably Korea; for we read that the first roof-tiles made in Japan were manufactured shortly after the introduction of the new faith by Korean priests, and under the supervision of Shōtoku Taishi, the princely founder and supporter of Japanese Buddhism. They were baked at Koizumi-mura, in Yamato; — but we are not told whether there were any of this extraordinary shape among them. It is worth while remarking that in Korea to-day you can see hideous faces painted upon house-doors — even upon the gates of the royal palace; and these, intended merely to frighten away evil spirits, suggest the real origin of the demon-tiles. The Japanese, on first seeing such tiles, called them demon-tiles because the faces upon them resembled those conventionally given to Buddhist demons; and now that their history has been forgotten, they are popu-

Within, except at the hours of prayer, all is green silence. Children do not play in the court — perhaps because the temple is a private one. The ground is everywhere hidden by a fine thick moss of so warm a color that the brightest foliage of the varied shrubbery above it looks sombre by contrast; and the bases of walls, the pedestals of monuments, the stonework of the bell-tower, the masonry of the ancient well, are muffled with the same luminous growth. Maples and pines and cryptomerias screen the façade of the temple; and, if your visit be in autumn, you may find the whole court filled with the sweet heavy perfume of the mokusei[1] blossom. After having looked at the strange temple, you would find it worth while to enter the cemetery, by the black gate on the west side of the court.

I like to wander in that cemetery — partly because in the twilight of its great trees, and in the silence of centuries which has gathered about them, one can forget the city and its turmoil, and dream but of space and time — but much more because it is full of beauty, and of the poetry of great faith. Indeed of such poetry it possesses riches quite exceptional. Each Buddhist sect has its own tenets,

larly supposed to represent demon-guardians. There would be nothing contrary to Buddhist faith in the fancy; — for there are many legends of good demons. Besides, in the eternal order of divine law, even the worst demon must at last become a Buddha.

[1] *Osmanthus fragrans*. This is one of the very few Japanese plants having richly perfumed flowers.

rites, and forms; and the special character of these is reflected in the iconography and epigraphy of its burial-grounds — so that for any experienced eye a Tendai graveyard is readily distinguishable from a Shingon graveyard, or a Zen graveyard from one belonging to a Nichiren congregation. But at Kobudera the inscriptions and the sculptures peculiar to several Buddhist sects can be studied side by side. Founded for the Hokké, or Nichiren rite, the temple nevertheless passed, in the course of generations, under the control of other sects — the last being the Tendai; — and thus its cemetery now offers a most interesting medley of the emblems and the epitaphic formularies of various persuasions. It was here that I first learned, under the patient teaching of an Oriental friend, something about the Buddhist literature of the dead.

No one able to feel beauty could refuse to confess the charm of the old Buddhist cemeteries — with their immemorial trees, their evergreen mazes of shrubbery trimmed into quaintest shapes, the carpet-softness of their mossed paths, the weird but unquestionable art of their monuments. And no great knowledge of Buddhism is needed to enable you, even at first sight, to understand something of this art. You would recognize the lotus chiseled upon tombs or water-tanks, and would doubtless observe that the designs of the pedestals represent a lotus of eight petals — though you might not know that

these eight petals symbolize the Eight Intelligences. You would recognize the manji, or swastika, figuring the Wheel of the Law — though ignorant of its relation to the Mahâyâna philosophy. You would perhaps be able to recognize also the images of certain Buddhas — though not aware of the meaning of their attitudes or emblems in relation to mystical ecstasy or to the manifestation of the Six Supernatural Powers. And you would be touched by the simple pathos of the offerings — the incense and the flowers before the tombs, the water poured out for the dead — even though unable to divine the deeper pathos of the beliefs that make the cult. But unless an excellent Chinese scholar as well as a Buddhist philosopher, all book-knowledge of the great religion would still leave you helpless in a world of riddles. The marvelous texts — the exquisite Chinese scriptures chiseled into the granite of tombs, or limned by a master-brush upon the smooth wood of the sotoba — will yield their secrets only to an interpreter of no common powers. And the more you become familiar with their aspect, the more the mystery of them tantalizes — especially after you have learned that a literal translation of them would mean, in the majority of cases, exactly nothing!

What strange thoughts have been thus recorded and yet concealed? Are they complex and subtle as the characters that stand for them? Are they beautiful also like those characters — with some undreamed

A Zen Cemetery near Matsue

of, surprising beauty, such as might inform the language of another planet?

II

As for sublety and complexity, much of this mortuary literature is comparable to the Veil of Isis. Behind the mystery of the Text — in which almost every character has two readings — there is the mystery of the phrase; and again behind this are successions of riddles belonging to a gnosticism older than all the wisdom of the Occident, and deep as the abysses of Space. Fortunately the most occult texts are also the least interesting, and bear little relation to the purpose of this essay. The majority are attached, not to the sculptured, but to the written and impermanent literature of cemeteries — not to the stone monuments, but to the sotoba: those tall narrow laths of unpainted wood which are planted above the graves at fixed, but gradually increasing intervals, during a period of one hundred years.[1]

The uselessness of any exact translation of these

[1] The word "sotoba" is identical with the Sanscrit "stûpa." Originally a mausoleum, and later a simple monument — commemorative or otherwise — the stûpa was introduced with Buddhism into China, and thence, perhaps by way of Korea, into Japan. Chinese forms of the stone stûpa are to be found in many of the old Japanese temple-grounds. The wooden sotoba is only a symbol of the stûpa; and the more elaborate forms of it plainly suggest its history. The slight carving along its upper edges represents that superimposition of cube, sphere, crescent, pyramid, and body-pyriform (symbolizing the Five Great Elements), which forms the design of the most beautiful funeral monuments.

inscriptions may be exemplified by a word-for-word rendering of two sentences written upon the sotoba used by the older sects. What meaning can you find in such a term as "Law-sphere-substance-nature-wisdom," or such an invocation as "Ether, Wind, Fire, Water, Earth!" — for an invocation it really is? To understand these words one must first know that, in the doctrine of the mystical sects, the universe is composed of Five Great Elements which are identical with Five Buddhas; that each of the Five Buddhas contains the rest; and that the Five are One by essence, though varying in their phenomenal manifestations.

The name of an element has thus three significations. The word Fire, for example, means flame as objective appearance; it means flame also as the manifestation of a particular Buddha; and it likewise means the special quality of wisdom or power attributed to that Buddha. Perhaps this doctrine will be more easily understood by the help of the following Shingon classification of the Five Elements in their Buddhist relations:

I. HŌ-KAI-TAI-SHŌ-CHI

(Sanscrit, Dhârma-dhâtu-prakrit-gñâna), or "Law-sphere-substance-nature-wisdom"; signifying the wisdom that becomes the substance of things. This is the element Ether. Ether personified is Dai-Nichi-Nyōrai, the "Great Sun-Buddha" (Mahâvairokana Tathâgata), who "holds the seal of Wisdom."

II. Dai-en-kyō-chi

(Adarsana-gñâna), or "Great-round-mirror-wisdom"; that is to say, the divine power making images manifest. This is the element Earth. Earth personified is Ashuku Nyōrai, the "Immovable Tathâgata" (Akshobhya).

III. Byō-dō-shō-chi

(Samatâ-gñâna), "Even-equal-nature-wisdom"; that is, the wisdom making no distinction of persons or of things. The element Fire. Personified, Fire is Hō-shō Nyōrai, or "Gem-Birth" Buddha (Ratnasambhava Tathâgata), presiding over virtue and happiness.

IV. Myō-kwan-zatsu-chi

(Pratyavekshana-gñâna), "Wondrously-observing-considering-wisdom"; that is, the wisdom distinguishing clearly truth from error, destroying doubts, and presiding over the preaching of the Law. The element Water. Water personified is Amida Nyōrai, the Buddha of Immeasurable Light (Amitâbha Tathâgata).

V. Jō-shō-sa-chi

(Krityânushthâna-gñâna), the "Wisdom-of-accomplishing-what-is-to-be-done"; that is to say, the divine wisdom that helps beings to reach Nirvana. The element Air. Air personified is Fu-kū-jō-ju, the "Unfailing-of-Accomplishment" — more commonly called Fuku-Nyōrai (Amoghasiddhi, or Sâkyamuni).[1]

[1] These relations of the elements to the Buddhas named are not, however, permanently fixed in the doctrine — for obvious philosophical reasons. Sometimes Sakyamuni is identified with Ether, and Amitâbha with Air, etc., etc. In the above enumeration I have followed the order taken by Professor Bunyiu Nanjio, who nevertheless suggests that this order is not to be considered perpetual.

Now the doctrine that each of the Five Buddhas contains the rest, and that all are essentially One, is symbolized in these texts by an extraordinary use of characters called "Bon-ji" — which are recognizably Sanscrit letters. The name of each element can be written with any one of four characters — all having for Buddhists the same meaning, though differing as to sound and form. Thus the characters standing for Fire would read, according to Japanese pronunciation, Ra, Ran, Raän, and Raku; — and the characters signifying Ether, Kya, Ken, Keën, and Kyaku. By different combinations of the twenty characters making the five sets, different supernatural powers and different Buddhas are indicated; and the indication is further helped by an additional symbolic character, called "Shū-ji," or "seed-word," placed immediately after the names of the elements.

The reader will now comprehend the meaning of the invocatory "Ether, Wind, Fire, Water, Earth!" and of the strange names of divine wisdom written upon sotoba; but the enigmas offered by even a single sotoba may be much more complicated than the foregoing examples suggest. There are unimaginable acrostics; there are rules, varying according to sect, for the position of texts in relation to the points of the compass; and there are kabalisms based upon the multiple values of certain Chinese ideographs. The whole subject of esoteric inscriptions would require volumes to explain; and the

Sotoba in the Cemetery of Kobudera

reader will not be sorry, I fancy, to abandon it at this point in favor of texts possessing a simpler and a more humane interest.

The really attractive part of Buddhist cemetery-literature mostly consists of sentences taken from the sutras or the sastras; and the attraction is due not only to the intrinsic beauty of the faith which these sentences express, but also to the fact that they will be found to represent, in epitome, a complete body of Buddhist doctrine. Like the mystical inscriptions above mentioned, they belong to the sotoba, not to the gravestones; but, while the invocations usually occupy the upper and front part of the sotoba, these sutra-texts are commonly written upon the back.

In addition to scriptural and invocatory texts, each sotoba bears the name of the giver, the kaimyō of the dead, and the name of a commemorative anniversary. Sometimes a brief prayer is also inscribed, or a statement of the pious purpose inspiring the erection of the sotoba. Before considering the scripture-texts proper, in relation to their embodiment of doctrine, I submit examples of the general character and plan of sotoba inscriptions. They are written upon both sides of the wood, be it observed; but I have not thought it necessary to specify which texts belong to the front, and which to the back of the sotoba — since the rules concerning such position differ according to sect:

EXOTICS

I. Sotoba of the Nichiren Sect

(Invocation)

Ether, Wind, Fire, Water, Earth! — Hail to the Sutra of the Lotus of the Good Law!

(Commemorative text)

To-day, the service of the third year has been performed in order that our lay-brother [kaimyō] may be enabled to cut off the bonds of illusion, to open the Eye of Enlightenment, to remain free from all pain, and to enter into bliss.

(Sastra text)

Myō-hō-kyō-riki-soku-shin-jō-butsu!

Even this body [of flesh] by the virtue of the Sutra of the Excellent Law, enters into Buddhahood.

II. Sotoba of the Nichiren Sect

(Invocation)

Hail to the Sutra of the Lotus of the Good Law!

(Commemorative text)

The rite of feeding the hungry spirits having been fulfilled, and the service for the dead having been performed, this sotoba is set up in commemoration of the service and the offerings made with prayer for the salvation of Buddha on behalf of — (kaimyō follows).

(Prayer — with English translation)

Gan i shi kudoku
Fu-gyū o issai
Gatō yo shujō
Kai-gu jō butsudo.

By virtue of this good action I beseech that the merit of it may be extended to all, and that we and all living beings may fulfill the Way of Buddha.[1]

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[1] The above prayer is customarily said after having read a sutra, or copied a sacred text, or caused a Buddhist service to be performed.

The fifth day of the seventh month of the thirtieth year of Meiji, by—— ——, this sotoba has been set up.

III. Sotoba of the Jō do Sect

(Invocation)

Hail to the Buddha Amida!

(Commemorative mention)

This for the sake of — (here kaimyō follows).

(Sutra text)

The Buddha of the Golden Mouth, who possesses the Great-Round-Mirror-Wisdom,[1] has said: "The glorious light of Amida illuminates all the worlds of the Ten Directions, and takes into itself and never abandons all living beings who fix their thoughts upon that Buddha!"

IV. Sotoba of the Zen Sect

(Sastra text)

The Dai-en-kyō-chi-kyō declares: "By entering deeply into meditation, one may behold the Buddhas of the Ten Directions."

(Commemorative text)

That the noble Elder Sister[2] Chi-Shō-In-Kō-Un-Tei-Myō,[3] now dwelling in the House of Shining Wisdom, may instantly attain to Bodhi.[4]

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[1] Dai-en-kyō-chi (Adarsana-gñâna). Amida is the Japanese form of the name Amitâbha.

[2] "Great (or Noble) Elder Sister" is the meaning of the title dai-shi affixed to the kaimyō of a woman. In the rite of the Zen sect dai-shi always signifies a married woman; shin-nyo, a maid.

[3] This kaimyō, or posthumous name, literally signifies: Radiant Chastity-Beaming-Through-Luminous-Clouds.

[4] The Supreme Wisdom; the state of Buddhahood.

(Prayer)

Let whomsoever looks upon this sotoba be forever delivered from the Three Evil Ways.[1]

(Record)

In the thirtieth year of Meiji, on the first day of the fifth month, by the house of Inouyé, this sotoba has been set up.

The foregoing will doubtless suffice as specimens of the ordinary forms of inscription. The Buddha praised or invoked is always the Buddha especially revered by the sect from whose sutra or sastra the quotation is chosen; — sometimes also the divine power of a Bodhisattva is extolled, as in the following Zen inscription:

The Sutra of Kwannon says: "In all the provinces of all the countries in the Ten Directions, there is not even one temple where Kwannon is not self-revealed."

Sometimes the scripture text more definitely assumes the character of a praise-offering, as the following juxtaposition suggests:

The Buddha of Immeasurable Light illuminates all worlds in the Ten Directions of Space.

This for the sake of the swift salvation into Buddhahood of our lay-brother named the Great-Secure-Retired-Scholar.

Sometimes we also find a verse of praise or an invocation addressed to the apotheosized spirit of the founder of the sect — a common example being furnished by the sotoba of the Shingon rite:

[1] San-Akudō — the three unhappy conditions of Hell, of the World of Hungry Spirits (Pretas), and of Animal Existence.

Hail to the Great Teacher Haijō-Kongō! [1]

Rarely the little prayer for the salvation of the dead assumes, as in the following beautiful example, the language of unconscious poetry:

This for the sake of our noble Elder Sister ——. May the Lotus of Bliss by virtue of these prayers be made to bloom for her, and to bear the fruit of Buddhahood! [2]

But usually the prayers are of the simplest, and differ from each other only in the use of peculiar Buddhist terms:

This for the sake of the true happiness of our lay-brother [kaimyō], that he may obtain the Supreme Perfect Enlightenment.

This tower is set up for the sake of ——, that he may obtain complete Sambodhi.[3]

This precious tower, and these offerings for the sake of —— ——, — that he may obtain the Anattra-Sammyak-Sambodhi.[4]

One other subject of interest belonging to the merely commemorative texts of sotoba remains to be mentioned — the names of certain Buddhist services for the dead. There are two classes of such services: those performed within one hundred days

[1] "Haijō Kongō" means "the Diamond of Universal Enlightenment": it is the honorific appellation of Kūkai or Kobodaishi, founder of the Shingon-Shū.

[2] From a Zen sotoba.

[3] In Japanese "Sanbodai." The term "tower" refers of course to the sotoba, the symbol of a real tower, or at least of the desire to erect such a monument, were it possible.

[4] In Japanese, "Anuka-tara-sanmaku-sanbodai" — the supreme form of Buddhist enlightenment.

after death, and those celebrated at fixed intervals during a term of one hundred years — on the first, second, seventh, thirteenth, seventeenth, twenty-fourth, thirty-third, fiftieth, and one hundredth anniversaries of the death. In the Zen rite these commemorative services — perhaps we might call them masses — have singular mystical names by which they are recorded upon the sotoba of the sect — such as Lesser Happiness, Greater Happiness, Broad Repose, The Bright Caress, and The Great Caress.

But we shall now turn to the study of the scripture-texts proper — those citations from sutra or sastra which form the main portion of a sotoba-writing; expounding the highest truth of Buddhist belief, or speaking the deepest thought of Eastern philosophy.

III

At the beginning of my studies in the Kobudera cemetery, I was not less impressed by the quiet cheerfulness of the sotoba-texts than by their poetry and their philosophy. In none did I find even a shadow of sadness: the greater number were utterances of a faith that seemed to me wider and deeper than our own — sublime proclamations of the eternal and infinite nature of Thought, the unity of all mind, and the certainty of universal salvation. And other surprises awaited me in this strange lit-

erature. Texts or fragments of texts, that at first rendering appeared of the simplest, would yield to learned commentary profundities of significance absolutely startling. Phrases, seemingly artless, would suddenly reveal a dual suggestiveness — a twofold idealism — a beauty at once exoteric and mystical. Of this latter variety of inscription the following is a good example:

The flower having bloomed last night, the World has become fragrant.[1]

In the language of the higher Buddhism, this means that through death a spirit has been released from the darkness of illusion, even as the perfume of a blossom is set free at the breaking of the bud, and that the divine Absolute, or World of Law, is refreshed by the new presence, as a whole garden might be made fragrant by the blooming of some precious growth. But in the popular language of Buddhism, the same words signify that in the Lotus-Lake of Paradise another magical flower has opened for the Apparitional Rebirth into highest bliss of the being loved and lost on earth, and that Heaven rejoices for the advent of another Buddha.

But I desire rather to represent the general result of my studies than to point out the special beauties of this epitaphic literature: and my purpose will be most easily attained by arranging and considering the inscriptions in a certain doctrinal order.

[1] From a sotoba of the Jōdo sect.

A great variety of sotoba-texts refer, directly or indirectly, to the Lotus-Flower Paradise of Amida — or, as it is more often called, the Paradise of the West. The following are typical:

The Amida-Kyō says: "All who enter into that country enter likewise into that state of virtue from which there can be no turning back." [1]

The Text of Gold proclaims: "In that world they receive bliss only: therefore that world is called Gokuraku— exceeding bliss." [2]

Hail unto the Lord Amida Buddha! The Golden Mouth has said, "All living beings that fix their thoughts upon the Buddha shall be received and welcomed into his Paradise; — never shall they be forsaken." [3]

But texts like these, though dear to popular faith, make no appeal to the higher Buddhism, which admits heaven as a temporary condition only, not to be desired by the wise. Indeed, the Mahâyâna texts, describing Sukhâvatî, themselves suggest its essentially illusive character — a world of jewel-lakes and perfumed airs and magical birds, but a world also in which the voices of winds and waters and

[1] From a sotoba of the Jōdo sect. The Amida-Kyō, or Sutra of Amida, is the Japanese [Chinese] version of the smaller Sukhâvatî-Vyûha Sutra.

[2] Gokuraku is the common word in Japan for the Buddhist heaven. The above inscription, translated for me from a sotoba of the Jōdo sect, is an abbreviated form of a verse in the Smaller Sukhâvatî-Vyûha (see *Buddhist Mahâyâna Texts:* "Sacred Books of the East"), which Max Müller has thus rendered in full: "In that world Sukhâvatî, O Sâriputra, there is neither bodily nor mental pain for living beings. The sources of happiness are innumerable there. For that reason is that world called Sukhâvatî, the happy."

[3] From a sotoba of the Jōdo sect.

singers perpetually preach the unreality of self and the impermanency of all things. And even the existence of this Western Paradise might seem to be denied in other sotoba-texts of deeper significance — such as this:

Originally there is no East or West: where then can South or North be? [1]

"Originally" — that is to say, in relation to the Infinite. The relations and the ideas of the Conditioned cease to exist for the Unconditioned. Yet this truth does not really imply denial of other worlds of relation — states of bliss to which the strong may rise, and states of pain to which the weak may descend. It is a reminder only. All conditions are impermanent, and so, in the profounder sense, unreal. The Absolute — the Supreme Buddha — is the sole Reality. This doctrine appears in many sotoba-inscriptions:

The Blue Mountain of itself remains eternally unmoved: the White Clouds come of themselves and go. [1]

By "the Blue Mountain" is meant the Sole Reality of Mind; — by "the White Clouds," the phenomenal universe. Yet the universe exists but as a dream of Mind:

If any one desire to obtain full knowledge of all the Buddhas of the past, the present, and the future, let him learn to comprehend the true nature of the World of Law.

[1] Sotoba of the Jōdo sect.

Then will he perceive that all things are but the production of Mind.[1]

By the learning and the practice of the True Doctrine, the Non-Apparent becomes [for us] the only Reality." [1]

The universe is a phantom, and a phantom likewise the body of man, together with all emotions, ideas, and memories that make up the complex of his sensuous Self. But is this evanescent Self the whole of man's inner being? Not so, proclaim the sotoba:

All living beings have the nature of Buddha. The Nyōrai,[2] eternally living, is alone unchangeable.[3]

The Kegon-Kyō [4] declares: "In all living creatures there exists, and has existed from the beginning, the Real-Law Nature: all by their nature contain the original essence of Buddha."

Sharing the nature of the Unchangeable, we share the Eternal Reality. In the highest sense, man also is divine:

The Mind becomes Buddha: the Mind itself is Buddha.[5]

In the Engaku-Kyō [6] it is written: "Now for the first time I perceive that all living beings have the original Buddha-nature — wherefore Birth and Death and Nir-

[1] Sotoba of the Zen sect. [2] Tathâgata. [3] Sotoba of the Zen sect.
[4] Avatamsaka Sutra. This text is also from a Zen sotoba.
[5] From a tombstone of the Jōdo sect. The text is evidently from the Chinese version of the Amitâyur-Dhyâna-Sutra (see *Buddhist Mahâyâna Texts:* "Sacred Books of the East"). It reads in the English version thus: "In fine, it is your mind that becomes Buddha; — nay, it is your mind that is indeed Buddha."
[6] Pratyeka-Buddha sastra? From a sotoba of the Zen sect.

vana have become for me as a dream of the night that is gone."

Yet what of the Buddhas who successively melt into Nirvana, and nevertheless "return in their order"? Are they, too, phantoms? — is their individuality also unreal? Probably the question admits of many different answers — since there is a Buddhist Realism as well as a Buddhist Idealism; but, for present purposes, the following famous text is a sufficient reply:

NAMU ITSU SHIN SAN-ZE SHŌ BUTSU!

Hail to all the Buddhas of the Three Existences,[1] who are but one in the One Mind! [2]

In relation to the Absolute, no difference exists even between gods and men:

The Golden Verse of the Jō-sho-sa-chi [3] says: "This doctrine is equal and alike for all; there is neither superior nor inferior, neither above nor below."

Nay, according to a still more celebrated text, there is not even any difference of personality:

JI TA HŌ KAI BYŌ DŌ RI YAKU

The "I" and the "Not-I" are not different in the World of Law: both are favored alike.[4]

[1] San-ze, or mitsu-yo — the Past, Present, and Future.

[2] "Mind" is here expressed by the character "shin" or "kokoro." The text is from a Zen sotoba, but is used also, I am told, by the mystical sects of Tendai and Shingon.

[3] Krityânushthâna-gñâna. The text is from a sotoba of the Shingon sect.

[4] More literally, "Self and Other": i.e., the Ego and the Non-Ego in the meaning of "I" and "Thou." There is no "I" and "Thou" in Buddhahood. This text was copied from a Zen sotoba.

And a still more wonderful text, from a Zen sotoba (to my thinking, the most remarkable of all Buddhist texts), declares that the world itself, phantom though it be, is yet not different from Mind:

SŌ MOKU KOKU DŌ SHITSU KAI JŌ BUTSU

Grass, trees, countries, the earth itself, — all these shall enter wholly into Buddhahood.

Literally, "shall become Buddha"; that is, they shall enter into Buddhahood or Nirvana. All that we term matter will be transmuted therefore into Mind — Mind with the attributes of Infinite Sentiency, Infinite Vision, and Infinite Knowledge. As phenomenon, matter is unreal; but transcendentally it belongs by its ultimate nature to the Sole Reality.

Such a philosophical position is likely to puzzle the average reader. To call matter and mind but two aspects of the Ultimate Reality will not seem irrational to students of Herbert Spencer. But to say that matter is a phenomenon, an illusion, a dream, explains nothing; — as phenomenon it exists, and having a destiny attributed to it, must be considered objectively. Equally unsatisfying is the statement that phenomena are aggregates of Karma. What is the nature of the particles of the aggregate? Or, in plainest language, what is the illusion made of?

Not in the original Buddhist scriptures, and still less in the literature of Buddhist cemeteries, need the reply be sought. Such questions are dealt with

in the sastras rather than in the sutras; — also in various Japanese commentaries upon both. A friend has furnished me with some very curious and unfamiliar Shingon texts containing answers to the enigma.

The Shingon sect, I may observe, is a mystical sect, which especially proclaims the identity of mind and substance, and boldly carries out the doctrine to its furthest logical consequences. Its founder and father Kū-kai, better known as Kōbōdaishi, declared in his book "Hizōki" that matter is not different in essence from spirit. "As to the doctrine of grass, trees, and things non-sentient becoming Buddhas," he writes, "I say that the refined forms [ultimate nature] of spiritual bodies consist of the Five Great Elements; that Ether [1] consists of the Five Great Elements; and that the refined forms of bodies spiritual, of ether, of plants, of trees, consequently pervade all space. This ether, these plants and trees, are themselves spiritual bodies. To the eye of flesh, plants and trees appear to be gross matter. But to the eye of the Buddha *they are composed of minute spiritual entities.* Therefore, even without any change in their substance, there can be no error or impropriety in our calling them Buddhas."

[1] The Chinese word literally means "void" — as in the expression "Void Supreme," to signify the state of Nirvana. But the philosophical reference here is to the ultimate substance, or primary matter; and the rendering of the term by "Ether" (rather in the Greek than the modern sense, of course) has the sanction of Bunyiu Nanjio, and the approval of other eminent Sanscrit and Chinese scholars.

The use of the term "non-sentient" in the foregoing would seem to involve a contradiction; but this is explained away by a dialogue in the book "Shi-man-gi":

Q. Are not grass and trees sometimes called sentient?
A. They can be so called.
Q. But they have also been called non-sentient: how can they be called sentient?
A. In all substance from the beginning exists the impress of the wisdom-nature of the Nyōrai (Tathâgata): therefore to call such things sentient is not error.

"Potentially sentient," the reader might conclude; but this conclusion would be wrong. The Shingon thought is not of a potential sentiency, but of a latent sentiency which, although to us non-apparent and non-imaginable, is nevertheless both real and actual. Commenting upon the words of Kōbōdaishi above cited, the great priest Yū-kai not only reiterates the opinion of his master, but asserts that it is absurd to deny that plants, trees, and what we call inanimate objects, can practice virtue! "Since Mind," he declares, "pervades the whole World of Law, the grasses, plants, trees, and earth pervaded by it must all have mind, and must turn their mind to Buddhahood and practice virtue. Do not doubt the doctrine of our sect, regarding the Non-Duality of the Pervading and the Pervaded, merely because of the distinction made in common parlance between Matter and Mind." As for *how* plants or stones can practice virtue, the sutras in-

deed have nothing to say. But that is because the sutras, being intended for man, teach only what man should know and do.

The reader will now, perhaps, be better able to follow out the really startling Buddhist hypothesis of the nature of matter to its more than startling conclusion. (It must not be contemned because of the fantasy of five elements; for these are declared to be only modes of one ultimate.) All forms of what we call matter are really but aggregates of spiritual units; and all apparent differences of substance represent only differences of combination among these units. The differences of combination are caused by special tendencies and affinities of the units; — the tendency of each being the necessary result of its particular evolutional history (using the term "evolutional" in a purely ethical sense). All integrations of apparent substance — the million suns and planets of the universe — represent only the affinities of such ghostly ultimates; and every human act or thought registers itself through enormous time by some knitting or loosening of forces working for good or evil.

Grass, trees, earth, and all things seem to us what they are not, simply because the eye of flesh is blind. Life itself is a curtain hiding reality — somewhat as the vast veil of day conceals from our sight the countless orbs of Space. But the texts of the cemeteries proclaim that the purified mind, even

while prisoned within the body, may enter for moments of ecstasy into union with the Supreme:

The One Bright Moon illuminates the mind in the meditation called Zenjō.[1]

The "One Bright Moon" is the Supreme Buddha. By the pure of heart He may even be seen:

Hail unto the Wondrous Law! By attaining to the state of single-mindedness we behold the Buddha.[2]

Greater delight there is none:

Incomparable the face of the Nyōrai — surpassing all beauty in this world! [3]

But to see the face of one Buddha is to see all:

The Dai-en-kyō-chi-kyō [4] says: "By entering deeply into the meditation Zenjō, one may see all the Buddhas of the Ten Directions of Space."

The Golden Mouth has said: "He whose mind can discern the being of one Buddha may easily behold three, four, five Buddhas — nay, all the Buddhas of the Three Existences." [5]

Which mystery is thus explained:

The Myō-kwan-satsu-chi-kyō [6] has said: "The mind that detaches itself from all things becomes the very mind of Buddha." [7]

[1] Literally: "illuminates the Zenjō-mind." Zenjō is the Sanscrit Dhyâna. It is believed that in real Dhyâna the mind can hold communication with the Absolute. From a sotoba of the Zen sect.

[2] From a sotoba of the Tendai sect. [3] From a Jōdo sotoba.

[4] Literally: "the Great-Round-Mirror-Wisdom-Sutra." Sanscrit, Adarsana-gñâna. From a Zen sotoba.

[5] Sotoba of the Zen sect. [6] Pratyavekshana-gñâna.

[7] From a Zen sotoba.

Visitors to the older Buddhist temples of Japan can scarcely fail to notice the remarkable character of the gilded aureoles attached to certain images. These aureoles, representing circles, disks, or ovals of glory, contain numbers of little niches shaped like archings or whirls of fire, each enshrining a Buddha or a Bodhisattva. A verse of the Amitâyur-Dhyâna Sutra might have suggested this symbolism to the Japanese sculptors:

In the halo of that Buddha there are Buddhas innumerable as the sands of the Ganga.[1]

Icon and verse alike express that doctrine of the One in Many suggested by the foregoing sotoba-texts; and the assurance that he who sees one Buddha can see all, may further be accepted as signifying that he who perceives one great truth fully, will be able to perceive countless truths.

But even to the spiritually blind the light must come at last. A host of cemetery texts proclaim the Infinite Love that watches all, and the certainty of ultimate and universal salvation:

Possessing all the Virtues and all the Powers, the Eyes of the Infinite Compassion behold all living creatures.[2]

The Kongō-takara-tō-mei [3] proclaims: "All living beings in the Six States of Existence [4] shall be delivered

[1] *Buddhist Mahâyâna Texts: Sacred Books of the East*, XLIX, 180.

[2] From a sotoba of the Zen sect.

[3] Literally: "the Inscription of the Tower of Diamond" — name of a Buddhist text.

[4] The Six States of Existence are Heaven, Man, Demons, Hell, Hungry Spirits (Pretas), and Animals. The above is from a Zen sotoba.

from the bonds of attachment; their minds and their bodies alike shall be freed from desire; and they shall obtain the Supreme Enlightenment."

The Sutra says: "Changing the hearts of all beings, I cause them to enter upon the Way of Buddhahood." [1]

Yet the supreme conquest can be achieved only by self-effort:

Through the destruction of the Three Poisons [2] one may rise above the Three States of Existence.

The Three Existences signify time past, present, and future. To rise above (more literally, to "emerge from") the Three Existences means therefore to pass beyond Space and Time — to become one with the Infinite. The conquest of Time is indeed possible only for a Buddha; but all shall become Buddhas. Even a woman, while yet a woman, may reach Buddhahood, as this Nichiren text bears witness, inscribed above the grave of a girl:

KAI YŌ KEN PI RYŌ-NYŌ JŌ BUTSU

All beheld from afar the Dragon Maiden become a Buddha.

The reference is to the beautiful legend of Sâgara, the daughter of the Nâga-king, in the "Myō-hō-rengé-kyō." [3]

[1] Sotoba of the Nichiren sect.

[2] San-doku or Mitsu-no-doku, viz.: Anger, Ignorance, and Desire. From a Zen sotoba.

[3] Japanese title of the Saddhârma-Pundarika Sutra. See, for legend, chap. XI of Kern's translation in the *Sacred Books of the East* series.

IV

THOUGH not representing, nor even suggesting, the whole range of sotoba-literature, the foregoing texts will sufficiently indicate the quality of its philosophical interest. The inscriptions of the haka, or tombs, have another kind of interest; but before treating of these, a few words should be said about the tombs themselves. I cannot attempt detail, because any description of the various styles of such monuments would require a large and profusely illustrated volume; while the study of their sculptures belongs to the enormous subject of Buddhist iconography — foreign to the purpose of this essay.

There are hundreds — probably thousands — of different forms of Buddhist funeral monuments — ranging from the unhewn boulder, with a few ideographs scratched on it, of the poorest village graveyard, to the complicated turret (kagé-kio) enclosing a shrine with images, and surmounted with a spire of umbrella-shaped disks or parasols (Sanscrit: tchâtras) — possibly representing the old Chinese stûpa. The most common class of haka are plain. A large number of the better class have lotus designs chiseled upon some part of them: either the pedestal is sculptured so as to represent lotus-petals; or a single blossom is cut in relief or intaglio on the face of the tablet; or (but this is rare) a whole lotus-plant, leaves and flowers, is designed in relief upon one or two sides of the monument. In the

costly class of tombs symbolizing the Five Buddhist Elements, the eight-petaled lotus-symbol may be found repeated, with decorative variations, upon three or four portions of their elaborate structure. Occasionally we find beautiful reliefs upon tombstones — images of Buddhas or Bodhisattvas; and not unfrequently a statue of Jizō may be seen erected beside a grave. But the sculptures of this class are mostly old; — the finest pieces in the Kobudera cemetery, for example, were executed between two and three hundred years ago. Finally I may observe that the family crest or mon of the dead is cut upon the front of the tomb, and sometimes also upon the little stone tank set before it.

The inscriptions very seldom include any texts from the holy books. On the front of the monument, below the chiseled crest, the kaimyō is graven, together, perhaps, with a single mystical character — Sanscrit or Chinese; on the left side is usually placed the record of the date of death; and on the right, the name of the person or family erecting the tomb. Such is now, at least, the ordinary arrangement; but there are numerous exceptions; and as the characters are most often disposed in vertical columns, it is quite easy to put all the inscriptions upon the face of a very narrow monument. Occasionally the real name is also cut upon some part of the stone — together, perhaps, with some brief record of the memorable actions of the dead. Excepting the kaimyō,

and the sect-invocation often accompanying it, the inscriptions upon the ordinary class of tombs are secular in character; and the real interest of such epigraphy is limited to the kaimyō. By kai-myō (sîla-name) is meant the Buddhist name given to the spirit of the dead, according to the custom of all sects except the Ikkō or Shinshū. In a special sense the term kai, or sîla, refers to precepts of conduct;[1] in a general sense it might be rendered as "salvation by works." But the Shinshū allows no kai to any mortal; it does not admit the doctrine of immediate salvation by works, but only by faith in Amida; and the posthumous appellations which it bestows are therefore called, not kai-myō, but hō-myō, or "Law-names."

Before Meiji the social rank occupied by any one during life was suggested by the kaimyō. The use, with a kaimyō, of the two characters reading "in den," and signifying "temple-dweller," or "mansion dweller" — or of the more common single character "in" signifying "temple" or "mansion," was a privilege reserved to the nobility and gentry. Class-distinctions were further indicated by suffixes.

[1] There is a great variety of sîla; — five, eight, and ten for different classes of laity; two hundred and fifty for priests; — five hundred for nuns, etc., etc. Be it here observed that the posthumous Buddhist name given to the dead must not be studied as referring always to conduct in this world, but rather as referring to sîla in another world. The kaimyō is thus a title of spiritual initiation. Some Japanese Buddhist sects hold what are called "Ju-Kai-E" ("sîla-giving assemblies"), at which the initiated are given kaimyō of another sort — sîla-names of admission as neophytes.

Koji — a term partly corresponding to our "lay-brother" — and Daishi, "great elder-sister," were honorifically attached to the kaimyō of the samurai and the aristocracy; while the simpler appellations of Shinshi and Shinnyo, respectively signifying "faithful [believing] man," "faithful woman," followed the kaimyō of the humble. These forms are still used; but the distinctions they once maintained have mostly passed away, and the privilege of the knightly "in den," and its accompaniments, is free to any one willing to pay for it. At all times the words "Dōji" and "Dōnyo" seem to have been attached to the kaimyō of children. Dō, alone, means a lad, but when combined with ji or nyo it means "child" in the adjectival sense; — so that we may render Dōji as "Child-son," and Dōnyo as "Child-daughter." Children are thus called who die before reaching their fifteenth year — the majority-year by the old samurai code; a lad of fifteen being deemed fit for war-service. In the case of children who die within a year after birth, the terms "Gaini" and "Gainyo" occasionally replace "Dōji" and "Dōnyo." The syllable Gai here represents a Chinese character meaning "suckling."

Different Buddhist sects have different formulas for the composition of the kaimyō and its addenda; — but this subject would require a whole special treatise; and I shall mention only a few sectarian customs. The Shingon sect sometimes put a Sanscrit character — the symbol of a Buddha — before their

kaimyō; — the Shin head theirs with an abbreviation of the holy name Sakyamuni; — the Nichiren often preface their inscriptions with the famous invocation, "Namu myō hō rengé kyō" ("Hail to the Sutra of the Lotus of the Good Law!") — sometimes followed by the words "Senzo daidai" ("forefathers of the generations"); — the Jōdo, like the Ikkō, use an abbreviation of the name Sakyamuni, or, occasionally, the invocation "Namu Amida Butsu!" — and they compose their four-character kaimyō with the aid of two ideographs signifying "honour" or "fame"; — the Zen sect contrive that the first and the last character of the kaimyō, when read together, shall form a particular Buddhist term, or mystical phrase — except when the kaimyō consists of only two characters.

Probably the word "mansion" in kaimyō-inscriptions would suggest to most Western readers the idea of heavenly mansions. But the fancy would be at fault. The word has no celestial signification; yet the history of its epitaphic use is curious enough. Anciently, at the death of any illustrious man, a temple was erected for the special services due to his spirit, and also for the conservation of relics or memorials of him. Confucianism introduced into Japan the ihai, or mortuary tablet, called by the Chinese shin-shu;[1] and a portion of the temple was set apart to serve as a chapel for the ihai, and the ancestral cult. Any such memorial temple was called

[1] That is, according to the Japanese reading of the Chinese characters.

"in," or "mansion" — doubtless because the august spirit was believed to occupy it at certain periods; — and the term yet survives in the names of many celebrated Buddhist temples — such as the Chion-In, of Kyōtō. With the passing of time, this custom was necessarily modified; for as privileges were extended and aristocracies multiplied, the erection of a separate temple to each notable presently became impossible. Buddhism met the difficulty by conferring upon every individual of distinction the posthumous title of "in-den" — and affixing to this title the name of an imaginary temple or "mansion." So that to-day, in the vast majority of kaimyō, the character "in" refers only to the temple that would have been built had circumstances permitted, but now exists only in the pious desire of those who love and reverence the departed.

Nevertheless the poetry of these in-names does possess some real meaning. They are nearly all of them names such as would be given to real Buddhist temples — names of virtues and sanctities and meditations — names of ecstasies and powers and splendors and luminous immeasurable unfoldings — names of all ways and means of escape from the Six States of Existence and the sorrow of "peopling the cemeteries again and again."

The general character and arrangement of kaimyō can best be understood by the aid of a few typical specimens. The first example is from a beautiful

tomb in the cemetery of Kobudera, which is sculptured with a relief representing the Bodhisattva Mahâsthâma (Seishi Bosatsu) meditating. All the text in this instance has been cut upon the face of the monument, to left and right of the icon. Transliterated into Romaji it reads thus:

(Kaimyō)

Tei-Sho-In, HŌ-SŌ MYŌ-SHIN, *Daishi*

(Record)

Shōtoku Ni, Jin shin Shimotsuki, jiu-ku nichi

(Translation)

Great Elder-Sister, Wonderful-Reality-Appearing-at-the-Window-of-Law, dwelling in the Mansion of the Pine of Chastity.

The nineteenth day of the Month of Frost,[1] second year of Shōtoku [2] — the year being under the Dragon of Elder Water.

For the sake of clearness, I have printed the posthumous name proper (Hō-sō Myō-shin) in small capitals, and the rest in italics. The first three characters of the inscription — Tei-Shō-In — form the name of the temple, or "mansion." The pine, both in religious and secular poetry, is a symbol of changeless conditions of good, because it remains freshly green in all seasons. The use of the term "Reality" in the kaimyō indicates the state of unity with the Absolute; — by "Window-of-Law" (Law here signi-

[1] By the old calendar, the eleventh month was the Month of Frost.

[2] The second year of the period Shōtoku corresponds to 1712 A.D. (For the meaning of the phrase "Dragon of Elder Water" the reader will do well to consult Professor Rein's *Japan*, pp. 434–36.)

fying the Buddha-state) must be understood that exercise of virtue through which even in this existence some perception of Infinite Truth may be obtained. I have already explained the final word, Daishi ("great elder-sister").

Less mystical, but not less beautiful, is this Nichiren kaimyō sculptured upon the grave of a young samurai:

Ko-shin In, Ken-dō Nichi-ki, Koji.

[Koji —
Bright-Sun-on-the-Way-of-the-Wise, in the Mansion of Luminous Mind.] [1]

On the same stone is carven the kaimyō of the wife:

Shin-kyō In, Myō-en Nichi-ko, Daishi.

[Daishi —
Spherically-Wondrous-Sunbeam, in the Mansion of the Mirror of the Heart.]

Perhaps the reader will now be able to find interest in the following selection of kaimyō, translated for me by Japanese scholars. The inscriptions are of various rites and epochs; but I have arranged them only by class and sex:

[Masculine Kaimyō]

Koji —
Law-Nature-Eternally-Complete, in the Mansion of the Mirror of Light.

[1] This beautiful kaimyō is identical with that placed upon the monument of my dear friend Nishida, buried in the Nichiren cemetery of Chōmanji, in Matsué.

Koji —
Lone-Moon-above-Snowy-Peak, in the Mansion of Quiet Light.

Koji —
Wonderful-Radiance-of-Luminous-Sound, in the Mansion of the Day-dawn of Mind.

Koji —
Pure-Lotus-bloom-of-the-Heart, in the Mansion of Shining Beginnings.

Koji —
Real-Earnestness-Self-sufficing-within, in the Mansion of Mystery Penetration.

Koji —
Wonderful-Brightness-of-the-Clouds-of-Law, in the Mansion of Wisdom-Illumination.

Koji —
Law-Echo-proclaiming-Truth, in the Mansion of Real Zeal.

Koji —
Ocean-of-Reason-Calmly-Full, in the Mansion of Self-Nature.

Koji —
Effective-Benevolence-Hearing-with-Pure-Heart-the-Supplications-of-the-Poor — dwelling in the Mansion of the Virtue of Pity.

Koji —
Perfect-Enlightenment-beaming-tranquil-Glory — in the Mansion of Supreme Comprehension.

Koji —
Autumnal-Prospect-Clear-of-Cloud — of the Household of Sakyamuni — in the Mansion of the Obedient Heart.

Koji —

Illustrious-Brightness — of the Household of the Buddha — in the Mansion of Conspicuous Virtue.

Koji —

Daily-Peace-Home-Prospering, in the Mansion of Spherical Completeness.

Shinshi —

Prosperity-wide-shining-as-the-Moon-of-Autumn.

Shinshi —

Vow-abiding-wondrously-without-fault.

Shinshi —

Vernal-Mountain-bathed-in-the-Light-of-the-Law.

Shinshi —

Waking-to-Dhyâna-at-the-Bell-Peal-of-the Wondrous-Dawn.

Shinshi —

Winter-Mountain-Chastity-Mind.[1]

[FEMININE KAIMYŌ]

Daishi —

Moon-Dawn-of-the-Mountain-of-Light, dwelling in the August Mansion of Self-witness.[2]

[1] Signifying: "believing man of mind as chastely pure as the snow upon a peak in winter."

[2] This is the kaimyō of the lady for whose sake the temple of Kobudera was built; and the words "Mansion of Self-witness" here refer to the temple itself, which is thus named (Ji-Shō In). The Chinese text reads: "Ji-Shō-In den, Kwo-zan Kyō-kei, Daishi"; literally, "Great Elder-Sister, Dawn-Katsura-of-Luminous-Mountain, dwelling in the August Mansion of Self-witness." The katsura (*olea fragrans*) is a tree mysteriously connected, in Japanese poetical fancy, with the moon; and its name is often used, as here, to signify the moon. Katsura-no-hana, or "katsura-flower," is a poetical term for moonlight. This kaimyō is remarkable in having the honorific term "August" prefixed to the name of the mansion or temple — a sign of the high rank of the dead lady. The full date inscribed is "twenty-eighth day of Mid-Autumn" (the old eighth month) "of the seventeenth year of Kwansei" (1640 A.D.).

Daishi –
Wondrous-Lotus-of-Fleckless-Light, in the Mansion of the Moonlike Heart.

Daishi —
Wonderful-Chastity-Responding-with-Pure-Mind-to-the-Summons-of-Duty — in the Mansion of the Great Sea of Compassion.

Daishi —
Lotus-Heart-of-Wondrous-Apparition — in the Mansion of Luminous Perfume.

Daishi —
Clear-Light-of-the-Spotless-Moon, in the Mansion of Spring-time-Eve.

Kaishi —
Pure-Mind-as-a-Sun-of-Compassion, in the Mansion of Real Light.

Daishi —
Wondrous-Lotus-of-Fragrance-Ethereal, in the Mansion of Law-Nature.

Shinnyo —
Rejoicing-in-the-Way-of-the-Infinite.

Shinnyo —
Excellent-Courage to-follow-Wisdom-to-the-End.

Shinnyo —
Winter-Moon-shedding-purest-Light.

Shinnyo —
Luminous-Shadow-in-the-Plumflower-Chamber.

Shinnyo —
Virtue-fragrant-as-the-Odor-of-the-Lotus.

[CHILDREN'S KAIMYŌ — MALE]

Dai-Dōji[1] —
Instantly-Attaining-to-the-Perfect-Peace, dwelling in the August Mansion of Purity.

Dai-Dōji[2] —
Permeating-Lucidity-of-the-Pure-Grove, dwelling in the August Mansion of Blossom-Fragrance.

Gaini —
Frost-Glimmer.

Dōji —
Dewy-Light.

Dōji —
Dream-of-Spring.

Dōji —
Spring-Frost.

Dōji —
Ethereal-Nature.

Dōji —
Rain-of-the-Law-from-translucent-Clouds.

[CHILDREN'S KAIMYŌ — FEMALE]

Dai-Dōnyo[3] —
Bright-Shining-Height-of-Wisdom, dwelling in the August Mansion of Fragrant Trees.

[1] The prefix "dai" (great) before the ordinary term "dōji" (male child) is of rare occurrence. Probably the lad was of princely birth. The grave is in a reserved part of the Kobudera cemetery; and the year-date of death is "the fourth of Enkyō" — corresponding to 1747.

[2] The tomb bearing this kaimyō is set beside that inscribed with the kaimyō preceding. Probably the boys were brothers. In both instances we have the honorific prefix "dai," and the term "August" qualifying the mansion-name. The year-date of death is "the second of Kwan-en" (1749).

[3] Probably a princely child — sister apparently of the highborn boys before referred to. She is buried beside them in Kobudera. Observe here again the use of the prefix "dai" — this time before the term

Gainyo —
Snowy-Bubble.

Gainyo —
Shining-Phantasm.

Dōnyo —
Plumflower-Light.

Dōnyo —
Dream-Phantasm.

Dōnyo —
Chaste-Spring.

Dōnyo —
Wisdom-Mirror-of-Flawless-Appearing.

Dōnyo —
Wondrous-Excellence-of-Fragrant-Snow.

After having studied the sotoba-texts previously cited, the reader should be able to divine the meaning of most of the kaimyō above given. At all events he will understand such frequently repeated terms as "Moon," "Lotus," "Law." But he may be puzzled by other expressions; and some further explanation will, perhaps, not be unwelcome.

Besides expressing a pious hope for the higher happiness of the departed, or uttering some assurance of special conditions in the spiritual world, a great number of kaimyō also refer, directly or indirectly, to the character of the vanished personality. Thus a man of widely recognized integrity, and strong

"dōnyo," "child-girl" or "child-daughter." Perhaps the dai here would be better rendered by "grand" than by "great." Notice that the term "August" precedes the mansion-name in this case also. The date of death is given as "the sixth year of Hōreki" (1756).

moral purpose, may — like my dead friend — be not unfitly named: "Bright-Sun-on-the-Way-of-the Wise." The child-daughter or the young wife, especially remembered for sweetness of character, may be commemorated by some such posthumous name as "Plumflower-Light," or "Luminous-Shadow-of-the-Plumflower-Chamber"; — the word "plum-flower" in either case at once suggesting the quality of the virtue of the dead, because this blossom in Japan is the emblem of feminine moral charm — more particularly faithfulness to duty and faultless modesty. Again the memory of any person noted for deeds of charity may be honored by such a kaimyō as, "Effective-Benevolence-Listening-with-Pure-Heart-to-the-Supplications-of-the-Poor." Finally I may observe that the kaimyō-terms expressing altitude, luminosity, and fragrance have most often a moral-exemplary signification. But in all countries epitaphic literature has its conventional hypocrisies or extravagances. Buddhist kaimyō frequently contain a great deal of religious flattery; and beautiful posthumous names are often given to those whose lives were the reverse of beautiful.

When we find among feminine kaimyō such appellations as "Wondrous-Lotus," or "Beautiful-as-the-Lotus-of-the-Dawn," we may be sure in the generality of cases that the charm, to which reference is so made, was ethical only. Yet there are exceptions; and the more remarkable of these are furnished by the kaimyō of children. Names like "Dream-of-

Spring," "Radiant-Phantasm," "Snowy-Bubble," do actually refer to the lost form — or at least to the supposed parental idea of vanished beauty and grace. But such names also exemplify a peculiar consolatory application of the Buddhist doctrine of Impermanency. We might say that through the medium of these kaimyō the bereaved are thus soothed in the loftiest language of faith:

"Beautiful and brief was the being of your child — a dream of spring, a radiant passing vision — a snowy bubble. But in the order of eternal law all forms must pass; material permanency there is none: only the divine Absolute dwelling in every being — only the Buddha in the heart of each of us — forever endures. Be this great truth at once your comfort and your hope!"

Extraordinary examples of the retrospective significance sometimes given to posthumous names, are furnished by the kaimyō of the Forty-Seven Rōnin buried at Sengakuji in Tōkyō. (Their story is now well known to all the English-reading world through Mitford's eloquent and sympathetic version of it in the "Tales of Old Japan.") The noteworthy peculiarity of these kaimyō is that each contains the two words, "dagger" and "sword" — used in a symbolic sense, but having also an appropriate military suggestiveness. Ōïshi Kuranosuké Yoshiwo, the leader, is alone styled "Koji"; — the kaimyō of his followers have the humbler suffix "Shinshi." Ōïshi's

kaimyō reads: "Dagger-of-Emptiness-and-stainless-Sword, in the Mansion of Earnest Loyalty." I need scarcely call attention to the historic meaning of the mansion-name. Three of the kaimyō of his followers will serve as examples of the rest. That of Masé Kyudayu Masaake is: "Dagger-of-Fame-and-Sword of-the-Way [or Doctrine]." The kaimyō of Ōïshi Sezayémon Nobukiyo is: "Dagger of Magnanimity-and-Sword-of-Virtue." And the kaimyō of Horibei Yasubei is: "Dagger-of-Cloud-and-Sword-of-Brightness."

The first and the last of these four kaimyō will be found obscure; and several more of the forty-seven inscriptions are equally enigmatic at first sight. Usually in a kaimyō the word "Emptiness," or "Void," signifies the Buddhist state of absolute spiritual purity — the state of Unconditioned Being. But in the kaimyō of Ōïshi Kuranosuké the meaning of it, though purely Buddhist, is very different. By "emptiness" here, we must understand "illusion," "unreality" — and the full meaning of the phrase "dagger-emptiness" is: "Wisdom that, seeing the emptiness of material forms, pierces through illusion as a dagger." In Horibei Yasubei's kaimyō we must similarly render the word "cloud" by "illusion"; and "Dagger-of-Cloud" should be interpreted, "Illusion-penetrating Dagger of Wisdom." The wisdom that perceives the emptiness of phenomena is the sharply-dividing or distinguishing wisdom, is Myō-kwan-zatsu-chi (Pratyavekshana-gñâna).

Interior of Kobudera, showing the "Kobu," or Wood Knots, whence the Name

Interior of Kōbudera, showing the "Kobu," or Wood Knot, wherein the Name

V

POSSIBLY I have presumed too much upon the patience of my readers; yet I feel that these studies can yield scarcely more than the glimpse of a subject wide and deep as a sea. If they should arouse any Western interest in the philosophy and the poetry of Buddhist epitaphic literature, then they will certainly have accomplished all that I could reasonably hope.

Not improbably I shall be accused, as I have been on other occasions, of trying to make Buddhist texts "more beautiful than they are." This charge usually comes from persons totally ignorant of the originals, and betrays a spirit of disingenuousness with which I have no sympathy. Whoever confesses religion to have been a developing influence in the social and moral history of races — whoever grants that respect is due to convictions which have shaped the nobler courses of human conduct for thousands of years — whoever acknowledges that in any great religion something of eternal truth must exist — will hold it the highest duty of a translator to interpret the concepts of an alien faith as generously as he would wish his own thoughts or words interpreted by his fellow-men. In the rendering of Chinese sentences this duty presents itself under a peculiar aspect. Any attempt at literal translation would result in the production either of nonsense, or of a succession of ideas totally foreign to Far-Eastern

thought. The paramount necessity in treating such texts is to discover and to expound the thought conveyed to Oriental minds by the original ideographs — which are very different things indeed from "written words." The translations given in this essay were made by Japanese scholars, and, in their present form, have the approval of competent critics.

As I write these lines a full moon looks into my study over the trees of the temple-garden, and brings me the recollection of a little Buddhist poem:

> From the foot of the mountain, many are the paths ascending in shadow; but from the cloudless summit all who climb behold the self-same Moon.

The reader who knows the truth shrined in this little verse will not regret an hour passed with me among the tombs of Kobudera.

FROGS

With hands resting upon the floor, reverentially
you repeat your poem, O frog!

Ancient Poem

I

FEW of the simpler sense-impressions of travel remain more intimately and vividly associated with the memory of a strange land than sounds — sounds of the open country. Only the traveler knows how Nature's voices — voices of forest and river and plain — vary according to zone; and it is nearly always some local peculiarity of their tone or character that appeals to feeling and penetrates into memory — giving us the sensation of the foreign and the far-away. In Japan this sensation is especially aroused by the music of insects — hemiptera uttering a sound-language wonderfully different from that of their Western congeners. To a lesser degree the exotic accent is noticeable also in the chanting of Japanese frogs — though the sound impresses itself upon remembrance rather by reason of its ubiquity. Rice being cultivated all over the country — not only upon mountain-slopes and hill-tops, but even within the limits of the cities — there are flushed levels everywhere, and everywhere frogs. No one who has traveled in Japan will forget the clamor of the rice-fields.

Hushed only during the later autumn and brief

winter, with the first wakening of spring waken all the voices of the marsh-lands — the infinite bubbling chorus that might be taken for the speech of the quickening soil itself. And the universal mystery of life seems to thrill with a peculiar melancholy in that vast utterance — heard through forgotten thousands of years by forgotten generations of toilers, but doubtless older by myriad ages than the race of man.

Now this song of solitude has been for centuries a favorite theme with Japanese poets; but the Western reader may be surprised to learn that it has appealed to them rather as a pleasant sound than as a nature-manifestation.

Innumerable poems have been written about the singing of frogs; but a large proportion of them would prove unintelligible if understood as referring to common frogs. When the general chorus of the rice-fields finds praise in Japanese verse, the poet expresses his pleasure only in the great volume of sound produced by the blending of millions of little croakings — a blending which really has a pleasant effect, well compared to the lulling sound of the falling of rain. But when the poet pronounces an individual frog-call melodious, he is not speaking of the common frog of the rice-fields. Although most kinds of Japanese frogs are croakers, there is one remarkable exception (not to mention tree-frogs), the kajika, or true singing-frog of Japan. To say that it croaks

would be an injustice to its note, which is sweet as the chirrup of a song-bird. It used to be called "kawazu"; but as this ancient appellation latterly became confounded in common parlance with "kaeru," the general name for ordinary frogs, it is now called only "kajika." The kajika is kept as a domestic pet, and is sold in Tōkyō by several insect-merchants. It is housed in a peculiar cage, the lower part of which is a basin containing sand and pebbles, fresh water and small plants; the upper part being a framework of fine wire-gauze. Sometimes the basin is fitted up as a ko-niwa, or model landscape-garden. In these times the kajika is considered as one of the singers of spring and summer; but formerly it was classed with the melodists of autumn; and people used to make autumn trips to the country for the mere pleasure of hearing it sing. And just as various places used to be famous for the music of particular varieties of night-crickets, so there were places celebrated only as haunts of the kajika. The following were especially noted:

Tamagawa and Ōsawa-no-Iké — a river and a lake in the province of Yamashiro.

Miwagawa, Asukagawa, Sawogawa, Furu-no-Yamada, and Yoshinogawa — all in the province of Yamato.

Koya-no-Iké — in Settsu.

Ukinu-no-Iké — in Iwami.

Ikawa-no-Numa — in Kōzuké.

Now it is the melodious cry of the kajika, or ka-

wazu, which is so often praised in Far-Eastern verse; and, like the music of insects, it is mentioned in the oldest extant collections of Japanese poems. In the preface to the famous anthology called "Kokinshū," compiled by Imperial Decree during the fifth year of the period of Engi (A.D. 905), the poet Ki-no-Tsurayuki, chief editor of the work, makes these interesting observations:

> The poetry of Japan has its roots in the human heart, and thence has grown into a multiform utterance. Man in this world, having a thousand millions of things to undertake and to complete, has been moved to express his thoughts and his feelings concerning all that he sees and hears. When we hear the uguisu [1] singing among flowers, and the voice of the kawazu which inhabits the waters, what mortal [literally: "who among the living that lives"] does not compose poems?

The kawazu thus referred to by Tsurayuki is of course the same creature as the modern kajika: no common frog could have been mentioned as a songster in the same breath with that wonderful bird, the uguisu. And no common frog could have inspired any classical poet with so pretty a fancy as this:

> Té wo tsuité,
> Uta moshi-aguru,
> Kawazu kana!
>
> With hands resting upon the floor, reverentially you repeat your poem, O frog!

The charm of this little verse can best be understood

[1] *Cettia cantans* — the Japanese nightingale.

by those familiar with the Far-Eastern etiquette of posture while addressing a superior — kneeling, with the body respectfully inclined, and hands resting upon the floor, with the fingers pointing outwards.[1]

It is scarcely possible to determine the antiquity of the custom of writing poems about frogs; but in the "Manyōshū," dating back to the middle of the eighth century, there is a poem which suggests that even at that time the river Asuka had long been famous for the singing of its frogs:

Ima mo ka mo
Asuka no kawa no
Yū sarazu
Kawazu naku sé no
Kiyoku aruran.

Still clear in our day remains the stream of Asuka, where the kawazu nightly sing.

We find also in the same anthology the following curious reference to the singing of frogs:

Omoboyezu
Kimaseru kimi wo,
Sasagawa no
Kawazu kikasezu
Kayeshi tsuru kamo!

Unexpectedly I receive the august visit of my lord. . . . Alas, that he should have returned without hearing the frogs of the river Sawa!

And in the "Rokujōshū," another ancient com-

[1] Such, at least, is the posture prescribed by the old etiquette for *men*. But the rules were very complicated, and varied somewhat according to rank as well as to sex. Women usually turn the fingers inward instead of outward when assuming this posture.

pilation, are preserved these pleasing verses on the same theme:

Tamagawa no
Hito wo mo yogizu
Naku kawazu,
Kono yū kikéba
Oshiku ya wa aranu?

Hearing to-night the frogs of the Jewel River [or Tamagawa], that sing without fear of man, how can I help loving the passing moment?

II

Thus it appears that for more than eleven hundred years the Japanese have been making poems about frogs; and it is at least possible that verses on this subject, which have been preserved in the "Manyō-shū," were composed even earlier than the eighth century. From the oldest classical period to the present day, the theme has never ceased to be a favorite one with poets of all ranks. A fact noteworthy in this relation is that the first poem written in the measure called hokku, by the famous Bashō, was about frogs. The triumph of this extremely brief form of verse (three lines of 5, 7, and 5 syllables respectively) is to create one complete sensation-picture; and Bashō's original accomplishes the feat — difficult, if not impossible, to repeat in English:

Furu iké ya,
Kawazu tobikomu,
Midzu no oto.

Old pond — frogs jumped in — sound of water.

An immense number of poems about frogs were

subsequently written in this measure. Even at the present time professional men of letters amuse themselves by making short poems on frogs. Distinguished among these is a young poet known to the Japanese literary world by the pseudonym of "Roséki," who lives in Ōsaka and keeps in the pond of his garden hundreds of singing frogs. At fixed intervals he invites all his poet-friends to a feast, with the proviso that each must compose, during the entertainment, one poem about the inhabitants of the pond. A collection of the verses thus obtained was privately printed in the spring of 1897, with funny pictures of frogs decorating the covers and illustrating the text.

But unfortunately it is not possible through English translation to give any fair idea of the range and character of the literature of frogs. The reason is that the greater number of compositions about frogs depend chiefly for their literary value upon the untranslatable — upon local allusions, for example, incomprehensible outside of Japan; upon puns; and upon the use of words with double or even triple meanings. Scarcely two or three in every one hundred poems can bear translation. So I can attempt little more than a few general observations.

That love-poems should form a considerable proportion of this curious literature will not seem strange to the reader when he is reminded that the lovers' trysting-hour is also the hour when the frog-

chorus is in full cry, and that, in Japan at least, the memory of the sound would be associated with the memory of a secret meeting in almost any solitary place. The frog referred to in such poems is not usually the kajika. But frogs are introduced into love-poetry in countless clever ways. I can give two examples of modern popular compositions of this kind. The first contains an allusion to the famous proverb — "I no naka no kawazu daikai wo shirazu" ("The frog in the well knows not the great sea"). A person quite innocent of the ways of the world is compared to a frog in a well; and we may suppose the speaker of the following lines to be some sweet-hearted country-girl, answering an ungenerous remark with very pretty tact:

Laugh me to scorn if you please; — call me your "frog-in-the well":
Flowers fall into my well; and its water mirrors the moon!

The second poem is supposed to be the utterance of a woman having good reason to be jealous:

Dull as a stagnant pond you deemed the mind of your mistress;
But the stagnant pond can speak: you shall hear the cry of the frog!

Outside of love-poems there are hundreds of verses about the common frogs of ponds or rice-fields. Some refer chiefly to the volume of the sound that the frog makes:

Hearing the frogs of the rice-fields, methinks that the water sings.

As we flush the rice-fields of spring, the frog-song flows with the water.

From rice-fields to rice-field they call: unceasing the challenge and answer.

Ever as deepens the night, louder the chorus of pond-frogs.

So many the voices of frogs that I cannot but wonder if the pond be not wider at night than by day!

Even the rowing boats can scarce proceed, so thick the clamor of the frogs of Horié!

The exaggeration of the last verse is of course intentional, and in the original not uneffective. In some parts of the world — in the marshes of Florida and of southern Louisiana, for example — the clamor of the frogs at certain seasons resembles the roaring of a furious sea; and whoever has heard it can appreciate the fancy of sound as obstacle.

Other poems compare or associate the sound made by frogs with the sound of rain:

The song of the earliest frogs — fainter than falling of rain.

What I took for the falling of rain is only the singing of frogs.

Now I shall dream, lulled by the patter of rain and the song of the frogs.

Other poems, again, are intended only as tiny

pictures — thumb-nail sketches — such as this hokku:

Path between rice-fields; frogs jumping away to right and left;

— or this, which is a thousand years old:

Where the flowers of the yamabuki are imaged in the still marsh-water, the voice of the kawazu is heard;

— or the following pretty fancy:

Now sings the frog, and the voice of the frog is perfumed; — for into the shining stream the cherry-petals fall.

The last two pieces refer, of course, to the true singing frog.

Many short poems are addressed directly to the frog itself — whether kaeru or kajika. There are poems of melancholy, of affection, of humor, of religion, and even of philosophy among these. Sometimes the frog is likened to a spirit resting on a lotus-leaf; sometimes, to a priest repeating sutras for the sake of the dying flowers; sometimes to a pining lover; sometimes to a host receiving travelers; sometimes to a blasphemer, "always beginning" to say something against the gods, but always afraid to finish it. Most of the following examples are taken from the recent book of frog-poems published by Roséki; — each paragraph of my prose rendering, it should be remembered, represents a distinct poem:

Now all the guests being gone, why still thus respectfully sitting, O frog?

So resting your hands on the ground, do you welcome the Rain, O frog?

You disturb in the ancient well the light of the stars, O frog!

Sleepy the sound of the rain; but your voice makes me dream, O frog!

Always beginning to say something against the great Heaven, O frog!

You have learned that the world is void: you never look at it as you float, O frog!

Having lived in clear-rushing mountain streams, never can your voice become stagnant, O frog!

The last pleasing conceit shows the esteem in which the superior vocal powers of the kajika are held.

III

I THOUGHT it strange that out of hundreds of frog-poems collected for me I could not discover a single mention of the coldness and clamminess of the frog. Except a few jesting lines about the queer attitudes sometimes assumed by the creature, the only reference to its uninviting qualities that I could find was the mild remark —

Seen in the daytime, how uninteresting you are, O frog!

While wondering at this reticence concerning the chilly, slimy, flaccid nature of frogs, it all at once

occurred to me that in other thousands of Japanese poems which I had read there was a total absence of allusions to tactual sensations. Sensations of colors, sounds, and odors were rendered with exquisite and surprising delicacy; but sensations of taste were seldom mentioned, and sensations of touch were absolutely ignored. I asked myself whether the reason for this reticence or indifference should be sought in the particular temperament or mental habit of the race; but I have not yet been able to decide the question. Remembering that the race has been living for ages upon food which seems tasteless to the Western palate, and that impulses to such action as hand-clasping, embracing, kissing, or other physical display of affectionate feeling, are really foreign to Far-Eastern character, one is tempted to the theory that gustatory and tactual sensations, pleasurable and otherwise, have been less highly evolved with the Japanese than with us. But there is much evidence against such a theory; and the triumphs of Japanese handicraft assure us of an almost incomparable delicacy of touch developed in special directions. Whatever be the physiological meaning of the phenomenon, its moral meaning is of most importance. So far as I have been able to judge, Japanese poetry usually ignores the inferior qualities of sensation, while making the subtlest of appeals to those superior qualities which we call æsthetic. Even if representing nothing else, this fact represents the healthiest and happiest attitude

toward Nature. Do not we Occidentals shrink from many purely natural impressions by reason of repulsion developed through a morbid tactual sensibility? The question is at least worth considering. Ignoring or mastering such repulsion — accepting naked Nature as she is, always lovable when understood — the Japanese discover beauty where we blindly imagine ugliness or formlessness or loathsomeness — beauty in insects, beauty in stones, beauty in frogs. Is the fact without significance that they alone have been able to make artistic use of the form of the centipede? . . . You should see my Kyōtō tobacco-pouch, with centipedes of gold running over its figured leather like ripplings of fire!

OF MOON-DESIRE

I

He was two years old when — as ordained in the law of perpetual recurrence — he asked me for the Moon.

Unwisely I protested:

"The Moon I cannot give you because it is too high up. I cannot reach it."

He answered:

"By taking a very long bamboo, you probably could reach it, and knock it down."

I said:

"There is no bamboo long enough."

He suggested:

"By standing on the ridge of the roof of the house, you probably could poke it with the bamboo."

Whereat I found myself constrained to make some approximately truthful statements concerning the nature and position of the Moon.

This set me thinking. I thought about the strange fascination that brightness exerts upon living creatures in general — upon insects and fishes and birds and mammals — and tried to account for it by some inherited memory of brightness as related to food, to water, and to freedom. I thought of the countless generations of children who have asked for the Moon, and of the generations of parents who have

laughed at the asking. And then I entered into the following meditation:

Have we any right to laugh at the child's wish for the Moon? No wish could be more natural; and as for its incongruity — do not we, children of a larger growth, mostly nourish wishes quite as innocent — longings that if realized could only work us woe — such as desire for the continuance after death of that very sense-life, or individuality, which once deluded us all into wanting to play with the Moon, and often subsequently deluded us in far less pleasant ways?

Now foolish as may seem, to merely empirical reasoning, the wish of the child for the Moon, I have an idea that the highest wisdom commands us to wish for very much more than the Moon — even for more than the Sun and the Morning-Star and all the Host of Heaven.

II

I REMEMBER when a boy lying on my back in the grass, gazing into the summer blue above me, and wishing that I could melt into it — become a part of it. For these fancies I believe that a religious tutor was innocently responsible: he had tried to explain to me, because of certain dreamy questions, what he termed "the folly and the wickedness of pantheism" — with the result that I immediately became a pantheist, at the tender age of fifteen. And my im-

aginings presently led me not only to want the sky for a playground, but also to become the sky!

Now I think that in those days I was really close to a great truth — touching it, in fact, without the faintest suspicion of its existence. I mean the truth that the wish *to become* is reasonable in direct ratio to its largeness — or, in other words, that the more you wish to be, the wiser you are; while the wish *to have* is apt to be foolish in proportion to its largeness. Cosmic law permits us very few of the countless things that we wish to have, but will help us to become all that we can possibly wish to be. Finite, and in so much feeble, is the wish to have: but infinite in puissance is the wish to become; and every mortal wish to become must eventually find satisfaction. By wanting to be, the monad makes itself the elephant, the eagle, or the man. By wanting to be, the man should become a god. Perhaps on this tiny globe, lighted only by a tenth-rate yellow sun, he will not have time to become a god; but who dare assert that his wish cannot project itself to mightier systems illuminated by vaster suns, and there reshape and invest him with the forms and powers of divinity? Who dare even say that his wish may not expand him beyond the Limits of Form, and make him one with Omnipotence? And Omnipotence, without asking, can have much brighter and bigger playthings than the Moon.

Probably everything is a mere question of wishing — providing that we wish, not to have, but to be.

Most of the sorrow of life certainly exists because of the wrong kind of wishing and because of the contemptible pettiness of the wishes. Even to wish for the absolute lordship and possession of the entire earth were a pitifully small and vulgar wish. We must learn to nourish very much bigger wishes than that! My faith is that we must wish to become the total universe with its thousands of millions of worlds — and more than the universe, or a myriad universes — and more even than Space and Time.

III

Possibly the power for such wishing must depend upon our comprehension of the ghostliness of substance. Once men endowed with spirit all forms and motions and utterances of Nature: stone and metal, herb and tree, cloud and wind — the lights of heaven, the murmuring of leaves and waters, the echoes of the hills, the tumultuous speech of the sea. Then becoming wiser in their own conceit, they likewise became of little faith; and they talked about "the Inanimate" and "the Inert" — which are non-existent — and discoursed of Force as distinct from Matter, and of Mind as distinct from both. Yet we now discover that the primitive fancies were, after all, closer to probable truth. We cannot indeed think of Nature to-day precisely as did our forefathers; but we find ourselves obliged to think of her in very much weirder ways; and the later revelations of our science have revitalized not a little of the

primitive thought, and infused it with a new and awful beauty. And meantime those old savage sympathies with savage Nature that spring from the deepest sources of our being — always growing with our growth, strengthening with our strength, more and more unfolding with the evolution of our higher sensibilities — would seem destined to sublime at last into forms of cosmical emotion expanding and responding to infinitude.

Have you never thought about those immemorial feelings? . . . Have you never, when looking at some great burning, found yourself exulting without remorse in the triumph and glory of fire? — never unconsciously coveted the crumbling, splitting, iron-wrenching, granite-cracking force of its imponderable touch? — never delighted in the furious and terrible splendor of its phantasmagories — the ravening and bickering of its dragons — the monstrosity of its archings — the ghostly soaring and flapping of its spires? Have you never, with a hill-wind pealing in your ears, longed to ride that wind like a ghost — to scream round the peaks with it — to sweep the face of the world with it? Or, watching the lifting, the gathering, the muttering rush and thunder-burst of breakers, have you felt no impulse kindred to that giant motion — no longing to leap with that wild white tossing, and to join in that mighty shout? . . . And all such ancient emotional sympathies with Nature's familiar forces

— do they not prelude, with their modern æsthetic developments, the future growth of rarer sympathies with incomparably subtler forces, and of longings to be limited only by our power to know? Know ether — shivering from star to star; — comprehend its sensitivities, its penetrancies, its transmutations; — and sympathies ethereal will evolve. Know the forces that spin the suns; — and already the way has been reached of becoming one with them.

And, furthermore, is there no suggestion of such evolvement in the steady widening through all the centuries of the thoughts of their world-priests and poets? — in the later sense of Life-as-Unity absorbing or transforming the ancient childish sense of life-personal? — in the tone of the new rapture in world-beauty, dominating the elder worship of beauty-human? — in the larger modern joy evoked by the blossoming of dawns, the blossoming of stars — by all quiverings of color, all shudderings of light? And is not the thing-in-itself, the detail, the appearance, being ever less and less studied for its mere power to charm, and ever more and more studied as a single character in that Infinite Riddle of which all phenomena are but ideographs?

Nay! — surely the time must come when we shall desire to be all that is, all that ever has been known — the past and the present and the future in one — all feeling, striving, thinking, joying, sorrowing — and everywhere the Part — and every-

where the Whole. And before us, with the waxing of the wish, perpetually the Infinities shall widen.

And I — even I! — by virtue of that wish, shall become all forms, all forces, all conditions: Ether, Wind, Fire, Water, Earth — all motion visible or viewless — all vibration named of light, of color, of sonority, of torrefaction — all thrillings piercing substance — all oscillations picturing in blackness, like the goblin-vision of the X-rays. By virtue of that wish I shall become the Source of all becoming and of all ceasing — the Power that shapes, the Power that dissolves — creating, with the shadows of my sleep, the life that shall vanish with my wakening. And even as phosphor-lampings in currents of midnight sea, so shall shimmer and pulse and pass, in mine Ocean of Death and Birth, the burning of billions of suns, the whirling of trillions of worlds. . . .

IV

"WELL," said the friend to whom I read this reverie, "there is some Buddhism in your fancies — though you seem to have purposely avoided several important points of doctrine. For instance, you must know that Nirvana is never to be reached by wishing, but by *not* wishing. What you call the 'wish-to-become' can only help us, like a lantern, along the darker portions of the Way. As for wanting the Moon — I think that you must have seen many old Japanese pictures of apes clutching at the

reflection of the Moon in water. The subject is a Buddhist parable: the water is the phantom-flux of sensations and ideas; the Moon — not its distorted image — is the sole Truth. And your Western philosopher was really teaching a Buddhist parable when he proclaimed man but a higher kind of ape. For in this world of illusion, man is truly still the ape, trying to seize on water the shadow of the Moon."

"Ape, indeed," I made answer — "but an ape of gods — even that divine Ape of the Ramayana who may clutch the Sun!"

RETROSPECTIVES

Murmurs and scents of the Infinite Sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

RETROSPECTIVES

* * *

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

I

I WONDER why the emblematical significance of the Composite Photograph has been so little considered by the philosophers of evolution. In the blending and coalescing of the shadows that make it, is there no suggestion of that bioplasmic chemistry which, out of the intermingling of innumerable lives, crystallizes the composite of personality? Has the superimposition of images upon the sensitized plate no likeness to those endless superimpositions of heredity out of which every individuality must shape itself? . . . Surely it is a very weird thing, this Composite Photograph — and hints of things weirder.

Every human face is a living composite of countless faces — generations and generations of faces superimposed upon the sensitive film of Life for the great cosmic developing process. And any living face, well watched by love or by hate, will reveal the fact. The face of friend or sweetheart has a hundred different aspects; and you know that you

want, when his or her "likeness" is taken, to insist upon the reflection of the dearest of these. The face of your enemy — no matter what antipathy it may excite — is not invariably hateful in itself: you must acknowledge, to yourself at least, having observed in it moments of an expression the reverse of unworthy.

Probably the ancestral types that try to reproduce themselves in the modulations of facial expression, are nearly always the more recent; — the very ancient having become metamorphosed, under weight of superimposition, into a blank underlying vagueness — a mere protoplasmic background out of which, except in rare and monstrous cases, no outline can detach itself. But in every normal face whole generations of types do certainly, by turns of mood, make flitting apparition. Any mother knows this. Studying day by day the features of her child, she finds in them variations not to be explained by simple growth. Sometimes there is a likeness to one parent or grandparent; sometimes a likeness to another, or to remoter kindred; and at rarer intervals may appear peculiarities of expression that no member of the family can account for. (Thus, in darker centuries, the ghastly superstition of the "changeling" was not only possible, but in a certain sense quite natural.) Through youth and manhood and far into old age these mutations continue — though always more slowly and faintly — even while the general characteristics steadily ac-

centuate; and death itself may bring into the countenance some strange expression never noticed during life.

II

As a rule we recognize faces by the modes of expression habitually worn — by the usually prevalent character-tones of them — rather than by any steady memory of lines. But no face at all moments remains exactly the same; and in cases of exceptional variability the expression does not suffice for recognition: we have to look for some fixed peculiarity, some minute superficial detail independent of physiognomy. All expression has but a relative permanency: even in faces the most strongly marked, its variations may defy estimate. Perhaps the mobility is, within certain limits, in direct ratio to irregularity of feature; — any approach to ideal beauty being also an approach to relative fixity. At all events, the more familiar we become with any common face, the more astonishing the multitude of the transformations we observe in it — the more indescribable and bewildering its fugitive subtleties of expression. And what are these but the ebb and flow of life ancestral — under-ripplings in that well-spring unfathomable of personality whose flood is Soul. Perpetually beneath the fluid tissues of flesh the dead are moulding and moving — not singly (for in no phenomenon is there any singleness), but in currents and by surgings. Sometimes

there is an eddying of ghosts of love; and the face dawns as if a sunrise lighted it. Sometimes there is a billowing up of ghosts of hate; and the face darkens and distorts like an evil dream — and we say to the mind behind it, "You are not now *your better self.*" But that which we call the self, whether the better or the worse, is a complexity forever shifting the order of its combinations. According to stimulus of hope or fear, of joy or pain, there must vibrate within every being, at differing rhythms, with varying oscillation, incalculable tremulosities of ancestral life. In the calmest normal existence slumber all the psychical tones of the past — from the lurid red of primal sense-impulse to the violet of spiritual aspiration — even as all known colors sleep in white light. And over the sensitive living mask, at each strong alternation of the psychical currents, flit shadowy resurrections of dead expression.

Seeing faces and their changes, we learn intuitively the relation to our own selves of the selves that confront us. In very few cases could we even try to explain how this knowledge comes — how we reach those conclusions called, in common parlance, "first impressions." Faces are not *read.* The impressions they give are only *felt,* and have much of the same vague character as impressions of sound — making within us mental states either pleasant or unpleasant or somewhat of both — evoking now a sense of danger, now a melting sympathy, occasionally a gentle sadness. And these impres-

sions, though seldom at fault, cannot be very well explained in words. The reasons of their accuracy are likewise the reasons of their mystery — reasons not to be discovered in the narrow range of our personal experience — reasons very, very much older than we. Could we remember our former lives, we should know more exactly the meaning of our likes and our dislikes. For the truth is that they are superindividual. It is not the individual eye that perceives everything perceived in a face. The dead are the real seers. But as they remain unable to guide us otherwise than by touching the chords of mental pleasure or pain, we can feel the relative meaning of faces only in a dim, though powerful way.

Instinctively, at least, superindividuality is commonly recognized. Hence such phrases as "force of character," "moral force," "personal fascination," "personal magnetism," and others showing that the influence exerted by man upon man is known to be independent of mere physical conditions. Very insignificant bodies have that within them by which formidable bodies are mastered and directed. The flesh-and-blood man is only the visible end of an invisible column of force reaching out of the infinite past into the momentary present — only the material Symbol of an immaterial host. A contest between even two wills is a contest of phantom armies. The domination of many personalities by the simple will of one — hinting the perception by the com-

pelled of superior viewless powers behind the compeller — is never to be interpreted by the old hypothesis of soul-equality. Only by scientific psychology can the mystery of certain formidable characters be even partly explained; but any explanation must rest upon the acceptance, in some form or other, of the immence evolutional fact of psychical inheritance. And psychical inheritance signifies the superindividual — preëxistence revived in compound personality.

Yet, from our ethical standpoint, that superindividuality which we thus unconsciously allow in the very language used to express psychical domination, is a lower manifestation. Though working often for good, the power in itself is of evil; and the recognition of it by the subjugated is not a recognition of higher moral energy, but of a higher *mental* energy signifying larger evolutional experience of wrong, deeper reserves of aggressive ingenuity, heavier capacities for the giving of pain. Called by no matter what euphemistic name, such power is brutal in its origin, and still allied to those malignities and ferocities shared by man with lower predatory creatures. But the beauty of the superindividual is revealed in that rarer power which the dead lend the living to win trust, to inspire ideals, to create love, to brighten whole circles of existence with the charm and wonder of a personality never to be described save in the language of light and music.

III

Now if we could photographically *decompose* a composite photograph so as to separate in order inverse all the impressions interblended to make it, such process would clumsily represent what really happens when the image of a strange face is telegraphed back — like a police-photograph — from the living retina to the mysterious offices of inherited memory. There, with the quickness of an electric flash, the shadow-face is decomposed into all the ancestral types combined in it; and the resulting verdict of the dead, though rendered only by indefinable sensation, is more trustworthy than any written certificate of character could ever be. But its trustworthiness is limited to the *potential* relation of the individual seen to the individual seeing. Upon different minds, according to the delicate balance of personality — according to the qualitative sum of inherited experience in the psychical composition of the observer — the same features will make very different impressions. A face that strongly repels one person may not less strongly attract another, and will produce nearly similar impressions only on groups of emotionally homogeneous natures. Certainly the fact of this ability to discern in the composition of faces that indefinable something which welcomes or which warns, does suggest the possibility of deciding some laws of ethical physiognomy; but such laws would necessarily be of a very general

and simple kind, and their relative value could never equal that of the uneducated personal intuition.

How, indeed, should it be otherwise? What science could ever hope to measure the infinite possibilities of psychical combination? And the present in every countenance is a recombination of the past; — the living is always a resurrection of the dead. The sympathies and the fears, the hopes and the repulsions that faces inspire, are but revivals and reiterations — echoes of sentiency created in millions of minds by immeasurable experience operating through immeasurable time. My friend of this hour, though no more identical with his forefathers than any single ripple of a current is identical with all the ripples that ever preceded it, is nevertheless by soul-composition one with myriads known and loved in other lands and in other lives — in times recorded and in times forgotten — in cities that still remain and in cities that have ceased to be — by thousands of my vanished selves.

BEAUTY IS MEMORY

I

WHEN you first saw her your heart leaped, and a tingling shocked through all your blood like a gush of electricity. Simultaneously your senses were changed, and long so remained.

That sudden throb was the awakening of your dead; — and that thrill was made by the swarming and the crowding of them; — and that change of sense was wrought only by their multitudinous desire — for which reason it seemed *an intensification.* They remembered having loved a number of young persons somewhat resembling her. But where, or when, they did not recollect. They (and They, of course, are You) had drunk of Lethe many times since then.

The true name of the River of Forgetfulness is the River of Death — though you may not find authority for the statement in classical dictionaries. But the Greek story, that the waters of Lethe bring to weary souls oblivion of the past, is not quite true. One draught will indeed numb and becloud some forms of memory — will efface the remembrance of dates and names and of other trifling details; — but a million draughts will not produce total oblivion. Even the destruction of the world would not have that result. *Nothing is absolutely forgotten ex-*

cept the non-essential. The essential can, at most, only be dimmed by the drinking of Lethe.

It was because of billions of billions of memories amassed through trillions of lives, and blended within you into some one vague delicious image, that you came to believe a certain being more beautiful than the sun. The delusion signified that she happened to resemble this composite — mnemonic shadowing of all the dead women related to the loves of your innumerable lives. And this first part of your experience, when you could not understand — when you fancied the beloved a witch, and never even dreamed that the witchery might be the work of ghosts, was — the Period of Wonder.

II

WONDER at what? At the power and mystery of beauty. (For whether only within yourself, or partly within and partly outside of yourself, it was beauty that you saw, and that made you wonder.) But you will now remember that the beloved seemed lovelier than mortal woman really could be; — and the how and the why of that seeming are questions of interest.

With the power to see beauty we are born — somewhat, though not altogether, as we are born with the power to perceive color. Most human beings are able to discern something of beauty, or at least of approach to beauty — though the volume

of the faculty varies in different individuals more than the volume of a mountain varies from that of a grain of sand. There are men born blind; but the normal being inherits some ideal of beauty. It may be vivid or it may be vague; but in every case it represents an accumulation of countless impressions received by the race — countless fragments of prenatal remembrance crystallized into one composite image within organic memory, where, like the viewless image on a photographic plate awaiting development, it remains awhile in darkness absolute. And just because it is a composite of numberless race-memories of individual attraction, this ideal necessarily represents, in the superior mind, a something above the existing possible — something never to be realized, much less surpassed, in the present state of humanity.

And what is the relation of this composite, fairer than human possibility, to the illusion of love? If it be permissible to speak one's imagining of the unimaginable, I can dare a theory. When, in the hour of the ripeness of youth, there is perceived some objective comeliness faintly corresponding to certain outlines of the inherited ideal, at once a wave of emotion ancestral bathes the long-darkened image, defines it, illuminates it — and so deludes the senses; — for the sense-reflection of the living objective becomes temporarily blended with the subjective phantasm — with the beautiful luminous ghost made of centillions of memories. Thus to the

lover the common suddenly becomes the impossible, because he really perceives blended with it the superindividual and superhuman. He is much too deeply bewitched by that supernatural to be persuaded of his illusion, by any reasoning. What conquers his will is not the magic of anything living or tangible, but a charm sinuous and fugitive and light as fire — a spectral snare prepared for him by myriads unthinkable of generations of dead.

So much and no more of theory I venture as to the *how* of the riddle. But what of the *why* — the reason of the emotion made by this ghostly beauty revived out of the measureless past? What should beauty have to do with a superindividual ecstasy older than all æsthetic feeling? What is the evolutional secret of the fascination of beauty?

I think that an answer can be given. But it will involve the fullest acceptance of this truth: — *There is no such thing as beauty-in-itself.*

All the riddles and contradictions of our æsthetic systems are natural consequences of the delusion that beauty is a something absolute, a transcendental reality, an eternal fact. It is true that the appearance we call beauty is the symbol of a fact — is the visible manifestation of a development beyond the ordinary — a bodily evolution more advanced than the existing average. In like manner what we call grace is a real manifestation of the economy of force. But since there can be no cosmic limit to

evolutional possibilities, there never can be any standards of grace or of beauty that are not relative and essentially transitory; and there can be no physical ideals — not even Greek ideals — that might not in the course of human evolution or of superhuman evolution be so much more than realized as to become vulgarities of form. An ultimate of beauty is inconceivable and impossible; no term of æsthetics can ever represent more than the idea of a phase of the perpetual becoming, a temporary relation in comparative evolution. Beauty-in-itself is only the name of a sensation, or complex of sensations, mistaken for objectivity — much as sound and light and color were once imagined to be realities.

Yet what is it that attracts? — what is the meaning of the resistless emotion which we call the Sense of Beauty?

Like the sensing of light or color or perfume, the recognition of beauty is a recognition of fact. But that fact bears to the feeling evoked no more likeness than the reality of five hundred billions of ether-shiverings per second bears to the sensation of orange. Still in either case the fact is manifestation of force. Representing higher evolution, the phenomenon termed beauty also represents a relatively superior fitness for life, a higher ability to fulfill the conditions of existence; and it is the nonconscious perception of this representation that makes the fascination. The longing aroused is not for any mere abstraction, but for greater complete-

ness of faculty as means to the natural end. To the dead within each man, beauty signifies the presence of what they need most — Power. They know, in despite of Lethe, that when they lived in comely bodies life was usually made easy and happy for them, and that when prisoned in feeble or in ugly bodies, they found life miserable or difficult. They want to live many times again in sound young bodies — in shapes that assure force, health, joy, quickness to win and energy to keep the best prizes of life's contest. They want, if possible, conditions better than any of the past, but in no event conditions worse.

III

And so the Riddle resolves itself as Memory — immeasurable Memory of all bodily fitness for the ends of life: a Composite glorified, doubtless, by some equally measureless inherited sense of all the vanished joys ever associated with such fitness.

Infinite, may we not term it — this Composite? Aye, but not merely because the multitudes of dead memories that make it are unspeakable. Equally unspeakable the width and the depth of the range of them throughout the enormity of Time. . . . O lover, how slender the beautiful witch — the ghost within the ghost of you! Yet the depth of that ghost is the depth of the Nebulous Zone bespanning Night — the luminous Shadow that Egypt figured of old as Mother of the Sun and the Gods, curving her long

white woman's body over the world. As a vapor of phosphorus, or wake of a ship in the night — only so with the naked eye can we behold it. But pierced by vision telescopic, it is revealed as the farther side of the Ring of the Cosmos — dim belt of millions of suns seemingly massed together like the cells of a living body, yet so seemingly only by reason of their frightful remoteness. Even thus really separated each from each in the awfulness of the Night of Time — by silent profundities of centuries — by interspaces of thousands and of myriads of years — though collectively shaping to love's desire but one dim soft sweet phantom — are those million-swarming memories that make for youth its luminous dream of beauty.

SADNESS IN BEAUTY

THE poet who sang that beautiful things bring sadness, named as beautiful things music and sunset and night, clear skies and transparent waters. Their sadness he sought to explain by vague soul-memories of Paradise. Very old-fashioned this explanation; but it contains a shadowing of truth. For the mysterious sadness associated with the sense of beauty is certainly not of this existence, but of countless anterior lives — and therefore indeed a sadness of reminiscence.

Elsewhere I try to explain why certain qualities of music, and certain aspects of sunset produce sadness, and even more than sadness. As for impressions of night, however, I doubt if the emotion that night evokes in this nineteenth century can be classed with the sadness that beauty brings. A wonderful night — a tropical night, for instance, lucent and lukewarm, with a new moon in it, curved and yellow like a ripe banana — may inspire, among other minor feelings, something of tenderness; but the great dominant emotion evoked by the splendor of the vision is not sadness. Breaking open the heavens to their highest, night widens modern thought over the bounds of life and death by the spectacle of that Infinite whose veil is day. Night also forces remembrance of the mystery of our tether — the viewless force that holds us down to this wretched

little ball of a world. And the result is cosmic emotion — vaster than any sense of the sublime — drowning all other emotion — but nowise akin to the sadness that beauty causes. Anciently the emotion of night must have been incomparably less voluminous. Men who believed the sky to be a solid vault, never could have felt, as we feel it, the stupendous pomp of darkness. And our ever-growing admiration of those awful astral questions in the Book of Job, is mainly due to the fact that with the progress of science, they continue to make larger and larger appeal to forms of thought and feeling which never could have entered into the mind of Job.

But the sadness excited by the beauty of a perfect day, or by the charm of Nature in her brightest moods, is a fact of another kind, and needs a different explanation. Inherited the feeling must be — but through what cumulation of ancestral pain? Why should the tenderness of an unclouded sky, the soft green sleep of summered valleys, the murmurous peace of sunflecked shadows, inspire us with sadness? Why should any inherited emotion following an æsthetic perception be melancholy rather than joyous? . . . Of course I do not refer to the sense of vastness or permanence or power aroused by the sight of the sea, or by any vision of sealike space, or by the majesty of colossal ranges. That is the feeling of the sublime — always related to fear. Æsthetic sadness is related rather to desire.

"All beautiful things bring sadness," is a statement as near to truth as most general statements; but the sadness and its evolutional history must vary according to circumstances. The melancholy awakened by the sight of a beautiful face cannot be identical with that awakened by the sight of a landscape, by the hearing of music, or by the reading of a poem. Yet there should be some one emotional element common to æsthetic sadness — one general kind of feeling which would help us to solve the riddle of the melancholy inspired by the sight of beauty in Nature. Such a common element, I believe, is inherited longing — inherited dim sense of loss, shadowed and qualified variously by interrelated feelings. Different forms of this inheritance would be awakened by different impressions of the beautiful. In the case of human beauty, the æsthetic recognition might be toned or shadowed by immemorial inheritance of pain — pain of longing, and pain of separation from numberless forgotten beloved. In the case of a color, a melody, an effect of sunshine or of moonlight, the sense-impressions appealing to æsthetic feeling might equally appeal to various ancestral memories of pain. The melancholy given by the sight of a beautiful landscape is certainly a melancholy of longing — a sadness massive as vague, because made by the experience of millions of our dead.

"The æsthetic feeling for Nature in its purity," declares Sully, "is a modern growth . . . the feeling for Nature's wild solitudes is hardly older than Rous-

seau." Perhaps to many this will seem rather a strong statement in regard to the races of the West; — it is not true of the races of the Far East, whose art and poetry yield ancient proof to the contrary. But no evolutionist would deny that the æsthetic love of Nature has been developed through civilization, and that many abstract sentiments now involved with it are of very recent origin. Much of the sadness made in us by the sight of a beautiful landscape would therefore be of comparatively modern growth, though less modern than some of the higher qualities of æsthetic pleasure which accompany the emotion. I surmise it to be mainly the inherited pain of that separation from Nature which began with the building of walled cities. Possibly there is blended with it something of incomparably older sorrow — such as the immemorial mourning of man for the death of summer; but this, and other feelings inherited from ages of wandering, would revive more especially in the great vague melancholy that autumn brings into what we still call our souls.

Ever as the world, increasing its wisdom, increases its sorrow, our dwellers in cities built up to heaven more and more regret the joys of humanity's childhood — the ancient freedom of forest and peak and plain, the brightness of mountain water, the cool, keen sweetness of the sea's breath and the thunder-roll of its eternal epic. And all this regret

of civilization for Nature irretrievably forsaken may, somehow, revive in that great soft dim sadness which the beauty of a landscape makes us feel.

In one sense we are certainly wrong when we say that the loveliness of a scene brings tears to the eyes. It cannot be the loveliness of the scene; — it is the longing of generations quickening in the hearts of us. The beauty we speak of has no real existence: the emotion of the dead alone makes it seem to be — the emotion of those long-buried millions of men and women who loved Nature for reasons very much simpler and older than any æsthetic emotion is. To the windows of the house of life their phantoms crowd — like prisoners toward some vision of bright skies and flying birds, free hills and glimmering streams, beyond the iron of their bars. They behold their desire of other time — the vast light and space of the world, the wind-swept clearness of azure, the hundred greens of wold and plain, the spectral promise of summits far away. They hear the shrilling and the whirr of happy winged things, the chorus of cicada and bird, the lisping and laughing of water, the undertone of leafage astir. They know the smell of the season — all sharp sweet odors of sap, scents of flower and fruitage. They feel the quickening of the living air — the thrilling of the great Blue Ghost.

But all this comes to them, filtered through the bars and veils of their rebirth, only as dreams of home to hopeless exile — of child-bliss to desolate age — of remembered vision to the blind!

PARFUM DE JEUNESSE

"I REMEMBER" — said an old friend, telling me the romance of his youth — "that I could always find her cloak in the cloakroom without a light, when it was time to take her home. I used to know it in the dark, because it had the smell of sweet new milk. . . ."

Which set me somehow to thinking of English dawns, the scent of hayfields, the fragrance of hawthorn days; — and cluster after cluster of memories lighted up in succession through a great arc of remembrance that flashed over half a lifetime even before my friend's last words had ceased to sound in my ears. And then recollection smouldered into reverie — a reverie about the riddle of the odor of youth.

That quality of the parfum de jeunesse which my friend described is not uncommon — though I fancy that it belongs to Northern rather than to Southern races. It signifies perfect health and splendid vigor. But there are other and more delicate varieties of the attraction. Sometimes it may cause you to think of precious gums or spices from the uttermost tropics; sometimes it is a thin, thin sweetness — like a ghost of musk. It is not personal (though physical personality certainly has an odor): it is the fragrance

of a season — of the springtime of life. But even as the fragrance of spring, though everywhere a passing delight, varies with country and climate, so varies the fragrance of youth.

Whether it be of one sex more than of another were difficult to say. We notice it chiefly in girls and in children with long hair, probably because it dwells especially in the hair. But it is always independent of artifice as the sweetness of the wild violet is. It belongs to the youth of the savage not less than to the youth of the civilized — to the adolescence of the peasant not less than to that of the prince. It is not found in the sickly and the feeble, but only in perfect joyous health. Perhaps, like beauty, it may have some vague general relation to conditions ethical. Individual odors assuredly have — as the discrimination of the dog gives witness.

Evolutionists have suggested that the pleasure we find in the perfume of a flower may be an emotional reflection from æons enormously remote, when such odor announced, to forms of ancestral life far lower than human, the presence of savory food. To what organic memory of association might be due, upon the same hypothesis, our pleasure in the perfume of youth?

Perhaps there were ages in which that perfume had significances more definite and special than any which we can now attach to it. Like the pleasure yielded by the fragrance of flowers, the pleasure

given by the healthy fragrance of a young body may be, partly at least, a survival from some era in which odorous impressions made direct appeal to the simplest of life-serving impulses. Long dissociated from such possible primitive relation, odor of blossom and odor of youth alike have now become for us excitants of the higher emotional life — of vague but voluminous and supremely delicate æsthetic feeling.

Like the feeling awakened by beauty, the pleasure of odor is a pleasure of remembrance — is the magical appeal of a sensation to countless memories of countless lives. And even as the scent of a blossom evokes the ghosts of feelings experienced in millions of millions of unrecorded springs — so the fragrance of youth bestirs within us the spectral survival of sensations associated with every vernal cycle of all the human existence that has vanished behind us.

And this fragrance of fresh being likewise makes invocation to ideal sentiment — to parental scarcely less than to amorous tenderness — because conjoined through immeasurable time with the charm and the beauty of childhood. Out of night and death is summoned by its necromancy more than a shadowy thrill from the rapture of perished passion — more than a phantom-reflex from the delight of countless bridals; — even something also of the ecstasy of pressing lips of caress to the silky head of the firstborn — faint refluence from the forgotten joy of myriad millions of buried mothers.

AZURE PSYCHOLOGY

I

LEAST common of the colors given by Nature to bird, insect, and blossom is bright pure blue. Blue flowers are believed to proclaim for the plant that bears them a longer history of unchecked development than flowers of any other primary color suggest; and the high cost of the tint is perhaps hinted by the inability of the horticulturist to produce blue roses or blue chrysanthemums. Vivid blue appears in the plumage of some wonderful birds, and on the wings of certain amazing butterflies — especially tropical butterflies; — but usually under conditions that intimate a prodigious period of evolutional specialization. Altogether it would seem that blue was the latest pure color developed in the evolution of flower and scale and feather; and there is reason to believe that the power of perceiving blue was not acquired until after the power of distinguishing red and green and yellow had already been gained.

Whether the hypothesis be true or false, it is certainly noteworthy that, of the primary colors, blue alone has remained, up to the present time, a color pleasurable in its purest intensity to the vision of highly civilized races. Bright red, bright green, bright orange, yellow, or violet, can be used but sparingly in our nineteenth-century attire and deco-

ration. They have become offensive in their spectral purity because of the violence of the sensations that they give; — they remain grateful only to the rudimentary æsthetic feeling of children, of the totally uncultivated, or of savages. What modern beauty clothes herself in scarlet, or robes herself in fairy green? We cannot paint our chambers violet or saffron — the mere idea jars upon our nerves. But the color of heaven has not ceased to delight us. Sky-blue can still be worn by our fairest; and the luminous charm of azure ceilings and azure wall-surfaces — under certain conditions of lighting and dimension — is still recognized.

"Nevertheless," some one may say, "we do not paint the *outside* of a building sky-blue; and a sky-blue façade would be even more disagreeable than an orange or a crimson façade." This is true — but not because the effect of the color upon large surfaces is necessarily displeasing. It is true only because vivid blue, unlike other bright colors, is never associated in our experience of Nature with large and opaque *solidity*. When mountains become blue for us, they also become ghostly and semi-transparent. Upon a housefront the color must appear monstrous, because giving the notion of the unnatural — of a huge blue dead solidity tangibly proximate. But a blue ceiling, a blue vault, blue walls of corridors, may suggest the true relation of the color to depth and transparency, and make for us a grateful illusion of space and summer-light. Yellow, on the other

hand, is a color well adapted to façades, because associated in memory with the beautiful effect of dying sunlight over pale broad surfaces.

But although yellow remains, after blue, the most agreeable of the primary colors, it cannot often be used for artistic purposes, like blue, in all its luminous strength. Pale tones of yellow — especially creamy tones — are capable of an immense variety of artistic employment; but this is not true of the brilliant and burning yellow. Only blue is always agreeable in its most vivid purity — providing that it be not used in massive displays so as to suggest the anomaly of blue hardness and blue opacity.[1]

In Japan, which may still be called the land of perfect good taste in chromatics — notwithstanding the temporary apparition of some discords due to Western influence — almost any ordinary street-vista tells the story of the race-experience with color. The general tone of the vista is given by bluish-grays above and dark blues below, sharply relieved by numerous small details of white and cool yellow. In this perspective the bluish-grays represent the tiling of roofs and awnings; the dark blues, shop-draperies; the bright whites, narrow strips of plastered surface; the pale yellows, mostly smooth naked wood, and glimpses of rush-mattings. The

[1] Blue jewels, blue eyes, blue flowers delight us; but in these the color accompanies either transparency or visible softness. It is perhaps because of the incongruity between hard opacity and blue that the sight of a book in sky-blue binding is unendurable. I can imagine nothing more atrocious.

broader stretches of color are furthermore relieved and softened by the sprinkling of countless ideographs over draperies and shop-signs — black (and sometimes red) against white; white or gold on blue. Strong yellows, greens, oranges, purples are invisible. In dress also grays and cool blues rule: when you do happen to see robes or hakama all of one brilliant color — worn by children or young girls — that color is either a sky-blue, or a violet with only just enough red in it to kindle the azure — a rainbow-violet of exquisite luminosity.[1]

II

But I wish to speak neither of the æsthetic value of blue in relation to arts and industries, nor of the optical significance of blue as the product of six hundred and fifty billion oscillations of the luminous ether per second. I only want to say something about the psychology of the color — about its subjective evolutional history.

Certainly the same apparition of blue will bestir in different minds different degrees of feeling, and will set in motion, through memory-revival of unlike experiences, totally dissimilar operations of fancy. But independently of such psychological variation — mainly personal and superficial — there

[1] This essay was written several years ago. During 1897 I noticed for the first time since my arrival in Japan a sprinkling of dark greens and light-yellows in the fashions of the season; but the general tone of costume was little affected by these exceptions to older taste. The light yellow appeared only in some girdles of children.

can be no doubt that the color evokes in the *general* mind one common quality of pleasurable feeling — a vivacious thrill — a tone of emotional activity unmistakably related to the higher zones of sentiency and of imagination.

In my own case the sight of vivid blue has always been accompanied by an emotion of vague delight — more or less strong according to the luminous intensity of the color. And in one experience of travel — sailing to the American tropics — this feeling rose into ecstasy. It was when I beheld for the first time the grandest vision of blue in this world — the glory of the Gulf-Stream: a magical splendor that made me doubt my senses — a flaming azure that looked as if a million summer skies had been condensed into pure fluid color for the making of it. The captain of the ship leaned over the rail with me; and we both watched the marvelous sea for a long time in silence. Then he said:

"Fifteen years ago I took my wife with me on this trip — just after we were married, it was; — and she wondered at the water. She asked me to get her a silk dress of the very same color. I tried in ever so many places; but I never could get just what she wanted till a chance took me to Canton. I went round the Chinese silk-shops day after day looking for that color. It was n't easy to find; but I did get it at last. Was n't she glad, though, when I brought it home to her! . . . She 's got it yet. . . ."

Still, at times, in sleep, I sail southward again over the wonder of that dazzling surging azure; — then the dream shifts suddenly across the world, and I am wandering with the Captain through close dim queer Chinese streets — vainly seeking a silk of the Blue of the Gulf-Stream. And it was this memory of tropic days that first impelled me to think about the reason of the delight inspired by the color.

III

Possibly the wave of pleasurable emotion excited by a glorious vision of blue is not more complex than the feeling aroused by any massive display of any other pure color; — but it is higher in the quality of its complexity. For the ideational elements that blend in the volume of it include not a few of the noblest — not a few of those which also enter into the making of Cosmic Emotion.

Being the seeming color of the ghost of our planet — of the breath of the life of the world — blue is likewise the color apparent of the enormity of day and the abyss of the night. So the sensation of it makes appeal to the ideas of Altitude, of Vastness, and of Profundity;

Also to the idea of Space in Time; for blue is the tint of distance and vagueness;

Also to the idea of Motion; for blue is the Color of Vanishing and of Apparition. Peak and vale, bay and promontory, turn blue as we leave them; and

out of blue they grow and define again as we glide homeward.

And therefore in the volume of feeling awakened in us by the sensation of blue, there should be something of the emotion associated with experience of change — with countless ancestral sorrows of parting. But if there indeed be any such dim survival, it is utterly whelmed and lost in that all-radiant emotional inheritance related to Summer and Warmth — to the joy of past humanity in the light of cloudless days.

Still more significant is the fact that although blue is a sacred color, the dominant tones of the feeling it evokes are gladness and tenderness. Blue speaks to us of the dead and of the gods, but never of their awfulness.

Now when we reflect that blue is the color of the idea of the divine, the color pantheistic, the color ethical — thrilling most deeply into those structures of thought to which belong our sentiments of reverence and justice, of duty and of aspiration — we may wonder why the emotion it calls up should be supremely gladsome. Is it because that sensuous race-experience of blue skies — that measureless joy of the dead in light and warmth, which has been transmitted to each of us in organic memory — is vastly older than the religious idea, and therefore voluminous enough to drown any ethical feeling indirectly related to the color-sensation? Partly so,

no doubt; — but I will venture another, and a very simple explanation:

All moral pulsations in the wave of inherited feeling which responds to the impression of blue, belongs only to the beautiful and tender aspects of faith.

And thus much having been ventured, I may presume a little further.

I imagine that for many of us one of the most powerful elements in this billow of pleasurable feeling evoked by the vision of blue, *is* spiritual, in the fullest ethical meaning of the word; — that under the fleeting surface-plexus of personal emotion empirically associated with the color, pulses like a tide the transmitted religious emotion of unnumbered ages; — and that, quickening and vivifying all inherited sense of blue as beauty, is the inherited lucent rapture of blue as the splendor mystical — as the color of the everlasting Peace. Something of all human longing for all the Paradises ever imagined — of all preëxistent trust in the promise of reunion after death — of all expired dreams of unending youth and bliss — may be revived for us, more or less faintly, in this thrill of the delight of azure. Even as through the jewel-radiance of the Tropic Stream pass undulations from the vaster deep — with their sobbings and whisperings, their fugitive drift and foam — so, through the emotion evoked by the vision of luminous blue, there may somehow quiver back to us out of the Infinite (multitudinous

like the billion ether-shiverings that make the blue sensation of a moment) something of all the aspirations of the ancient faiths, and the power of the vanished gods, and the passion and the beauty of all the prayer ever uttered by lips of man.

A SERENADE

I

"BROKEN" were too abrupt a word. My sleep was not broken, but suddenly melted and swept away by a flow of music from the night without — music that filled me with expectant ecstasy by the very first gush of its sweetness: a serenade — a playing of flutes and mandolines.

The flutes had dove-tones; and they cooed and moaned and purled; — and the mandolines throbbed through the liquid plaint of them, like a beating of hearts. The players I could not see: they were standing in heavy shadows flung into the street by a tropical moon — shadows of plantain and of tamarind.

Nothing in all the violet gloom moved but that music, and the fireflies — great bright slow sparks of orange and of emerald. The warm air held its breath; the plumes of the palms were still; and the haunting circle of the sea, blue even beneath the moon, lay soundless as a circle of vapor.

Flutes and mandolines — a Spanish melody — nothing more. Yet it seemed as if the night itself were speaking, or, out of the night, some passional life long since melted into Nature's mystery, but continuing to haunt the tepid, odorous, sparkling

darkness of that strange world, which sleeps under the sun, and wakens only to the stars. And its utterance was the ghostly reiteration of rapture that had been, and never again could be — an utterance of infinite tenderness and of immeasurable regret.

Never before had I felt how the simplest of music could express what no other art is able even to suggest; — never before had I known the astonishing possibilities of melody without ornament, without artifice — yet with a charm as bewildering, as inapprehensible, as the Greek perception of the grace supreme.

Now nothing in perfect art can be only voluptuous; and this music, in despite of its caress, was immeasurably, ineffably sad. And the exquisite blending of melancholy with passion in a motive so simple — one low long cooing motive, over and over again repeated, like a dove's cry — had a *strangeness* of beauty like the musical thought of a vanished time — one rare survival, out of an era more warmly human than our own, of some lost art of melody.

II

THE music hushed, and left me dreaming, and vainly trying to explain the emotion that it had made. Of one thing only I felt assured — that the mystery was of other existences than mine.

For the living present, I reflected, is the whole dead past. Our pleasures and our pains alike are but products of evolution — vast complexities of sentiency

created by experience of vanished beings more countless than the sands of a myriad seas. All personality is recombination; and all emotions are of the dead. Yet some seem to us more ghostly than others — partly because of their greater relative mystery, partly because of the immense power of the phantom waves composing them. Among pleasurable forms, the ghostliest are the emotion of first love, the emotion following the perception of the sublime in nature — of terrible beauty — and the emotion of music. Why should they so be? Probably because the influences that arouse them thrill farthest into our forgotten past. Frightful as the depth of the abyss of Space is the depth of one thinking life — measureless even by millions of ages; — and who may divine how profoundly in certain personalities the mystery can be moved? We only know that the deeper the thrilling, the heavier the wave responding, and the weirder the result — until those profundities are reached of which a single surge brings instant death, or makes perpetual ruin of the delicate structures of thought.

Now any music that makes powerful appeal to the emotion of love, awakening the passional latency of the past within us, must inevitably revive dead pain not less than dead delight. Pain of the conquest of will by a mystery resistless and pitiless, the torture of doubt, the pangs of rivalry, the terror of impermanency — shadows of these and many another sorrow have had their part in the toning of that

psychical inheritance which makes at once love's joy and love's anguish, and grows forever from birth to birth.

And thus it may happen that a child, innocent of passion or of real pain, is moved to even tears by music uttering either. Unknowingly he feels in that utterance a shadowing of the sorrow of numberless vanished lives.

III

But it seemed to me that the extraordinary emotion awakened by that tropical melody needed an explanation more qualitative than the explanation above attempted. I felt sure that the dead past to which the music had made appeal must have been a special past — that some particular class or group of emotional memories had been touched. Yet what class? — what group? For the time being, I could not even venture a guess.

Long afterwards, however, some chance happening revived for me with surprising distinctness the memory of the serenade; — and simultaneously, like a revelation, came the certainty that the whole spell of the melody — all its sadness and all its sweetness — had been supremely and uniquely *feminine*.

"Assuredly," I reflected, as the new conviction grew upon me, "the primal source of all human tenderness has been the Eternal Feminine. . . . Yet how should melody uttering only the soul of woman have been composed by man, and bestir within man

this innominable quickening of emotional reminiscence?"

The answer shaped itself at once:

"*Every mortal man has been many millions of times a woman.*"

Undoubtedly in either sex survives the sum of the feelings and of the memories of both. But some rare experience may appeal at times to the feminine element of personality alone — to one half only of the phantom-world of Self — leaving the other hemisphere dormant and unillumined. And such experience had found embodiment in the marvelous melody of the serenade which I had heard.

That tremulous sweetness was never masculine; that passional sadness never was of man: — unisexual both and inseparably blended into a single miracle of tone-beauty. Echoing far into the mystery of my own past, the enchantment of that tone had startled from their sleep of ages countless buried loves, and set the whole delicate swarm fluttering in some delicious filmy agony of revival — set them streaming and palpitating through the Night of Time — like those myriads eddying forever through the gloom of the vision of Dante.

They died with the music and the moon — but not utterly. Whenever in dream the memory of that melody returns, again I feel the long soft shuddering of the dead — again I feel the faint wings spread

and thrill, responsive to the cooing of those spectral flutes, to the throbbing of those shadowy mandolines. And the elfish ecstasy of their thronging awakes me; but always with my wakening the delight passes, and in the dark the sadness only lingers — unutterable — infinite . . . !

A RED SUNSET

I

THE most stupendous apparition of red that I ever saw was a tropical sunset in a cloudless sky — a sunset such as can be witnessed only during exceptional conditions of atmosphere. It began with a flaming of orange from horizon to zenith; and this quickly deepened to a fervid vermilion, through which the crimson disk glared like the cinder of a burnt-out star. Sea, peak, and palm caught the infernal glow; and I became conscious of a vague strange horror within myself — a sense of distress like that which precedes a nightmare. I could not then explain the feeling; — I only knew that the color had aroused it.

But how aroused it? — I later asked myself. Common theories about the ugly sensation of bright red could not explain for me the weirdness of that experience. As for the sanguine associations of the color, they could interpret little in my case; for the sight of blood had never affected my nerves in the least. I thought that the theory of psychical inheritance might furnish some explanation; — but how could it meet the fact that a color, which the adult finds insufferable, continues to delight the child?

All ruddy tones, however, are not unpleasant to refined sensibility: some are quite the reverse — as,

for example, the various tender colors called pink or rose. These appeal to very agreeable kinds of sensuous experience: they suggest delicacy and softness; they awaken qualities of feeling totally different from those excited by vermilion or scarlet. Pink, being the tint of the blossoming of flowers and the blossoming of youth — of the ripeness of fruit and the ripeness of flesh, — is ever associated with impressions of fragance and sweetness, and with memories of beautiful lips and cheeks.

No: it is only the pure brilliant red, the fervid red, that arouses sinister feeling. Experience with this color seems to have been the same even in societies evolved under conditions utterly unlike those of our own history — Japan being a significant example. The more refined and humane a civilization becomes the less are displays of the color tolerated in its cultivated circles. But how are we to account for that pleasure which bright red still gives to the children of the people who detest it?

II

MANY sensations which delighted us as children, prove to us either insipid or offensive in adult life. Why? Because there have grown up with our growth feelings which, though now related to them, were dormant during childhood; ideas now associated with them, but undeveloped during childhood; and experiences connected with them, never imagined in childhood.

For the mind, at our birth, is even less developed than the body; and its full ripening demands very much more time than is needed for the perfect bodily growth. Both by his faults and by his virtues the child resembles the savage, because the instincts and the emotions of the primitive man are the first to mature within him; — and they are the first to mature in the individual because they were the first evolved in the history of the race, being the most necessary to self-maintenance. That in later adult life they take a very inferior place is because the nobler mental and moral qualities — comparatively recent products of social discipline and civilized habit — have at last gained massiveness enough to dominate them under normal conditions; — have become like powerful new senses upon which the primitive emotional nature learns to depend for guidance.

All emotions are inheritances; but the higher, because in evolutional order the latest, develop only with the complete unfolding of the brain. Some, ethically considered the very loftiest, are said to develop only in old age — to which they impart a particular charm. Other faculties also of a high order, chiefly æsthetic, would seem in the average of cases to mature in middle life. And to this period of personal evolution probably belongs the finer sense of beauty in color — a much simpler faculty than the ethical sense, though possibly related to it in ways unsuspected.

Vivid colors appeal to the rudimentary æsthetic sense of our children, as they do to the æsthetic sense of savages; but the civilized adult dislikes most of the very vivid colors: they exasperate his nerves like an excessive crash of brass and drums during a cheap orchestral performance. Cultured vision especially shrinks from a strong blaze of red. Only the child delights in vermilion and scarlet. Growing up he gradually learns to think of what we call "loud red" as vulgar, and to dislike it much more than did his less delicate ancestors of the preceding century. Education helps him to explain why he thinks it vulgar, but not to explain why he *feels* it to be unpleasant — independently of the question whether it tires his eyes.

III

And now I come back to the subject of that tropical sunset.

Even in the common æsthetic emotion excited by the spectacle of any fine sunset, there are elements of feeling ancient as the race — dim melancholy, dim fear, inherited from ages when the dying of the day was ever watched with sadness and foreboding. After that mighty glow, the hours of primeval horror — the fear of blackness, the fear of nocturnal foes, the fear of ghosts. These, and other weird feelings — independently of the physical depression following the withdrawal of sunlight — would by inheritance become emotionally related to visions of sundown;

and the primitive horror would at last be evolutionally transmuted to one elemental tone of the modern sublime. But the spectacle of a vast *crimson* sunset would awaken feelings less vague than the sense of the sublime — feelings of a definitely sinister kind. The very color itself would make appeal to special kinds of inherited feelings, simply because of its relation to awful spectacles — the glare of the volcano-summit, the furious vermilion of lava, the raging of forest-fires, the overglow of cities kindling in the track of war, the smouldering of ruin, the blazing of funeral-pyres. And in this lurid race-memory of fire as destroyer — as the "ravening ghost" of Northern fancy — there would mingle a vague distress evolved through ancestral experience of *crimson heat in relation to pain* — an organic horror. And the like tremendous color in celestial phenomena would revive also inherited terror related of old to ideas of the portentous and of the wrath of gods.

Probably the largest element of the unpleasant feeling aroused in man by this angry color has been made by the experience of the race with fire. But in even the most vivid red there is always some suggestion of passion, and of the tint of blood. Inherited emotion related to the sight of death must be counted among the elements of the sinister feeling that the hue excites. Doubtless for the man, as for the bull, the emotional wave called up by displays

of violent red, is mostly the creation of impressions and of tendencies accumulated through all the immense life of the race; and, as in the old story of Thomas the Rhymer, we can say of our only real Fairyland, our ghostly past:

> . . . A' the blude that's shed on earth
> Rins through the springs o' that Countrie.

But those very associations that make burning red unbearable to modern nerves must have already been enormously old when it first became the color of pomp and luxury. How then should such associations affect us unpleasantly now?

I would answer that the emotional suggestions of the color continued to be pleasurable for the adult, as they still are for the child, only while they remained more vague and much less voluminous than at present. Becoming intensified in the modern brain, they gradually ceased to yield pleasure — somewhat as warmth increased to the degree of heat ceases to be pleasurable. Still later they became painful; and their actual painfulness exposes the fundamentally savage nature of those sensations of splendor and power which the color once called into play. And the intensification of the feeling evoked by red has not been due merely to later accumulation of inherited impressions, but also to the growth and development of emotions essentially antithetical to ideas of violence and pain, and yet inseparable from them. The moral sensibility of an era that has condemned not a few of the amusements

of our forebears to the limbo of old barbarities — the humanity of an age that refuses to believe in a hell of literal fire, that prohibits every brutal sport, that compels kindness to animals — is offended by the cruel suggestiveness of the color. But within the slowly unfolding brain of the child, this modern sensibility is not evolved; — and until it has been evolved, with the aid of experience and of education, the feeling aroused by such a color as vivid scarlet will naturally continue to be pleasurable rather than painful.

IV

While thus trying to explain why a color dignified as imperial in other centuries should have become offensive in our own, I found myself wondering whether most of our actual refinements might not in like manner become the vulgarities of a future age. Our standards of taste and our ideals of beauty can have only a value relative to conditions which are constantly changing. Real and ideal alike are transitory — mere apparitional undulations in the flux of the perpetual Becoming. Perhaps the finest ethical or æsthetical sentiment of to-day will manifest itself in another era only as some extraordinary psychological atavism — some rare individual reversion to the conditions of a barbarous past.

What in the meantime would be the fate of sensations that are even now becoming intolerable? Any faculty, mental or physical, however previously

developed by evolutional necessities, would have a tendency to dwindle and disappear from the moment that it ceased to be either useful or pleasurable. Continuance of the power to perceive red would depend upon the possible future usefulness of that power to the race. Not without suggestiveness in this connection may be the fact that it represents the lowest rate of those ether-oscillations which produce color. Perhaps our increasing dislike to it indicates that power to distinguish it will eventually pass away — pass away in a sort of Daltonism at the inferior end of the color-scale. Such visual loss would probably be more than compensated by superior coincident specializations of retinal sensibility. A more highly organized generation might enjoy wonders of color now unimaginable, and yet never be able to perceive red — not, at least, that red whose sensation is the spectral smouldering of the agonies and the furies of our evolutional past — the haunting of a horror innominable, immeasurable — enormous phantom-menace of expired human pain.

FRISSON

Some there may be who have never felt the thrill of a human touch; but surely these are few! Most of us in early childhood discover strange differences in physical contact; — we find that some caresses soothe, while others irritate; and we form in consequence various unreasoning likes and antipathies. With the ripening of youth we seem to feel these distinctions more and more keenly — until the fateful day in which we learn that a certain feminine touch communicates an unspeakable shiver of delight — exercises a witchcraft that we try to account for by theories of the occult and the supernatural. Age may smile at these magical fancies of youth; and nevertheless, in spite of much science, the imagination of the lover is probably nearer to truth than is the wisdom of the disillusioned.

We seldom permit ourselves in mature life to think very seriously about such experiences. We do not deny them; but we incline to regard them as nervous idiosyncrasies. We scarcely notice that even in the daily act of shaking hands with persons of either sex, sensations may be received which no physiology can explain.

I remember the touch of many hands — the quality of each clasp, the sense of physical sympathy or repulsion aroused. Thousands I have indeed for-

gotten — probably because their contact told me nothing in particular; but the strong experiences I fully recollect. I found that their agreeable or disagreeable character was often quite independent of the moral relation: but in the most extraordinary case that I can recall (a strangely fascinating personality with the strangest of careers as poet, soldier, and refugee) the moral and the physical charm were equally powerful and equally rare. "Whenever I shake hands with that man," said to me one of many who had yielded to his spell, "I feel a warm shock go all through me, like a glow of summer." Even at this moment when I think of that dead hand, I can feel it reached out to me over the space of twenty years and of many a thousand miles. Yet it was a hand that had killed. . . .

These, with other memories and reflections, came to me just after reading a criticism on Mr. Bain's evolutional interpretation of the thrill of pleasure sometimes given by the touch of the human skin. The critic asked why a satin cushion kept at a temperature of about 98° would not give the same thrill; and the question seemed to me unfair because, in the very passage criticized, Mr. Bain had sufficiently suggested the reason. Taking him to have meant — as he must have meant — not that the thrill is given by any kind of warmth and softness, but only by the *peculiar* warmth and softness of the human skin, his interpretation can scarcely be contested

by a sarcasm. A satin cushion at a temperature of about 98° could not give the same sensation as that given by the touch of the human skin for reasons even much more simple than Mr. Bain implied — since it is totally different from the human skin in substance, in texture, and in the all-important fact that it is not alive, but dead. Of course warmth and softness in themselves are not enough to produce the thrill of pleasure considered by Mr. Bain: under easily imaginable circumstances they may produce something of the reverse. Smoothness has quite as much to do with the pleasure of touch as either softness or warmth can have; yet a moist or a very dry smoothness may be disagreeable. Again, cool smoothness in the human skin is perhaps even more agreeable than warm smoothness; yet there is a cool smoothness common to many lower forms of life which causes a shudder. Whatever be those qualities making pleasurable the touch of a hand, for example, they are probably very many in combination, and they are certainly peculiar to the *living* touch. No possible artificial combination of warmth and smoothness and softness combined could excite the same quality of pleasure that certain human touches give — although, as other psychologists than Mr. Bain have observed, it may give rise to a fainter kind of agreeable feeling.

A special sensation can be explained only by special conditions. Some philosophers would explain the conditions producing this pleasurable thrill, or

frisson, as mainly subjective; others, as mainly objective. Is it not most likely that either view contains truth; — that the physical cause must be sought in some quality, definable or indefinable, attaching to a particular touch; and that the cause of the coincident emotional phenomena should be looked for in the experience, not of the individual, but of the race?

Remembering that there can be no two tangible things exactly alike — no two blades of grass, or drops of water, or grains of sand — it ought not to seem incredible that the touch of one person should have power to impart a sensation different from any sensation producible by the touch of any other person. That such difference could neither be estimated nor qualified would not necessarily imply unimportance or even feebleness. Among the voices of the thousands of millions of human beings in this world, there are no two precisely the same; — yet how much to the ear and to the heart of wife or mother, child or lover, may signify the unspeakably fine difference by which each of a billion voices varies from each other! Not even in thought, much less in words, can such distinction be specified; but who is unfamiliar with the fact and with its immense relative importance?

That any two human skins should be absolutely alike is not possible. There are individual variations perceptible even to the naked eye — for has not Mr.

Galton taught us that the visible finger-marks of no two persons are the same? But in addition to differences visible — whether to the naked eye, or only under the microscope — there must be other differences of quality depending upon constitutional vigor, upon nervous and glandular activities, upon relative chemical composition of tissue. Whether touch be a sense delicate enough to discern such differences, would be, of course, a question for psycho-physics to decide — and a question not simply of magnitudes, but of qualities of sensation. Perhaps it is not yet even legitimate to suppose that, just as by ear we can distinguish the qualitative differences of a million voices, so by touch we might be able to distinguish qualitative differences of surface scarcely less delicate. Yet it is worth while here to remark that the tingle or shiver of pleasure excited in us by certain qualities of voice, very much resembles the thrill given sometimes by the touch of a hand. Is it not possible that there may be recognized, in the particular quality of a living skin, something not less uniquely attractive than the indeterminable charm of what we call a bewitching voice?

Perhaps it is not impossible. But in the character of the frisson itself there is a hint that the charm of the touch provoking it may be due to something much more deeply vital than any physical combination of smoothness, warmth and softness — to something, as Mr. Bain has suggested, electric or magnetic. Human electricity is no fiction: every living

body — even a plant — is to some degree electrical; and the electric conditions of no two organisms would be exactly the same. Can the thrill be partly accounted for by some individual peculiarity of these conditions? May there not be electrical differences of touch appreciable by delicate nervous systems — differences subtle as those infinitesimal variations of timbre by which every voice of a million voices is known from every other?

Such a theory might be offered in explanation of the fact that the slightest touch of a particular woman, for example, will cause a shock of pleasure to men whom the caresses of other and fairer women would leave indifferent. But it could not serve to explain why the same contact should produce no effect upon some persons, while causing ecstasy in others. No purely physical theory can interpret all the mystery of the frisson. A deeper explanation is needed; — and I imagine that one is suggested by the phenomenon of "love *at first sight*."

The power of a woman to inspire love at first sight does not depend upon some attraction visible to the common eye. It depends partly upon something objective which only certain eyes can see; and it depends partly upon something which no mortal can see — *the psychical composition of the subject of the passion*. Nobody can pretend to explain in detail the whole enigma of first love. But a general explanation is suggested by evolutional philosophy — namely, that the attraction depends upon an in-

herited individual susceptibility to special qualities of feminine influence, and subjectively represents a kind of superindividual recognition — a sudden wakening of that inherited composite memory which is more commonly called "passional affinity." Certainly if first love be evolutionally explicable, it means the perception by the lover of something differentiating the beloved from all other women — something corresponding to an inherited ideal within himself, previously latent, but suddenly lighted and defined by result of that visual impression.

And like sight, though perhaps less deeply, do other of our senses reach into the buried past. A single strain of melody, the sweetness of a single voice — what thrill immeasurable will either make in the fathomless sleep of ancestral memory! Again, who does not know that speechless delight bestirred in us on rare bright days by something odorous in the atmosphere — enchanting, but indefinable? The first breath of spring, the blowing of a mountain breeze, a south wind from the sea may bring this emotion — an emotion overwhelming, yet nameless as its cause — an ecstasy formless and transparent as the air. Whatever be the odor, diluted to very ghostliness, that arouses this delight, the delight itself is too weirdly voluminous to be explained by any memory-revival of merely individual experience. More probably it is older even than human life — reaches deeper into the infinite blind depth of dead pleasure and pain.

RETROSPECTIVES

Out of that ghostly abyss also must come the thrill responding within us to a living touch — touch electrical of man, questioning the heart — touch magical of woman, invoking memory of caresses given by countless delicate and loving hands long crumbled into dust. Doubt it not! — the touch that makes a thrill within you is a touch that you have felt before — sense-echo of forgotten intimacies in many unremembered lives!

VESPERTINA COGNITIO

I

I DOUBT if there be any other form of terror that even approaches the fear of the supernatural — and more especially the fear of the supernatural in dreams. Children know this fear both by night and by day; but the adult is not likely to suffer from it except in slumber, or under the most abnormal conditions of mind produced by illness. Reason, in our healthy waking hours, keeps the play of ideas far above those deep-lying regions of inherited emotion where dwell the primitive forms of terror. But even as known to the adult in dreams only, there is no waking fear comparable to this fear — none so deep and yet so vague — none so unutterable. The indefiniteness of the horror renders verbal expression of it impossible; yet the suffering is so intense that, if prolonged beyond a certain term of seconds, it will kill. And the reason is that such fear is not of the individual life: it is infinitely more massive than any personal experience could account for; — it is prenatal, ancestral fear. Dim it necessarily is, because compounded of countless blurred millions of inherited fears. But for the same reason, its depth is abysmal.

The training of the mind under civilization has been directed toward the conquest of fear in general,

and — excepting that ethical quality of the feeling which belongs to religion — of the supernatural in particular. Potentially in most of us this fear exists; but its sources are well guarded; and outside of sleep it can scarcely perturb any vigorous mind except in the presence of facts so foreign to all relative experience that the imagination is clutched before the reason can grapple with the surprise.

Once only, after the period of childhood, I knew this emotion in a strong form. It was remarkable as representing the vivid projection of a dream-fear into waking consciousness; and the experience was peculiarly tropical. In tropical countries, owing to atmospheric conditions, the oppression of dreams is a more serious suffering than with us, and is perhaps most common during the siesta. All who can afford it pass their nights in the country; but for obvious reasons the majority of colonists must be content to take their siesta, and its consequences, in town.

The West-Indian siesta does not refresh like that dreamless midday nap which we enjoy in Northern summers. It is a stupefaction rather than a sleep — beginning with a miserable feeling of weight at the base of the brain: it is a helpless surrender of the whole mental and physical being to the overpressure of light and heat. Often it is haunted by ugly visions, and often broken by violent leaps of the heart. Occasionally it is disturbed also by noises never noticed at other times. When the city

lies all naked to the sun, stripped by noon of every shadow, and empty of wayfarers, the silence becomes amazing. In that silence the papery rustle of a palmleaf, or the sudden sound of a lazy wavelet on the beach — like the clack of a thirsty tongue — comes immensely magnified to the ear. And this noon, with its monstrous silence, is for the black people the hour of ghosts. Everything alive is senseless with the intoxication of light; — even the woods drowse and droop in their wrapping of lianas, drunk with sun. . . .

Out of the siesta I used to be most often startled, not by sounds, but by something which I can describe only as a sudden shock of thought. This would follow upon a peculiar internal commotion caused, I believe, by some abnormal effect of heat upon the lungs. A slow suffocating sensation would struggle up into the twilight-region between half-consciousness and real sleep, and there bestir the ghastliest imaginings — fancies and fears of living burial. These would be accompanied by a voice, or rather the idea of a voice, mocking and reproaching: "'Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.' . . . Outside it is day — tropical day — primeval day! And you sleep!! . . . 'Though a man live many years and rejoice in them all, yet —' . . . Sleep on! — all this splendor will be the same when your eyes are dust! . . . 'Yet let him remember the days of darkness; — *for they shall be many!*'"

How often, with that phantom crescendo in my ears, have I leaped in terror from the hot couch, to peer through the slatted shutters at the enormous light without — silencing, mesmerizing; — then dashed cold water over my head, and staggered back to the scorching mattress, again to drowse, again to be awakened by the same voice, or by the trickling of my own perspiration — a feeling not always to be distinguished from that caused by the running of a centipede! And how I used to long for the night, with its Cross of the South! Not because the night ever brought coolness to the city, but because it brought relief from the *weight* of that merciless sunfire. For the feeling of such light is the feeling of a deluge of something ponderable — something that drowns and dazzles and burns and numbs all at the same time, and suggests the idea of liquefied electricity.

There are times, however, when the tropical heat seems only to thicken after sunset. On the mountains the nights are, as a rule, delightful the whole year round. They are even more delightful on the coast facing the trade-winds; and you may sleep there in a seaward chamber, caressed by a warm, strong breeze — a breeze that plays upon you not by gusts or whiffs, but with a steady ceaseless blowing — the great fanning wind-current of the world's whirling. But in the towns of the other coast — nearly all situated at the base of wooded ranges cut-

ting off the trade-breeze — the humid atmosphere occasionally becomes at night something nameless — something worse than the air of an overheated conservatory. Sleep in such a medium is apt to be visited by nightmare of the most atrocious kind.

My personal experience was as follows:

II

I WAS making a tour of the island with a half-breed guide; and we had to stop for one night in a small leeward-coast settlement, where we found accommodation at a sort of lodging-house kept by an aged widow. There were seven persons only in the house that night — the old lady, her two daughters, two colored female servants, myself and my guide. We were given a single-windowed room upstairs, rather small — otherwise a typical Creole bedroom, with bare clean floor, some heavy furniture of antique pattern, and a few rocking-chairs. There was in one corner a bracket supporting a sort of household shrine — what the Creoles call a "chapelle." The shrine contained a white image of the Virgin before which a tiny light was floating in a cup of oil. By colonial custom your servant, while traveling with you, sleeps either in the same room, or before the threshold; and my man simply lay down on a mat beside the huge four-pillared couch assigned to me, and almost immediately began to snore. Before getting into bed, I satisfied myself that the door was securely fastened.

The night stifled; — the air seemed to be coagulating. The single large window, overlooking a garden, had been left open — but there was no movement in that atmosphere. Bats — very large bats — flew soundlessly in and out; — one actually fanning my face with its wings as it circled over the bed. Heavy scents of ripe fruit — nauseously sweet — rose from the garden, where palms and plantains stood still as if made of metal. From the woods above the town stormed the usual night-chorus of tree-frogs, insects, and nocturnal birds — a tumult not to be accurately described by any simile, but suggesting, through numberless sharp tinkling tones, the fancy of a wide slow cataract of broken glass. I tossed and turned on the hot hard bed, vainly trying to find one spot a little cooler than the rest. Then I rose, drew a rocking-chair to the window and lighted a cigar. The smoke hung motionless; after each puff, I had to blow it away. My man had ceased to snore. The bronze of his naked breast — shining with moisture under the faint light of the shrine-lamp — showed no movement of respiration. He might have been a corpse. The heavy heat seemed always to become heavier. At last, utterly exhausted, I went back to bed, and slept.

It must have been well after midnight when I felt the first vague uneasiness — *the suspicion* — that precedes a nightmare. I was half-conscious, dream-conscious of the actual — knew myself in that very

room — wanted to get up. Immediately the uneasiness grew into terror, because I found that I could not move. Something unutterable in the air was mastering will. I tried to cry out, and my utmost effort resulted only in a whisper too low for any one to hear. Simultaneously I became aware of a Step ascending the stair — a muffled heaviness; and the real nightmare began — the horror of the ghastly magnetism that held voice and limb — the hopeless will-struggle against dumbness and impotence. The stealthy Step approached — but with lentor malevolently measured — slowly, slowly, as if the stairs were miles deep. It gained the threshold — waited. Gradually then, and without sound, the locked door opened; and the Thing entered, bending as it came — a thing robed — feminine — reaching to the roof — not to be looked at! A floor-plank creaked as It neared the bed; — and then — with a frantic effort — I woke, bathed in sweat; my heart beating as if it were going to burst. The shrine-light had died: in the blackness I could see nothing; but I thought I heard that Step retreating. I certainly heard the plank creak again. With the panic still upon me, I was actually unable to stir. The wisdom of striking a match occurred to me, but I dared not yet rise. Presently, as I held my breath to listen, a new wave of black fear passed through me; for I heard moanings — long nightmare moanings — moanings that seemed to be answering each other from two different rooms below. And then,

close to me, my guide began to moan — hoarsely, hideously. I cried to him:

"Louis! — Louis!"

We both sat up at once. I heard him panting, and I knew that he was fumbling for his cutlass in the dark. Then, in a voice husky with fear, he asked:

"Missié, ess ou tanne?" (Monsieur, est-ce que vous entendez?)

The moaners continued to moan — always in crescendo: then there were sudden screams — "Madame!" — "Manzell!" — and running of bare feet, and sounds of lamps being lighted, and, at last, a general clamor of frightened voices. I rose, and groped for the matches. The moans and the clamor ceased.

"Missié," my man asked again, "ess ou té oué y?" (Monsieur, est-ce que vous l'avez vue?)

"Ça ou le di?" (Qu'est-ce que vous voulez dire?) I responded in bewilderment, as my fingers closed on the match-box.

"Fenm-là?" he answered. (THAT WOMAN?) . . .

The question shocked me into absolute immobility. Then I wondered if I could have understood. But he went on in his patois, as if talking to himself:

"Tall, tall — high like this room, that Zombi. When She came the floor cracked. I heard — I saw."

After a moment, I succeeded in lighting a candle, and I went to the door. It was still locked — double-

locked. No human being could have entered through the high window.

"Louis!" I said, without believing what I said, "you have been only dreaming."

"Missié," he answered, "it was no dream. *She has been in all the rooms, touching people!*"

I said:

"That is foolishness! See! — the door is double-locked."

Louis did not even look at the door, but responded:

"Door locked, door not locked, Zombi comes and goes. . . . I do not like this house. . . . Missié, leave that candle burning!"

He uttered the last phrase imperatively, without using the respectful "souplé" — just as a guide speaks at an instant of common danger; and his tone conveyed to me the contagion of his fear. Despite the candle, I knew for one moment the sensation of nightmare outside of sleep! The coincidences stunned reason; and the hideous primitive fancy fitted itself, like a certitude, to the explanation of cause and effect. The similarity of my vision and the vision of Louis, the creaking of the floor heard by us both, the visit of the nightmare to every room in succession — these formed a more than unpleasant combination of evidence. I tried the planking with my foot in the place where I thought I had seen the figure: it uttered the very same loud creak that I had heard before. "Ça pa ka sam révé," said

Louis. No! — that was not like dreaming. I left the candle burning, and went back to bed — not to sleep, but to think. Louis lay down again, with his hand on the hilt of his cutlass.

I thought for a long time. All was now silent below. The heat was at last lifting; and occasional whiffs of cooler air from the garden announced the wakening of a land-breeze. Louis, in spite of his recent terror, soon began to snore again. Then I was startled by hearing a plank creak — quite loudly — the same plank that I had tried with my foot. This time Louis did not seem to hear it. There was nothing there. It creaked twice more — and I understood. The intense heat first, and the change of temperature later, had been successively warping and unwarping the wood so as to produce those sounds. In the state of dreaming, which is the state of imperfect sleep, noises may be audible enough to affect imagination strongly — and may startle into motion a long procession of distorted fancies. At the same time it occurred to me that the almost concomitant experiences of nightmare in the different rooms could be quite sufficiently explained by the sickening atmospheric oppression of the hour.

There still remained the ugly similitude of the two dreams to be accounted for; and a natural solution of this riddle also, I was able to find after some little reflection. The coincidence had certainly been startling; but the similitude was only partial. That

which my guide had seen in his nightmare was a familiar creation of West-Indian superstition — probably of African origin. But the shape that I had dreamed about used to vex my sleep in childhood — a phantom created for me by the impression of a certain horrible Celtic story which ought not to have been told to any child blessed, or cursed, with an imagination.

III

Musing on this experience led me afterwards to think about the meaning of that fear which we call "the fear of darkness," and yet is not really fear of darkness. Darkness, as a simple condition, never could have originated the feeling — a feeling that must have preceded any definite idea of ghosts by thousands of ages. The inherited, instinctive fear, as exhibited by children, is not a fear of darkness in itself, but of indefinable danger associated with darkness. Evolutionally explained, this dim but voluminous terror would have for its primal element the impressions created by real experience — experience of something acting in darkness; — and the fear of the supernatural would mingle in it only as a much later emotional development. The primeval cavern-gloom lighted by nocturnal eyes; — the blackness of forest-gaps by river-marges, where destruction lay in wait to seize the thirsty; — the umbrages of tangled shores concealing horror; — the dusk of the python's lair; — the place of hasty

refuge echoing the fury of famished brute and desperate man; — the place of burial, and the fancied frightful kinship of the buried to the cave-haunters: — all these, and countless other impressions of the relation of darkness to death, must have made that ancestral fear of the dark which haunts the imagination of the child, and still betimes seizes the adult as he sleeps in the security of civilization.

Not all the fear of dreams can be the fear of the immemorial. But that strange nightmare-sensation of being held by invisible power exerted from a distance — is it quite sufficiently explained by the simple suspension of will-power during sleep? Or could it be a composite inheritance of numberless memories of *having been caught?* Perhaps the true explanation would suggest no prenatal experience of monstrous mesmerisms nor of monstrous webs — nothing more startling than the evolutional certainty that man, in the course of his development, has left behind him conditions of terror incomparably worse than any now existing. Yet enough of the psychological riddle of nightmare remains to tempt the question whether human organic memory holds no record of extinct forms of pain — pain related to strange powers once exerted by some ghastly vanished life.

THE ETERNAL HAUNTER

THIS year the Tōkyō color-prints — Nishiki-é — seem to me of unusual interest. They reproduce, or almost reproduce, the color-charm of the early broadsides; and they show a marked improvement in line-drawing. Certainly one could not wish for anything prettier than the best prints of the present season.

My latest purchase has been a set of weird studies — spectres of all kinds known to the Far East, including many varieties not yet discovered in the West. Some are extremely unpleasant; but a few are really charming. Here, for example, is a delicious thing by "Chikanobu," just published, and for sale at the remarkable price of three sen!

Can you guess what it represents? . . . Yes, a girl — but what kind of a girl? Study it a little. . . . Very lovely, is she not, with that shy sweetness in her downcast gaze — that light and dainty grace, as of a resting butterfly? . . . No, she is not some Psyche of the most Eastern East, in the sense that you mean — but she is a soul. Observe that the cherry-flowers falling from the branch above, are passing *through* her form. See also the folds of her robe, below, melting into blue faint mist. How delicate and vapory the whole thing is! It gives you the feeling of spring; and all those fairy colors are the

colors of a Japanese spring-morning. . . . No, she is not the personification of any season. Rather she is a dream — such a dream as might haunt the slumbers of Far-Eastern youth; but the artist did not intend her to represent a dream. . . . You cannot guess? Well, she is a tree-spirit — the Spirit of the Cherry-tree. Only in the twilight of morning or of evening she appears, gliding about her tree; — and whoever sees her must love her. But, if approached, she vanishes back into the trunk, like a vapor absorbed. There is a legend of one tree-spirit who loved a man, and even gave him a son; but such conduct was quite at variance with the shy habits of her race. . . .

You ask what is the use of drawing the Impossible? Your asking proves that you do not feel the charm of this vision of youth — this dream of spring. I hold that the Impossible bears a much closer relation to fact than does most of what we call the real and the commonplace. The Impossible may not be naked truth; but I think that it is usually truth — masked and veiled, perhaps, but eternal. Now to me this Japanese dream is truth — true, at least, as human love is. Considered even as a ghost it is true. Whoever pretends not to believe in ghosts of any sort, lies to his own heart. Every man is haunted by ghosts. And this color-print reminds me of a ghost whom we all know — though most of us (poets excepted) are unwilling to confess the acquaintance.

THE ETERNAL HAUNTER

Perhaps — for it happens to some of us — you may have seen this haunter, in dreams of the night, even during childhood. Then, of course, you could not know the beautiful shape bending above your rest: possibly you thought her to be an angel, or the soul of a dead sister. But in waking life we first become aware of her presence about the time when boyhood begins to ripen into youth.

This first of her apparitions is a shock of ecstasy, a breathless delight; but the wonder and the pleasure are quickly followed by a sense of sadness inexpressible — totally unlike any sadness ever felt before — though in her gaze there is only caress, and on her lips the most exquisite of smiles. And you cannot imagine the reason of that feeling until you have learned who she is — which is not an easy thing to learn.

Only a moment she remains; but during that luminous moment all the tides of your being set and surge to her with a longing for which there is not any word. And then — suddenly! — she is not; and you find that the sun has gloomed, the colors of the world turned gray.

Thereafter enchantment remains between you and all that you loved before — persons or things or places. None of them will ever seem again so near and dear as in other days.

Often she will return. Once that you have seen her she will never cease to visit you. And this haunting — ineffably sweet, inexplicably sad — may fill

you with rash desire to wander over the world in search of somebody like her. But however long and far you wander, never will you find that somebody.

Later you may learn to fear her visits because of the pain they bring — the strange pain that you cannot understand. But the breadth of zones and seas cannot divide you from her; walls of iron cannot exclude her. Soundless and subtle as a shudder of ether is the motion of her.

Ancient her beauty as the heart of man — yet ever waxing fairer, forever remaining young. Mortals wither in Time as leaves in the frost of autumn; but Time only brightens the glow and the bloom of her endless youth.

All men have loved her; — all must continue to love her. But none shall touch with his lips even the hem of her garment.

All men adore her; yet all she deceives, and many are the ways of her deception. Most often she lures her lover into the presence of some earthly maid, and blends herself incomprehensibly with the body of that maid, and works such sudden glamour that the human gaze becomes divine — that the human limbs shine through their raiment. But presently the luminous haunter detaches herself from the mortal, and leaves her dupe to wonder at the mockery of sense.

No man can describe her, though nearly all men have some time tried to do so. Pictured she cannot be — since her beauty itself is a ceaseless becoming,

multiple to infinitude, and tremulous with perpetual quickening, as with flowing of light.

There is a story, indeed, that thousands of years ago some marvelous sculptor was able to fix in stone a single remembrance of her. But this doing became for many the cause of sorrow supreme; and the Gods decreed, out of compassion, that to no other mortal should ever be given power to work the like wonder. In these years we can worship only; — we cannot portray.

But who is she? — what is she? . . . Ah! that is what I wanted you to ask. Well, she has never had a name; but I shall call her a tree-spirit.

The Japanese say that you can exorcise a tree-spirit — if you are cruel enough to do it — simply by cutting down her tree.

But you cannot exorcise the spirit of whom I speak — nor ever cut down her tree.

For her tree is the measureless, timeless, billion-branching Tree of Life — even the World-Tree, Yggdrasil, whose roots are in Night and Death, whose head is above the Gods.

Seek to woo her — she is Echo. Seek to clasp her — she is Shadow. But her smile will haunt you into the hour of dissolution and beyond — through numberless lives to come.

And never will you return her smile — never, because of that which it awakens within you — the pain that you cannot understand.

And never, never shall you win to her — because

she is the phantom light of long-expired suns — because she was shaped by the beating of infinite millions of hearts that are dust — because her witchery was made in the endless ebb and flow of the visions and hopes of youth, through countless forgotten cycles of your own incalculable past.

IN GHOSTLY JAPAN

Yoru bakari
Miru mono nari to
Omou-nayo!
Hiru saĕ yumé no
Ukiyo nari-kéri.

Think not that dreams appear to the dreamer only at night: the dream of this world of pain appears to us even by day.

Japanese poem

IN GHOSTLY JAPAN

FRAGMENT

. . . . . .

And it was at the hour of sunset that they came to the foot of the mountain. There was in that place no sign of life — neither token of water, nor trace of plant, nor shadow of flying bird — nothing but desolation rising to desolation. And the summit was lost in heaven.

Then the Bodhisattva said to his young companion: "What you have asked to see will be shown to you. But tbe place of the Vision is far; and the way is rude. Follow after me, and do not fear: strength will be given you."

Twilight gloomed about them as they climbed. There was no beaten path, nor any mark of former human visitation; and the way was over an endless heaping of tumbled fragments that rolled or turned beneath the foot. Sometimes a mass dislodged would clatter down with hollow echoings; — sometimes the substance trodden would burst like an empty shell. . . . Stars pointed and thrilled; — and the darkness deepened.

"Do not fear, my son," said the Bodhisattva, guiding: "danger there is none, though the way be grim."

Under the stars they climbed — fast, fast — mounting by help of power superhuman. High zones of mist they passed; and they saw below them, ever widening as they climbed, a soundless flood of cloud, like the tide of a milky sea.

Hour after hour they climbed; — and forms invisible yielded to their tread with dull soft crashings; — and faint cold fires lighted and died at every breaking.

And once the pilgrim-youth laid hand on a something smooth that was not stone — and lifted it — and dimly saw the cheekless gibe of death.

"Linger not thus, my son!" urged the voice of the teacher; — "the summit that we must gain is very far away!"

On through the dark they climbed — and felt continually beneath them the soft strange breakings — and saw the icy fires worm and die — till the rim of the night turned gray, and the stars began to fail, and the east began to bloom.

Yet still they climbed — fast, fast — mounting by help of power superhuman. About them now was frigidness of death — and silence tremendous. . . . A gold flame kindled in the east.

Then first to the pilgrim's gaze the steeps revealed

their nakedness; — and a trembling seized him — and a ghastly fear. For there was not any ground — neither beneath him nor about him nor above him — but a heaping only, monstrous and measureless, of skulls and fragments of skulls and dust of bones — with a shimmer of shed teeth strewn through the drift of it, like the shimmer of scrags of shell in the wrack of a tide.

"Do not fear, my son!" cried the voice of the Bodhisattva; — "only the strong of heart can win to the place of the Vision!"

Behind them the world had vanished. Nothing remained but the clouds beneath, and the sky above, and the heaping of skulls between — upslanting out of sight.

Then the sun climbed with the climbers; and there was no warmth in the light of him, but coldness sharp as a sword. And the horror of stupendous height, and the nightmare of stupendous depth, and the terror of silence, ever grew and grew, and weighed upon the pilgrim, and held his feet — so that suddenly all power departed from him, and he moaned like a sleeper in dreams.

"Hasten, hasten, my son!" cried the Bodhisattva: "the day is brief, and the summit is very far away."

But the pilgrim shrieked:

"I fear! I fear unspeakably! — and the power has departed from me!"

"The power will return, my son," made answer

the Bodhisattva. . . . "Look now below you and above you and about you, and tell me what you see."

"I cannot," cried the pilgrim, trembling and clinging; — "I dare not look beneath! Before me and about me there is nothing but skulls of men."

"And yet, my son," said the Bodhisattva, laughing softly — "and yet you do not know of what this mountain is made."

The other, shuddering, repeated:

"I fear! — unutterably I fear! . . . there is nothing but skulls of men!"

"A mountain of skulls it is," responded the Bodhisattva. "But know, my son, that all of them ARE YOUR OWN! Each has at some time been the nest of your dreams and delusions and desires. Not even one of them is the skull of any other being. All — all without exception — have been yours, in the billions of your former lives."

. . . . . .

FURISODE

RECENTLY, while passing through a little street tenanted chiefly by dealers in old wares, I noticed a furisodé, or long-sleeved robe, of the rich purple tint called murasaki, hanging before one of the shops. It was a robe such as might have been worn by a lady of rank in the time of the Tokugawa. I stopped to look at the five crests upon it; and in the same moment there came to my recollection this legend of a similar robe said to have once caused the destruction of Yedo.

Nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, the daughter of a rich merchant of the city of the Shōguns, while attending some temple-festival, perceived in the crowd a young samurai of remarkable beauty, and immediately fell in love with him. Unhappily for her, he disappeared in the press before she could learn through her attendants who he was or whence he had come. But his image remained vivid in her memory — even to the least detail of his costume. The holiday attire then worn by samurai youths was scarcely less brilliant than that of young girls; and the upper dress of this handsome stranger had seemed wonderfully beautiful to the enamoured maiden. She fancied that by wearing a robe of like quality and color, bearing the same crest,

she might be able to attract his notice on some future occasion.

Accordingly she had such a robe made, with very long sleeves, according to the fashion of the period; and she prized it greatly. She wore it whenever she went out; and when at home she would suspend it in her room, and try to imagine the form of her unknown beloved within it. Sometimes she would pass hours before it — dreaming and weeping by turns. And she would pray to the gods and the Buddhas that she might win the young man's affection — often repeating the invocation of the Nichiren sect: "Namu myō hō rengé kyō!"

But she never saw the youth again; and she pined with longing for him, and sickened, and died, and was buried. After her burial, the long-sleeved robe that she had so much prized was given to the Buddhist temple of which her family were parishioners. It is an old custom to thus dispose of the garments of the dead.

The priest was able to sell the robe at a good price; for it was a costly silk, and bore no trace of the tears that had fallen upon it. It was bought by a girl of about the same age as the dead lady. She wore it only one day. Then she fell sick, and began to act strangely — crying out that she was haunted by the vision of a beautiful young man, and that for love of him she was going to die. And within a little while she died; and the long-sleeved robe was a second time presented to the temple.

Again the priest sold it; and again it became the property of a young girl, who wore it only once. Then she also sickened, and talked of a beautiful shadow, and died, and was buried. And the robe was given a third time to the temple; and the priest wondered and doubted.

Nevertheless he ventured to sell the luckless garment once more. Once more it was purchased by a girl and once more worn; and the wearer pined and died. And the robe was given a fourth time to the temple.

Then the priest felt sure that there was some evil influence at work; and he told his acolytes to make a fire in the temple-court, and to burn the robe.

So they made a fire, into which the robe was thrown. But as the silk began to burn, there suddenly appeared upon it dazzling characters of flame — the characters of the invocation, "Namu myō hō rengé kyō"; — and these, one by one, leaped like great sparks to the temple roof; and the temple took fire.

Embers from the burning temple presently dropped upon neighboring roofs; and the whole street was soon ablaze. Then a sea-wind, rising, blew destruction into farther streets; and the conflagration spread from street to street, and from district into district, till nearly the whole of the city was consumed. And this calamity, which occurred upon the eighteenth day of the first month of the first year of Meiréki (1655), is still remembered in

Tōkyō as the Furisodé-Kwaji — the Great Fire of the Long-sleeved Robe.

According to a story-book called "Kibun-Daijin," the name of the girl who caused the robe to be made was O-Samé; and she was the daughter of Hikoyé-mon, a wine-merchant of Hyakushō-machi, in the district of Azabu. Because of her beauty she was also called Azabu-Komachi, or the Komachi of Azabu.[1] The same book says that the temple of the tradition was a Nichiren temple called Honmyōji, in the district of Hongo; and that the crest upon the robe was a kikyō-flower. But there are many different versions of the story; and I distrust the "Kibun-Daijin" because it asserts that the beautiful samurai was not really a man, but a transformed dragon, or water-serpent, that used to inhabit the lake at Uyéno — Shinobazu-no-Iké.

[1] After more than a thousand years, the name of Komachi, or Ono-no-Komachi, is still celebrated in Japan. She was the most beautiful woman of her time, and so great a poet that she could move heaven by her verses, and cause rain to fall in time of drought. Many men loved her in vain; and many are said to have died for love of her. But misfortunes visited her when her youth had passed; and, after having been reduced to the uttermost want, she became a beggar, and died at last upon the public highway, near Kyōto. As it was thought shameful to bury her in the foul rags found upon her, some poor person gave a worn-out summer-robe (katabira) to wrap her body in; and she was interred near Arashiyama at a spot still pointed out to travelers as the "Place of the Katabira" (Katabira-no-Tsuchi).

INCENSE

I SEE, rising out of darkness, a lotus in a vase. Most of the vase is invisible; but I know that it is of bronze, and that its glimpsing handles are bodies of dragons. Only the lotus is fully illuminated: three pure white flowers, and five great leaves of gold and green — gold above, green on the upcurling under-surface — an artificial lotus. It is bathed by a slanting stream of sunshine; — the darkness beneath and beyond is the dusk of a temple-chamber. I do not see the opening through which the radiance pours; but I am aware that it is a small window shaped in the outline-form of a temple-bell.

The reason that I see the lotus — one memory of my first visit to a Buddhist sanctuary — is that there has come to me an odor of incense. Often when I smell incense, this vision defines; and usually thereafter other sensations of my first day in Japan revive in swift succession with almost painful acuteness.

It is almost ubiquitous — this perfume of incense. It makes one element of the faint but complex and never-to-be-forgotten odor of the Far East. It haunts the dwelling-house not less than the temple — the home of the peasant not less than the yashiki of the prince. Shintō shrines, indeed,

Still costlier sorts of incense — veritable luxuries — take the form of lozenges, wafers, pastilles; and a small envelope of such material may be worth four or five pounds sterling. But the commercial and industrial questions relating to Japanese incense represent the least interesting part of a remarkably curious subject.

II

CURIOUS, indeed, but enormous by reason of its infinity of tradition and detail. I am afraid even to think of the size of the volume that would be needed to cover it. . . . Such a work would properly begin with some brief account of the earliest knowledge and use of aromatics in Japan. It would next treat of the records and legends of the first introduction of Buddhist incense from Korea — when King Shō-myō of Kudara, in 551 A.D., sent to the island-empire a collection of sutras, an image of the Buddha, and one complete set of furniture for a temple. Then something would have to be said about those classifications of incense which were made during the tenth century, in the periods of Engi and of Tenryaku — and about the report of the ancient state-councillor, Kimitaka-Sangi, who visited China in the latter part of the thirteenth century, and transmitted to the Emperor Yōmei the wisdom of the Chinese concerning incense. Then mention should be made of the ancient incenses still preserved in various Japanese temples, and of the famous frag-

ments of ranjatai (publicly exhibited at Nara in the tenth year of Meiji) which furnished supplies to the three great captains, Nobunaga, Hideyoshi, and Iyeyasu. After this should follow an outline of the history of mixed incenses made in Japan — with notes on the classifications devised by the luxurious Takauji, and on the nomenclature established later by Ashikaga Yoshimasa, who collected one hundred and thirty varieties of incense, and invented for the more precious of them names recognized even to this day — such as "Blossom-Showering," "Smoke-of-Fuji," and "Flower-of-the-Pure-Law." Examples ought to be given likewise of traditions attaching to historical incenses preserved in several princely families; together with specimens of those hereditary recipes for incense-making which have been transmitted from generation to generation through hundreds of years, and are still called after their august inventors — as "the Method of Hina-Dainagon," "the Method of Sentō-In," etc. Recipes also should be given of those strange incenses made "to imitate the perfume of the lotus, the smell of the summer breeze, and the odor of the autumn wind." Some legends of the great period of incense-luxury should be cited — such as the story of Sué Owari-no-Kami, who built for himself a palace of incense-woods, and set fire to it on the night of his revolt, when the smoke of its burning perfumed the land to a distance of twelve miles. . . . Of course the mere compilation of materials for a history of mixed

incenses would entail the study of a host of documents, treatises, and books — particularly of such strange works as the "Kun-Shū-Rui-Shō," or "Incense-Collector's-Classifying-Manual"; — containing the teachings of the Ten Schools of the Art of Mixing Incense; directions as to the best seasons for incense-making; and instructions about the "different kinds of fire" to be used for burning incense (one kind is called "literary fire," and another "military fire"); together with rules for pressing the ashes of a censer into various artistic designs corresponding to season and occasion. . . . A special chapter should certainly be given to the incense-bags (kusadama) hung up in houses to drive away goblins — and to the smaller incense-bags formerly carried about the person as a protection against evil spirits. Then a very large part of the work would have to be devoted to the religious uses and legends of incense — a huge subject in itself. There would also have to be considered the curious history of the old "incense-assemblies," whose elaborate ceremonial could be explained only by help of numerous diagrams. One chapter at least would be required for the subject of the ancient importation of incense-materials from India, China, Annam, Siam, Cambodia, Ceylon, Sumatra, Java, Borneo, and various islands of the Malay archipelago — places all named in rare books about incense. And a final chapter should treat of the romantic literature of incense — the poems, stories, and dramas in which incense-

rites are mentioned; and especially those love-songs comparing the body to incense, and passion to the eating flame:

> Even as burns the perfume lending my robe its fragrance,
> Smoulders my life away, consumed by the pain of longing!

. . . The merest outline of the subject is terrifying! I shall attempt nothing more than a few notes about the religious, the luxurious, and the ghostly uses of incense.

III

The common incense everywhere burned by poor people before Buddhist icons is called "an-soku-kō." This is very cheap. Great quantities of it are burned by pilgrims in the bronze censers set before the entrances of famous temples; and in front of roadside images you may often see bundles of it. These are for the use of pious wayfarers, who pause before every Buddhist image on their path to repeat a brief prayer and, when possible, to set a few rods smouldering at the feet of the statue. But in rich temples, and during great religious ceremonies, much more expensive incense is used. Altogether three classes of perfumes are employed in Buddhist rites: kō, or incense-proper, in many varieties (the word literally means only "fragrant substance"); — dzukō, an odorous ointment; and makkō, a fragrant powder. Kō is burned; dzukō is rubbed upon the hands of the priest as an ointment of purification; and makkō is sprinkled about the sanctuary.

This makkō is said to be identical with the sandal-wood powder so frequently mentioned in Buddhist texts. But it is only the true incense which can be said to bear an important relation to the religious service.

Incense [declares the "Soshi-Ryaku"[1]] is the Messenger of Earnest Desire. When the rich Sudatta wished to invite the Buddha to a repast, he made use of incense. He was wont to ascend to the roof of his house on the eve of the day of the entertainment, and to remain standing there all night, holding a censer of precious incense. And as often as he did thus, the Buddha never failed to come on the following day at the exact time desired.

This text plainly implies that incense, as a burnt-offering, symbolizes the pious desires of the faithful. But it symbolizes other things also; and it has furnished many remarkable similes to Buddhist literature. Some of these, and not the least interesting, occur in prayers, of which the following, from the book called "Hōji-san"[2] is a striking example:

Let my body remain pure like a censer! — let my thought be ever as a fire of wisdom, purely consuming the incense of sîla and of dhyâna[3] — that so may I do homage to all the Buddhas in the Ten Directions of the Past, the Present, and the Future!

Sometimes in Buddhist sermons the destruction of Karma by virtuous effort is likened to the burning

[1] "Short [or Epitomized] History of Priests."

[2] "The Praise of Pious Observances."

[3] By sîla is meant the observance of the rules of purity in act and thought. Dhyâna (called by Japanese Buddhists Zenjō) is one of the higher forms of meditation.

of incense by a pure flame — sometimes, again, the life of man is compared to the smoke of incense. In his "Hundred Writings" ("Hyaku-tsū-kiri-kami"), the Shinshū priest Myōden says, quoting from the Buddhist work "Kujikkajō," or "Ninety Articles":

In the burning of incense we see that so long as any incense remains, so long does the burning continue, and the smoke mount skyward. Now the breath of this body of ours — this impermanent combination of Earth, Water, Air, and Fire — is like that smoke. And the changing of the incense into cold ashes when the flame expires is an emblem of the changing of our bodies into ashes when our funeral pyres have burnt themselves out.

He also tells us about that Incense-Paradise of which every believer ought to be reminded by the perfume of earthly incense:

In the Thirty-Second Vow for the Attainment of the Paradise of Wondrous Incense [he says] it is written: "That Paradise is formed of hundreds of thousands of different kinds of incense, and of substances incalculably precious; — the beauty of it incomparably exceeds anything in the heavens or in the sphere of man; — the fragrance of it perfumes all the worlds of the Ten Directions of Space; and all who perceive that odor practice Buddha-deeds." In ancient times there were men of superior wisdom and virtue who, by reason of their vow, obtained perception of the odor; but we, who are born with inferior wisdom and virtue in these later days, cannot obtain such perception. Nevertheless it will be well for us, when we smell the incense kindled before the image of Amida, to imagine that its odor is the wonderful fragrance of Paradise, and to repeat the Nembutsu in gratitude for the mercy of the Buddha.

IV

But the use of incense in Japan is not confined to religious rites and ceremonies: indeed the costlier kinds of incense are manufactured chiefly for social entertainments. Incense-burning has been an amusement of the aristocracy ever since the thirteenth century. Probably you have heard of the Japanese tea-ceremonies, and their curious Buddhist history; and I suppose that every foreign collector of Japanese bric-à-brac knows something about the luxury to which these ceremonies at one period attained — a luxury well attested by the quality of the beautiful utensils formerly employed in them. But there were, and still are, incense-ceremonies much more elaborate and costly than the tea-ceremonies — and also much more interesting. Besides music, embroidery, poetical composition and other branches of the old-fashioned female education, the young lady of pre-Meiji days was expected to acquire three especially polite accomplishments — the art of arranging flowers (ikébana), the art of ceremonial tea-making (cha-no-yu[1] or cha-no-é), and the etiquette of incense-parties (kō-kwai or kō-é). Incense-parties were invented before the time of the Ashi-

[1] Girls are still trained in the art of arranging flowers, and in the etiquette of the dainty, though somewhat tedious, cha-no-yu. Buddhist priests have long enjoyed a reputation as teachers of the latter. When the pupil has reached a certain degree of proficiency, she is given a diploma or certificate. The tea used in these ceremonies is a powdered tea of remarkable fragrance — the best qualities of which fetch very high prices.

kaga Shōguns, and were most in vogue during the peaceful period of the Tokugawa rule. With the fall of the Shōgunate they went out of fashion; but recently they have been to some extent revived. It is not likely, however, that they will again become really fashionable in the old sense — partly because they represented rare forms of social refinement that never can be revived, and partly because of their costliness.

In translating kō-kwai as "incense-party," I use the word "party" in the meaning that it takes in such compounds as "card-party," "whist-party," "chess-party"; — for a kō-kwai is a meeting held only with the object of playing a game — a very curious game. There are several kinds of incense-games; but in all of them the contest depends upon the ability to remember and to name different kinds of incense by the perfume alone. That variety of kō-kwai called "Jitchū-kō" ("ten-burning-incense") is generally conceded to be the most amusing; and I shall try to tell you how it is played.

The numeral "ten," in the Japanese, or rather Chinese name of this diversion, does not refer to ten kinds, but only to ten packages of incense; for Jitchū-kō, besides being the most amusing, is the very simplest, of incense-games, and is played with only four kinds of incense. One kind must be supplied by the guests invited to the party; and three are furnished by the person who gives the enter-

tainment. Each of the latter three supplies of incense — usually prepared in packages containing one hundred wafers — is divided into four parts; and each part is put into a separate paper numbered or marked so as to indicate the quality. Thus four packages are prepared of the incense classed as No. 1, four of incense No. 2, and four of incense No. 3 — or twelve in all. But the incense given by the guests — always called "guest-incense" — is not divided: it is only put into a wrapper marked with an abbreviation of the Chinese character signifying "guest." Accordingly we have a total of thirteen packages to start with; but three are to be used in the preliminary sampling, or "experimenting" — as the Japanese term it — after the following manner.

We shall suppose the game to be arranged for a party of six — though there is no rule limiting the number of players. The six take their places in line, or in a half-circle — if the room be small; but they do not sit close together, for reasons which will presently appear. Then the host, or the person appointed to act as incense-burner, prepares a package of the incense classed as No. 1, kindles it in a censer, and passes the censer to the guest occupying the first seat,[1] with the announcement: "This is incense No. 1." The guest receives the censer according to the graceful etiquette required in the kō-kwai, in-

[1] The places occupied by guests in a Japanese zashiki, or reception-room, are numbered from the alcove of the apartment. The place of the most honored is immediately before the alcove: this is the first seat; and the rest are numbered from it, usually to the left.

hales the perfume, and passes on the vessel to his neighbor, who receives it in like manner and passes it to the third guest, who presents it to the fourth — and so on. When the censer has gone the round of the party, it is returned to the incense-burner. One package of incense No. 2, and one of No. 3, are similarly prepared, announced, and tested. But with the "guest-incense" no experiment is made. The player should be able to remember the different odors of the incenses tested; and he is expected to identify the guest-incense at the proper time merely by the unfamiliar quality of its fragrance.

The original thirteen packages having thus by "experimenting" been reduced to ten, each player is given one set of ten small tablets — usually of gold-lacquer — every set being differently ornamented. The backs only of these tablets are decorated; and the decoration is nearly always a floral design of some sort: — thus one set might be decorated with chrysanthemums in gold, another with tufts of iris-plants, another with a spray of plum-blossoms, etc. But the faces of the tablets bear numbers or marks; and each set comprises three tablets numbered "1," three numbered "2," three numbered "3," and one marked with the character signifying "guest." After these tablet-sets have been distributed, a box called the "tablet-box" is placed before the first player; and all is ready for the real game.

The incense-burner retires behind a little screen,

shuffles the flat packages like so many cards, takes the uppermost, prepares its contents in the censer, and then, returning to the party, sends the censer upon its round. This time, of course, he does not announce what kind of incense he has used. As the censer passes from hand to hand, each player, after inhaling the fume, puts into the tablet-box one tablet bearing that mark or number which he supposes to be the mark or number of the incense he has smelled. If, for example, he thinks the incense to be "guest-incense," he drops into the box that one of his tablets marked with the ideograph meaning "guest"; or if he believes that he has inhaled the perfume of No. 2, he puts into the box a tablet numbered "2." When the round is over, tablet-box and censer are both returned to the incense-burner. He takes the six tablets out of the box, and wraps them up in the paper which contained the incense guessed about. The tablets themselves keep the personal as well as the general record — since each player remembers the particular design upon his own set.

The remaining nine packages of incense are consumed and judged in the same way, according to the chance order in which the shuffling has placed them. When all the incense has been used, the tablets are taken out of their wrappings, the record is officially put into writing, and the victor of the day is announced. I here offer the translation of such a record: it will serve to explain, almost at a glance, all the complications of the game.

RECORD OF A KŌ-KWAI

Names given to the six sets of tablets used, according to the decorative designs on the back:	*Order in which the ten packages of incense were used:* 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	*Number of correct guesses:*
	No. III.	No. I.	— "*Guest*"	No. II.	No. I.	No. III.	No. II.	No. I.	No. III.	No. II.	
	Guesses recorded by the numbers on the tablet; correct guesses being marked:* —										
"Gold Chrysanthemum"	1	3	1	2*	"*Guest*"	1	2*	2	3*	3	3
"Young Bamboo"	3*	1*	2	2*	1*	"*Guest*"	3	2	1	3	4
"Red Peony	"*Guest*"	1*	2	3*	3	1	3	2	3*	1	3
"White Lily"	1	3	1	3	2	2	1	3	"*Guest*"	2*	1
"Young Pine"	3*	1*	"*Guest*"*	3	1*	2	2*	1*	3*	2*	8 (Winner)
"Cherry-Blossom-in-a-Mist"	1	3	"*Guest*"*	2*	1*	3*	1	2	3*	2*	6.

NAMES OF INCENSE USED

I. . . . . "*Tasogare*" (Who-is-there?"—i.e., "Evening-Dusk").
II. . . . . "*Baikwa*" ("Plum flower").
III. . . . . "*Wakakusa*" ("Young Grass").
IV. . . "*Guest Incense*" . . . . "*Yamaji-no-Tsuyu*" ("Dew-on-the-Mountain-Path").

According to this record the player who used the tablets decorated with the design called "Young Pine," made but two mistakes; while the holder of the "White-Lily" set made only one correct guess. But it is quite a feat to make ten correct judgments in succession. The olfactory nerves are apt to become somewhat numbed long before the game is concluded; and therefore it is customary during the kō-kwai to rinse the mouth at intervals with pure vinegar, by which operation the sensitivity is partially restored.

To the Japanese original of the foregoing record were appended the names of the players, the date of the entertainment, and the name of the place where the party was held. It is the custom in some families to enter all such records in a book especially made for the purpose, and furnished with an index which enables the kō-kwai player to refer immediately to any interesting fact belonging to the history of any past game.

The reader will have noticed that the four kinds of incense used were designated by very pretty names. The incense first mentioned, for example, is called by the poets' name for the gloaming — "Tasogaré" (literally: "Who is there?" or "Who is it?") — a word which in this relation hints of the toilet-perfume that reveals some charming presence to the lover waiting in the dusk. Perhaps some curiosity will be felt regarding the composition of these incenses. I can give the Japanese recipes for two

sorts; but I have not been able to identify all of the materials named:

RECIPE FOR YAMAJI-NO-TSUYU

Ingredients	*Proportions*		
		about	
Jinkō (aloes-wood)	4 mommé	(1/8 oz.)	To 21 pastilles
Chōji (cloves)	4 mommé	(1/8 oz.)	
Kunroku (olibanum)	4 mommé	(1/8 oz.)	
Hakkō (artemisia Schmidtiana)	4 mommé	(1/8 oz.)	
Jakō (musk)	1 bu	(1/4 oz.)	
Kōkō (?)	4 mommé	(1/8 oz.)	

RECIPE FOR BAIKWA

Ingredients	*Proportions*		
		about	
Jinkō (aloes)	20 mommé	(2½ oz.)	To 50 pastilles
Chōji (cloves)	12 mommé	(1½ oz.)	
Kōkō (?)	8½ mommé	(1 1/10 oz.)	
Byakudan (sandal-wood)	4 mommé	(½ oz.)	
Kanshō (spikenard)	2 bu	(¼ oz.)	
Kwakkō (Bishop's-wort?)	1 bu 2 shu	(7/160 oz.)	
Kunroku (olibanum)	3 bu 3 shu	(13/80 oz.)	
Shōmokkō (?)	2 bu	(¼ oz.)	
Jakō (musk)	3 bu 2 shu	(7/160 oz.)	
Ryūnō (refined Borneo camphor)	3 shu	(1/80 oz.)	

The incense used at a kō-kwai ranges in value, according to the style of the entertainment, from two dollars and a half to thirty dollars per envelope of one hundred wafers — wafers usually not more than one fourth of an inch in diameter. Sometimes an incense is used worth even more than thirty dollars per envelope: this contains ranjatai, an aromatic of which the perfume is compared to that of "musk mingled with orchid-flowers." But there is some incense — never sold — which is much more precious than ranjatai — incense valued less for its

composition than for its history: I mean the incense brought centuries ago from China or from India by the Buddhist missionaries, and presented to princes or to other persons of high rank. Several ancient Japanese temples also include such foreign incense among their treasures. And very rarely a little of this priceless material is contributed to an incense-party — much as in Europe, on very extraordinary occasions, some banquet is glorified by the production of a wine several hundred years old.

Like the tea-ceremonies, the kō-kwai exact observance of a very complex and ancient etiquette. But this subject could interest few readers; and I shall only mention some of the rules regarding preparations and precautions. First of all, it is required that the person invited to an incense-party shall attend the same in as *odorless* a condition as possible: a lady, for instance, must not use hair-oil, or put on any dress that has been kept in a perfumed chest-of-drawers. Furthermore, the guest should prepare for the contest by taking a prolonged hot bath, and should eat only the lightest and least odorous kind of food before going to the rendezvous. It is forbidden to leave the room during the game, or to open any door or window, or to indulge in needless conversation. Finally I may observe that, while judging the incense, a player is expected to take not less than three inhalations, or more than five.

In this economical era, the kō-kwai takes of necessity a much humbler form than it assumed in the

time of the great daimyō, of the princely abbots, and of the military aristocracy. A full set of the utensils required for the game can now be had for about fifty dollars; but the materials are of the poorest kind. The old-fashioned sets were fantastically expensive. Some were worth thousands of dollars. The incense-burner's desk — the writing-box, paper-box, tablet-box, etc. — the various stands or dai — were of the costliest gold-lacquer; — the pincers and other instruments were of gold, curiously worked; — and the censer — whether of precious metal, bronze, or porcelain — was always a chef-d'œuvre, designed by some artist of renown.

V

ALTHOUGH the original signification of incense in Buddhist ceremonies was chiefly symbolical, there is good reason to suppose that various beliefs older than Buddhism — some, perhaps, peculiar to the race; others probably of Chinese or Korean derivation — began at an early period to influence the popular use of incense in Japan. Incense is still burned in the presence of a corpse with the idea that its fragrance shields both corpse and newly parted soul from malevolent demons; and by the peasants it is often burned also to drive away goblins and the evil powers presiding over diseases. But formerly it was used to summon spirits as well as to banish them. Allusions to its employment in various weird rites may be found in some of the old dramas and

romances. One particular sort of incense, imported from China, was said to have the power of calling up human spirits. This was the wizard-incense referred to in such ancient love-songs as the following:

I have heard of the magical incense that summons the souls of
the absent:
Would I had some to burn, in the nights when I wait alone!

There is an interesting mention of this incense in the Chinese book, "Shang-hai-king." It was called "Fwan-hwan-hiang" (by Japanese pronunciation, "Hangon-kō,") or "Spirit-Recalling-Incense"; and it was made in Tso-Chau, or the District of the Ancestors, situated by the Eastern Sea. To summon the ghost of any dead person — or even that of a living person, according to some authorities — it was only necessary to kindle some of the incense, and to pronounce certain words, while keeping the mind fixed upon the memory of that person. Then, in the smoke of the incense, the remembered face and form would appear.

In many old Japanese and Chinese books mention is made of a famous story about this incense — a story of the Chinese Emperor Wu, of the Han dynasty. When the Emperor had lost his beautiful favorite, the Lady Li, he sorrowed so much that fears were entertained for his reason. But all efforts made to divert his mind from the thought of her proved unavailing. One day he ordered some Spirit-Recalling-Incense to be procured, that he might

summon her from the dead. His counsellors prayed him to forego his purpose, declaring that the vision could only intensify his grief. But he gave no heed to their advice, and himself performed the rite — kindling the incense, and keeping his mind fixed upon the memory of the Lady Li. Presently, within the thick blue smoke arising from the incense, the outline of a feminine form became visible. It defined, took tints of life, slowly became luminous; and the Emperor recognized the form of his beloved. At first the apparition was faint; but it soon became distinct as a living person, and seemed with each moment to grow more beautiful. The Emperor whispered to the vision, but received no answer. He called aloud, and the presence made no sign. Then unable to control himself, he approached the censer. But the instant that he touched the smoke, the phantom trembled and vanished.

Japanese artists are still occasionally inspired by the legends of the "Hangon-kō." Only last year, in Tōkyō, at an exhibition of new kakemono, I saw a picture of a young wife kneeling before an alcove wherein the smoke of the magical incense was shaping the shadow of the absent husband.[1]

[1] Among the curious Tōkyō inventions of 1898 was a new variety of cigarettes called "Hangon-sō," or "Herb of Hangon" — a name suggesting that their smoke operated like the spirit-summoning incense. As a matter of fact, the chemical action of the tobacco-smoke would define, upon a paper fitted into the mouthpiece of each cigarette, the photographic image of a dancing-girl.

INCENSE

Although the power of making visible the forms of the dead has been claimed for one sort of incense only, the burning of any kind of incense is supposed to summon viewless spirits in multitude. These come to devour the smoke. They are called "Jiki-kō-ki," or "incense-eating goblins"; and they belong to the fourteenth of the thirty-six classes of Gaki (pretas) recognized by Japanese Buddhism. They are the ghosts of men who anciently, for the sake of gain, made or sold bad incense; and by the evil karma of that action they now find themselves in the state of hunger-suffering spirits, and compelled to seek their only food in the smoke of incense.

A STORY OF DIVINATION

I ONCE knew a fortune-teller who really believed in the science that he professed. He had learned, as a student of the old Chinese philosophy, to believe in divination long before he thought of practicing it. During his youth he had been in the service of a wealthy daimyō, but subsequently, like thousands of other samurai, found himself reduced to desperate straits by the social and political changes of Meiji. It was then that he became a fortune-teller — an itinerant uranaiya — traveling on foot from town to town, and returning to his home rarely more than once a year with the proceeds of his journey. As a fortune-teller he was tolerably successful — chiefly, I think, because of his perfect sincerity, and because of a peculiar gentle manner that invited confidence. His system was the old scholarly one: he used the book known to English readers as the "Yî-King" — also a set of ebony blocks which could be so arranged as to form any of the Chinese hexagrams; — and he always began his divination with an earnest prayer to the gods.

The system itself he held to be infallible in the hands of a master. He confessed that he had made some erroneous predictions; but he said that these mistakes had been entirely due to his own miscomprehension of certain texts or diagrams. To do him

justice I must mention that in my own case (he told my fortune four times), his predictions were fulfilled in such wise that I became afraid of them. You may disbelieve in fortune-telling — intellectually scorn it; but something of inherited superstitious tendency lurks within most of us; and a few strange experiences can so appeal to that inheritance as to induce the most unreasoning hope or fear of the good or bad luck promised you by some diviner. Really to see our future would be a misery. Imagine the result of knowing that there must happen to you, within the next two months, some terrible misfortune which you cannot possibly provide against!

He was already an old man when I first saw him in Izumo — certainly more than sixty years of age, but looking very much younger. Afterwards I met him in Ōsaka, in Kyōto, and in Kobé. More than once I tried to persuade him to pass the colder months of the winter season under my roof — for he possessed an extraordinary knowledge of traditions, and could have been of inestimable service to me in a literary way. But partly because the habit of wandering had become with him a second nature, and partly because of a love of independence as savage as a gypsy's, I was never able to keep him with me for more than two days at a time.

Every year he used to come to Tōkyō — usually in the latter part of autumn. Then, for several weeks, he would flit about the city, from district to district, and vanish again. But during these fugitive

trips he never failed to visit me; bringing welcome news of Izumo people and places — bringing also some queer little present, generally of a religious kind, from some famous place of pilgrimage. On these occasions I could get a few hours' chat with him. Sometimes the talk was of strange things seen or heard during his recent journey; sometimes it turned upon old legends or beliefs; sometimes it was about fortune-telling. The last time we met he told me of an exact Chinese science of divination which he regretted never having been able to learn.

"Any one learned in that science," he said, "would be able, for example, not only to tell you the exact time at which any post or beam of this house will yield to decay, but even to tell you the direction of the breaking, and all its results. I can best explain what I mean by relating a story.

"The story is about the famous Chinese fortune-teller whom we call in Japan Shōko Setsu, and it is written in the book 'Baikwa-Shin-Eki,' which is a book of divination. While still a very young man, Shōko Setsu obtained a high position by reason of his learning and virtue; but he resigned it and went into solitude that he might give his whole time to study. For years thereafter he lived alone in a hut among the mountains; studying without a fire in winter, and without a fan in summer; writing his thoughts upon the wall of his room — for lack of paper; — and using only a tile for his pillow.

"One day, in the period of greatest summer heat, he found himself overcome by drowsiness; and he lay down to rest, with his tile under his head. Scarcely had he fallen asleep when a rat ran across his face and woke him with a start. Feeling angry, he seized his tile and flung it at the rat; but the rat escaped unhurt, and the tile was broken. Shōko Setsu looked sorrowfully at the fragments of his pillow, and reproached himself for his hastiness. Then suddenly he perceived, upon the freshly exposed clay of the broken tile, some Chinese characters — between the upper and lower surfaces. Thinking this very strange, he picked up the pieces, and carefully examined them. He found that along the line of fracture seventeen characters had been written within the clay before the tile had been baked; and the characters read thus: 'In the Year of the Hare, in the fourth month, on the seventeenth day, at the Hour of the Serpent, this tile, after serving as a pillow, will be thrown at a rat and broken.' Now the prediction had really been fulfilled at the Hour of the Serpent on the seventeenth day of the fourth month of the Year of the Hare. Greatly astonished, Shōko Setsu once again looked at the fragments, and discovered the seal and the name of the maker. At once he left his hut, and, taking with him the pieces of the tile, hurried to the neighboring town in search of the tilemaker. He found the tilemaker in the course of the day, showed him the broken tile, and asked him about its history.

"After having carefully examined the shards, the tilemaker said: 'This tile was made in my house; but the characters in the clay were written by an old man — a fortune-teller — who asked permission to write upon the tile before it was baked.' 'Do you know where he lives?' asked Shōko Setsu. 'He used to live,' the tilemaker answered, 'not very far from here; and I can show you the way to the house. But I do not know his name.'

"Having been guided to the house, Shōko Setsu presented himself at the entrance, and asked for permission to speak to the old man. A serving-student courteously invited him to enter, and ushered him into an apartment where several young men were at study. As Shōko Setsu took his seat, all the youths saluted him. Then the one who had first addressed him bowed and said: 'We are grieved to inform you that our master died a few days ago. But we have been waiting for you, because he predicted that you would come to-day to this house, at this very hour. Your name is Shōko Setsu. And our master told us to give you a book which he believed would be of service to you. Here is the book; — please to accept it.'

"Shōko Setsu was not less delighted than surprised; for the book was a manuscript of the rarest and most precious kind — containing all the secrets of the science of divination. After having thanked the young men, and properly expressed his regret for the death of their teacher, he went back to his

hut, and there immediately proceeded to test the worth of the book by consulting its pages in regard to his own fortune. The book suggested to him that on the south side of his dwelling, at a particular spot near one corner of the hut, great luck awaited him. He dug at the place indicated, and found a jar containing gold enough to make him a very wealthy man."

My old acquaintance left this world as lonesomely as he had lived in it. Last winter, while crossing a mountain-range, he was overtaken by a snowstorm, and lost his way. Many days later he was found standing erect at the foot of a pine, with his little pack strapped to his shoulders: a statue of ice — arms folded and eyes closed as in meditation. Probably, while waiting for the storm to pass, he had yielded to the drowsiness of cold, and the drift had risen over him as he slept. Hearing of this strange death I remembered the old Japanese saying — "Uranaiya minouyé shiradzu": "The fortune-teller knows not his own fate."

SILKWORMS

I

I WAS puzzled by the phrase, "silkworm-moth eyebrow," in an old Japanese, or rather Chinese proverb: "The silkworm-moth eyebrow of a woman is the axe that cuts down the wisdom of man." So I went to my friend Niimi, who keeps silkworms, to ask for an explanation.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that you never saw a silkworm-moth? The silkworm-moth has very beautiful eyebrows."

"Eyebrows?" I queried, in astonishment.

"Well, call them what you like," returned Niimi; — "the poets call them eyebrows. . . . Wait a moment, and I will show you."

He left the guest-room, and presently returned with a white paper-fan, on which a silkworm-moth was sleepily reposing.

"We always reserve a few for breeding," he said; — "this one is just out of the cocoon. It cannot fly, of course: none of them can fly. . . . Now look at the eyebrows."

I looked, and saw that the antennæ, very short and feathery, were so arched back over the two jewel-specks of eyes in the velvety head, as to give the appearance of a really handsome pair of eyebrows.

Then Niimi took me to see his worms.

SILKWORMS

In Niimi's neighborhood, where there are plenty of mulberry-trees, many families keep silkworms; — the tending and feeding being mostly done by women and children. The worms are kept in large oblong trays, elevated upon light wooden stands about three feet high. It is curious to see hundreds of caterpillars feeding all together in one tray, and to hear the soft papery noise which they make while gnawing their mulberry-leaves. As they approach maturity, the creatures need almost constant attention. At brief intervals some expert visits each tray to inspect progress, picks up the plumpest feeders, and decides, by gently rolling them between forefinger and thumb, which are ready to spin. These are dropped into covered boxes, where they soon swathe themselves out of sight in white floss. A few only of the best are suffered to emerge from their silky sleep — the selected breeders. They have beautiful wings, but cannot use them. They have mouths, but do not eat. They only pair, lay eggs, and die. For thousands of years their race has been so well-cared-for, that it can no longer take any care of itself.

It was the evolutional lesson of this latter fact that chiefly occupied me while Niimi and his younger brother (who feeds the worms) were kindly explaining the methods of the industry. They told me curious things about different breeds, and also about a wild variety of silkworm that cannot be

domesticated: — it spins splendid silk before turning into a vigorous moth which can use its wings to some purpose. But I fear that I did not act like a person who felt interested in the subject; for, even while I tried to listen, I began to muse.

II

First of all, I found myself thinking about a delightful revery by M. Anatole France, in which he says that if he had been the Demiurge, he would have put youth at the end of life instead of at the beginning, and would have otherwise so ordered matters that every human being should have three stages of development, somewhat corresponding to those of the lepidoptera. Then it occurred to me that this fantasy was in substance scarcely more than the delicate modification of a most ancient doctrine, common to nearly all the higher forms of religion.

Western faiths especially teach that our life on earth is a larval state of greedy helplessness, and that death is a pupa-sleep out of which we should soar into everlasting light. They tell us that during its sentient existence, the outer body should be thought of only as a kind of caterpillar, and thereafter as a chrysalis; — and they aver that we lose or gain, according to our behavior as larvæ, the power to develop wings under the mortal wrapping. Also they tell us not to trouble ourselves about the fact that we see no Psyché-imago detach itself from the broken cocoon: this lack of visual evidence sig-

nifies nothing, because we have only the purblind vision of grubs. Our eyes are but half-evolved. Do not whole scales of colors invisibly exist above and below the limits of our retinal sensibility? Even so the butterfly-man exists — although, as a matter of course, we cannot see him.

But what would become of this human imago in a state of perfect bliss? From the evolutional point of view the question has interest; and its obvious answer was suggested to me by the history of those silkworms — which have been domesticated for only a few thousand years. Consider the result of our celestial domestication for — let us say — several millions of years: I mean the final consequence, to the wishers, of being able to gratify every wish at will.

Those silkworms have all that they wish for — even considerably more. Their wants, though very simple, are fundamentally identical with the necessities of mankind — food, shelter, warmth, safety, and comfort. Our endless social struggle is mainly for these things. Our dream of heaven is the dream of obtaining them free of cost in pain; and the condition of those silkworms is the realization, in a small way, of our imagined Paradise. (I am not considering the fact that a vast majority of the worms are predestined to torment and the second death; for my theme is of heaven, not of lost souls. I am speaking of the elect — those worms preordained to salvation and rebirth.) Probably they

can feel only very weak sensations: they are certainly incapable of prayer. But if they were able to pray, they could not ask for anything more than they already receive from the youth who feeds and tends them. He is their providence — a god of whose existence they can be aware in only the vaguest possible way, but just such a god as they require. And we should foolishly deem ourselves fortunate to be equally well cared-for in proportion to our more complex wants. Do not our common forms of prayer prove our desire for like attention? Is not the assertion of our "need of divine love" an involuntary confession that we wish to be treated like silkworms — to live without pain by the help of gods? Yet if the gods were to treat us as we want, we should presently afford fresh evidence — in the way of what is called "the evidence from degeneration" — that the great evolutional law is far above the gods.

An early stage of that degeneration would be represented by total incapacity to help ourselves; — then we should begin to lose the use of our higher sense-organs; — later on, the brain would shrink to a vanishing pin-point of matter; — still later we should dwindle into mere amorphous sacs, mere blind stomachs. Such would be the physical consequence of that kind of divine love which we so lazily wish for. The longing for perpetual bliss in perpetual peace might well seem a malevolent inspiration from the Lords of Death and Darkness. All life that feels

and thinks has been, and can continue to be, only as the product of struggle and pain — only as the outcome of endless battle with the Powers of the Universe. And cosmic law is uncompromising. Whatever organ ceases to know pain — whatever faculty ceases to be used under the stimulus of pain — must also cease to exist. Let pain and its effort be suspended, and life must shrink back, first into protoplasmic shapelessness, thereafter into dust.

Buddhism — which, in its own grand way, is a doctrine of evolution — rationally proclaims its heaven but a higher stage of development through pain, and teaches that even in paradise the cessation of effort produces degradation. With equal reasonableness it declares that the capacity for pain in the superhuman world increases always in proportion to the capacity for pleasure. (There is little fault to be found with this teaching from a scientific standpoint — since we know that higher evolution must involve an increase of sensitivity to pain.) In the Heavens of Desire, says the "Shōbō-nen-jō-kyō," the pain of death is so great that all the agonies of all the hells united could equal but one-sixteenth part of such pain.[1]

[1] This statement refers only to the Heavens of Sensuous Pleasure — not to the Paradise of Amida, nor to those heavens into which one enters by the Apparitional Birth. But even in the highest and most immaterial zones of being — in the Heavens of Formlessness — the cessation of effort and of the pain of effort, involves the penalty of rebirth in a lower state of existence.

The foregoing comparison is unnecessarily strong; but the Buddhist teaching about heaven is in substance eminently logical. The suppression of pain — mental or physical — in any conceivable state of sentient existence, would necessarily involve the suppression also of pleasure; — and certainly all progress, whether moral or material, depends upon the power to meet and to master pain. In a silkworm-paradise such as our mundane instincts lead us to desire, the seraph freed from the necessity of toil, and able to satisfy his every want at will, would lose his wings at last, and sink back to the condition of a grub. . . .

III

I TOLD the substance of my reverie to Niimi. He used to be a great reader of Buddhist books.

"Well," he said, "I was reminded of a queer Buddhist story by the proverb that you asked me to explain, 'The silkworm-moth eyebrow of a woman is the axe that cuts down the wisdom of man.' According to our doctrine, the saying would be as true of life in heaven as of life upon earth. . . . This is the story:

"When Shaka[1] dwelt in this world, one of his disciples, called Nanda, was bewitched by the beauty of a woman; and Shaka desired to save him from the results of this illusion. So he took Nanda to a

[1] Sâkyamuni.

wild place in the mountains where there were apes, and showed him a very ugly female ape, and asked him: 'Which is the more beautiful, Nanda — the woman that you love, or this female ape?' 'Oh, Master!' exclaimed Nanda, 'how can a lovely woman be compared with an ugly ape?' 'Perhaps you will presently find reason to make the comparison yourself,' answered the Buddha; — and instantly by supernatural power he ascended with Nanda to the San-jūsan-Ten, which is the Second of the Six Heavens of Desire. There, within a palace of jewels, Nanda saw a multitude of heavenly maidens celebrating some festival with music and dance; and the beauty of the least among them incomparably exceeded that of the fairest woman of earth. 'O Master,' cried Nanda, 'what wonderful festival is this?' 'Ask some of those people,' responded Shaka. So Nanda questioned one of the celestial maidens; and she said to him: 'This festival is to celebrate the good tidings that have been brought to us. There is now in the human world, among the disciples of Shaka, a most excellent youth called Nanda, who is soon to be reborn into this heaven, and to become our bridegroom, because of his holy life. We wait for him with rejoicing.' This reply filled the heart of Nanda with delight. Then the Buddha asked him: 'Is there any one among these maidens, Nanda, equal in beauty to the woman with whom you have been in love?' 'Nay, Master!' answered Nanda; — 'even as that woman surpassed in beauty the female

ape that we saw on the mountains, so is she herself surpassed by even the least among these.'

"Then the Buddha immediately descended with Nanda to the depths of the hells, and took him into a torture-chamber where myriads of men and women were being boiled alive in great caldrons, and otherwise horribly tormented by devils. Then Nanda found himself standing before a huge vessel which was filled with molten metal; — and he feared and wondered because this vessel had as yet no occupant. An idle devil sat beside it, yawning. 'Master,' Nanda inquired of the Buddha, 'for whom has this vessel been prepared?' 'Ask the devil,' answered Shaka. Nanda did so; and the devil said to him: 'There is a man called Nanda — now one of Shaka's disciples — about to be reborn into one of the heavens, on account of his former good actions. But after having there indulged himself, he is to be reborn in this hell; and his place will be in that pot. I am waiting for him.' " [1]

[1] I give the story substantially as it was told to me; but I have not been able to compare it with any published text. My friend says that he has seen two Chinese versions — one in the *Hongyō-kyō* (?), the other in the *Zōichi-agon-kyō* (*Ekôttaragamas*). In Mr. Henry Clarke Warren's *Buddhism in Translations* (the most interesting and valuable single volume of its kind that I have ever seen), there is a Pali version of the legend, which differs considerably from the above. This Nanda, according to Mr. Warren's work, was a prince, and the younger half-brother of Sâkyamuni.

A PASSIONAL KARMA

One of the never-failing attractions of the Tōkyō stage is the performance, by the famous Kikugorō and his company, of the "Botan-Dōrō," or "Peony-Lantern." This weird play, of which the scenes are laid in the middle of the last century, is the dramatization of a romance by the novelist Enchō, written in colloquial Japanese, and purely Japanese in local color, though inspired by a Chinese tale. I went to see the play; and Kikugorō made me familiar with a new variety of the pleasure of fear.

"Why not give English readers the ghostly part of the story?" asked a friend who guides me betimes through the mazes of Eastern philosophy. "It would serve to explain some popular ideas of the supernatural which Western people know very little about. And I could help you with the translation.

I gladly accepted the suggestion; and we composed the following summary of the more extraordinary portion of Enchō's romance. Here and there we found it necessary to condense the original narrative; and we tried to keep close to the text only in the conversational passages — some of which happen to possess a particular quality of psychological interest.

This is the story of the Ghosts in the Romance of the Peony-Lantern:

I

THERE once lived in the district of Ushigomé, in Yedo, a hatamoto[1] called Iijima Heizayémon, whose only daughter, Tsuyu, was beautiful as her name, which signifies "Morning Dew." Iijima took a second wife when his daughter was about sixteen; and, finding that O-Tsuyu could not be happy with her mother-in-law, he had a pretty villa built for the girl at Yanagijima, as a separate residence, and gave her an excellent maidservant, called O-Yoné, to wait upon her.

O-Tsuyu lived happily enough in her new home until one day when the family physician, Yamamoto Shijō, paid her a visit in company with a young samurai named Hagiwara Shinzaburō, who resided in the Nedzu quarter. Shinzaburō was an unusually handsome lad, and very gentle; and the two young people fell in love with each other at sight. Even before the brief visit was over, they contrived — unheard by the old doctor — to pledge themselves to each other for life. And, at parting, O-Tsuyu whispered to the youth — "Remember! if you do not come to see me again, I shall certainly die!"

Shinzaburō never forgot those words; and he was

[1] The hatamoto were samurai forming the special military force of the Shōgun. The name literally signifies "Banner-Supporters." These were the highest class of samurai — not only as the immediate vassals of the Shōgun, but as a military aristocracy.

only too eager to see more of O-Tsuyu. But etiquette forbade him to make the visit alone: he was obliged to wait for some other chance to accompany the doctor, who had promised to take him to the villa a second time. Unfortunately the old man did not keep this promise. He had perceived the sudden affection of O-Tsuyu; and he feared that her father would hold him responsible for any serious results. Iijima Heizayémon had a reputation for cutting off heads. And the more Shijō thought about the possible consequences of his introduction of Shinzaburō at the Iijima villa, the more he became afraid. Therefore he purposely abstained from calling upon his young friend.

Months passed; and O-Tsuyu, little imagining the true cause of Shinzaburō's neglect, believed that her love had been scorned. Then she pined away, and died. Soon afterwards, the faithful servant O-Yoné also died, through grief at the loss of her mistress; and the two were buried side by side in the cemetery of Shin-Banzui-In — a temple which still stands in the neighborhood of Dango-Zaka, where the famous chrysanthemum-shows are yearly held.

II

Shinzaburō knew nothing of what had happened; but his disappointment and his anxiety had resulted in a prolonged illness. He was slowly recovering, but still very weak, when he unexpectedly received another visit from Yamamoto Shijō. The old man

made a number of plausible excuses for his apparent neglect. Shinzaburō said to him:

"I have been sick ever since the beginning of spring; — even now I cannot eat anything. . . . Was it not rather unkind of you never to call? I thought that we were to make another visit together to the house of the Lady Iijima; and I wanted to take to her some little present as a return for our kind reception. Of course I could not go by myself."

Shijō gravely responded:

"I am very sorry to tell you that the young lady is dead."

"Dead!" repeated Shinzaburō, turning white — "did you say that she is dead?"

The doctor remained silent for a moment, as if collecting himself: then he resumed, in the quick light tone of a man resolved not to take trouble seriously:

"My great mistake was in having introduced you to her; for it seems that she fell in love with you at once. I am afraid that you must have said something to encourage this affection — when you were in that little room together. At all events, I saw how she felt towards you; and then I became uneasy — fearing that her father might come to hear of the matter, and lay the whole blame upon me. So — to be quite frank with you — I decided that it would be better not to call upon you; and I purposely stayed away for a long time. But, only a few days ago, happening to visit Iijima's house, I

heard, to my great surprise, that his daughter had died, and that her servant O-Yoné had also died. Then, remembering all that had taken place, I knew that the young lady must have died of love for you. . . . [*Laughing*] Ah, you are really a sinful fellow! Yes, you are! [*Laughing*] Is n't it a sin to have been born so handsome that the girls die for love of you?[1] . . . [*Seriously*] Well, we must leave the dead to the dead. It is no use to talk further about the matter; — all that you now can do for her is to repeat the Nembutsu[2] . . . Good-bye."

And the old man retired hastily — anxious to avoid further converse about the painful event for which he felt himself to have been unwittingly responsible.

III

SHINZABURŌ long remained stupefied with grief by the news of O-Tsuyu's death. But as soon as he found himself again able to think clearly, he inscribed the dead girl's name upon a mortuary tablet, and placed the tablet in the Buddhist shrine of his house, and set offerings before it, and recited prayers. Every day thereafter he presented offerings, and repeated the "Nembutsu"; and the memory of O-Tsuyu was never absent from his thought.

[1] Perhaps this conversation may seem strange to the Western reader; but it is true to life. The whole of the scene is characteristically Japanese.

[2] The invocation "Namu Amida Butsu!" ("Hail to the Buddha Amitâbha!" repeated, as a prayer, for the sake of the dead.

Nothing occurred to change the monotony of his solitude before the time of the Bon — the great Festival of the Dead — which begins upon the thirteenth day of the seventh month. Then he decorated his house, and prepared everything for the festival; — hanging out the lanterns that guide the returning spirits, and setting the food of ghosts on the shōryōdana, or Shelf of Souls. And on the first evening of the Bon, after sundown, he kindled a small lamp before the tablet of O-Tsuyu, and lighted the lanterns.

The night was clear, with a great moon — and windless, and very warm. Shinzaburō sought the coolness of his veranda. Clad only in a light summer-robe, he sat there thinking, dreaming, sorrowing; — sometimes fanning himself; sometimes making a little smoke to drive the mosquitoes away. Everything was quiet. It was a lonesome neighborhood, and there were few passers-by. He could hear only the soft rushing of a neighboring stream, and the shrilling of night-insects.

But all at once this stillness was broken by a sound of women's geta [1] approaching — kara-kon, kara-kon; — and the sound drew nearer and nearer, quickly, till it reached the live-hedge surrounding the garden.

Then Shinzaburō, feeling curious, stood on tip-

[1] Komageta in the original. The geta is a wooden sandal, or clog, of which there are many varieties — some decidedly elegant. The komageta, or "pony-geta" is so-called because of the sonorous hoof-like echo which it makes on hard ground.

toe, so as to look over the hedge; and he saw two women passing. One, who was carrying a beautiful lantern decorated with peony-flowers,[1] appeared to be a servant; — the other was a slender girl of about seventeen, wearing a long-sleeved robe embroidered with designs of autumn-blossoms. Almost at the same instant both women turned their faces toward Shinzaburō; — and to his utter astonishment, he recognized O-Tsuyu and her servant O-Yoné.

They stopped immediately; and the girl cried out:

"Oh, how strange! . . . Hagiwara Sama!"

Shinzaburō simultaneously called to the maid:

"O-Yoné! Ah, you are O-Yoné! — I remember you very well."

"Hagiwara Sama!" exclaimed O-Yoné in a tone of supreme amazement. "Never could I have believed it possible! . . . Sir, we were told that you had died."

"How extraordinary!" cried Shinzaburō. "Why, I was told that both of you were dead!"

"Ah, what a hateful story!" returned O-Yoné. "Why repeat such unlucky words? . . . Who told you?"

[1] The sort of lantern here referred to is no longer made. It was totally unlike the modern domestic hand-lantern, painted with the owner's crest; but it was not altogether unlike some forms of lanterns still manufactured for the Festival of the Dead, and called "Bon-dōrō." The flowers ornamenting it were not painted: they were artificial flowers of crêpe-silk, and were attached to the top of the lantern.

"Please to come in," said Shinzaburō; — "here we can talk better. The garden-gate is open."

So they entered, and exchanged greeting; and when Shinzaburō had made them comfortable, he said:

"I trust that you will pardon my discourtesy in not having called upon you for so long a time. But Shijō, the doctor, about a month ago, told me that you had both died."

"So it was he who told you?" exclaimed O-Yoné. "It was very wicked of him to say such a thing. Well, it was also Shijō who told us that *you* were dead. I think that he wanted to deceive you — which was not a difficult thing to do, because you are so confiding and trustful. Possibly my mistress betrayed her liking for you in some words which found their way to her father's ears; and, in that case, O-Kuni — the new wife — might have planned to make the doctor tell you that we were dead, so as to bring about a separation. Anyhow, when my mistress heard that you had died, she wanted to cut off her hair immediately, and to become a nun. But I was able to prevent her from cutting off her hair; and I persuaded her at last to become a nun only in her heart. Afterwards her father wished her to marry a certain young man; and she refused. Then there was a great deal of trouble — chiefly caused by O-Kuni; — and we went away from the villa, and found a very small house in Yanaka-no-Sasaki. There we are now just barely able to live,

by doing a little private work. . . . My mistress has been constantly repeating the 'Nembutsu' for your sake. To-day, being the first day of the Bon, we went to visit the temples; and we were on our way home — thus late — when this strange meeting happened."

"Oh, how extraordinary!" cried Shinzaburō. "Can it be true? — or is it only a dream? Here I, too, have been constantly reciting the 'Nembutsu' before a tablet with her name upon it! Look!' And he showed them O-Tsuyu's tablet in its place upon the Shelf of Souls.

"We are more than grateful for your kind remembrance," returned O-Yoné, smiling. . . . "Now as for my mistress" — she continued, turning toward O-Tsuyu, who had all the while remained demure and silent, half-hiding her face with her sleeve — "as for my mistress, she actually says that she would not mind being disowned by her father for the time of seven existences,[1] or even being killed by him, for your sake! . . . Come! will you not allow her to stay here to-night?"

Shinzaburō turned pale for joy. He answered in a voice trembling with emotion:

"Please remain; but do not speak loud — be-

[1] "For the time of seven existences" — that is to say, for the time of seven successive lives. In Japanese drama and romance it is not uncommon to represent a father as disowning his child "for the time of seven lives." Such a disowning is called "shichi-shō madé no mandō," a disinheritance for seven lives — signifying that in six future lives after the present the erring son or daughter will continue to feel the parental displeasure.

cause there is a troublesome fellow living close by — a ninsomi [1] called Hakuōdō Yusai, who tells people's fortunes by looking at their faces. He is inclined to be curious; and it is better that he should not know."

The two women remained that night in the house of the young samurai, and returned to their own home a little before daybreak. And after that night they came every night for seven nights — whether the weather were foul or fair — always at the same hour. And Shinzaburō became more and more attached to the girl; and the twain were fettered, each to each, by that bond of illusion which is stronger than bands of iron.

IV

Now there was a man called Tomozō, who lived in a small cottage adjoining Shinzaburō's residence. Tomozō and his wife O-Miné were both employed by Shinzaburō as servants. Both seemed to be devoted to their young master; and by his help they were able to live in comparative comfort.

One night, at a very late hour, Tomozō heard the voice of a woman in his master's apartment; and this made him uneasy. He feared that Shinzaburō, being very gentle and affectionate, might be made the dupe of some cunning wanton — in which event

[1] The profession is not yet extinct. The ninsomi uses a kind of magnifying glass (or magnifying-mirror sometimes), called "tengankyó" or "nimsomégané."

the domestics would be the first to suffer. He therefore resolved to watch; and on the following night he stole on tiptoe to Shinzaburō's dwelling, and looked through a chink in one of the sliding shutters. By the glow of a night-lantern within the sleeping-room, he was able to perceive that his master and a strange woman were talking together under the mosquito-net. At first he could not see the woman distinctly. Her back was turned to him; — he only observed that she was very slim, and that she appeared to be very young — judging from the fashion of her dress and hair.[1] Putting his ear to the chink, he could hear the conversation plainly. The woman said:

"And if I should be disowned by my father, would you then let me come and live with you?"

Shinzaburō answered:

"Most assuredly I would — nay, I should be glad of the chance. But there is no reason to fear that you will ever be disowned by your father; for you are his only daughter, and he loves you very much. What I do fear is that some day we shall be cruelly separated."

She responded softly:

"Never, never could I even think of accepting any other man for my husband. Even if our secret were to become known, and my father were to kill me for what I have done, still — after death itself

[1] The color and form of the dress, and the style of wearing the hair, are by Japanese custom regulated according to the age of the woman.

— I could never cease to think of you. And I am now quite sure that you yourself would not be able to live very long without me." . . . Then clinging closely to him, with her lips at his neck, she caressed him; and he returned her caresses.

Tomozō wondered as he listened — because the language of the woman was not the language of a common woman, but the language of a lady of rank.[1] Then he determined at all hazards to get one glimpse of her face; and he crept round the house, backwards and forwards, peering through every crack and chink. And at last he was able to see; — but therewith an icy trembling seized him; and the hair of his head stood up.

For the face was the face of a woman long dead — and the fingers caressing were fingers of naked bone — and of the body below the waist there was not anything: it melted off into thinnest trailing shadow. Where the eyes of the lover deluded saw youth and grace and beauty, there appeared to the eyes of the watcher horror only, and the emptiness of death. Simultaneously another woman's figure, and a weirder, rose up from within the chamber, and swiftly made toward the watcher, as if discerning his presence. Then, in uttermost terror, he fled to the dwelling of Hakuōdō Yusai, and, knock-

[1] The forms of speech used by the samurai, and other superior classes, differed considerably from those of the popular idiom; but these differences could not be effectively rendered into English.

ing frantically at the doors, succeeded in arousing him.

V

HAKUŌDŌ YUSAI, the ninsomi, was a very old man; but in his time he had traveled much, and he had heard and seen so many things that he could not be easily surprised. Yet the story of the terrified Tomozō both alarmed and amazed him. He had read in ancient Chinese books of love between the living and the dead; but he had never believed it possible. Now, however, he felt convinced that the statement of Tomozō was not a falsehood, and that something very strange was really going on in the house of Hagiwara. Should the truth prove to be what Tomozō imagined, then the young samurai was a doomed man.

"If the woman be a ghost" — said Yusai to the frightened servant — "if the woman be a ghost, your master must die very soon — unless something extraordinary can be done to save him. And if the woman be a ghost, the signs of death will appear upon his face. For the spirit of the living is yōki, and pure; — the spirit of the dead is inki, and unclean: the one is Positive, the other Negative. He whose bride is a ghost cannot live. Even though in his blood there existed the force of a life of one hundred years, that force must quickly perish. . . . Still, I shall do all that I can to save Higawara Sama. And in the meantime, Tomozō, say nothing to any

other person — not even to your wife — about this matter. At sunrise I shall call upon your master."

VI

WHEN questioned next morning by Yusai, Shinzaburō at first attempted to deny that any women had been visiting the house; but finding this artless policy of no avail, and perceiving that the old man's purpose was altogether unselfish, he was finally persuaded to acknowledge what had really occurred, and to give his reasons for wishing to keep the matter a secret. As for the lady Iijima, he intended, he said, to make her his wife as soon as possible.

"Oh, madness!" cried Yusai — losing all patience in the intensity of his alarm. "Know, sir, that the people who have been coming here, night after night, are dead! Some frightful delusion is upon you! . . . Why, the simple fact that you long supposed O-Tsuyu to be dead, and repeated the 'Nembutsu' for her, and made offerings before her tablet, is itself the proof! . . . The lips of the dead have touched you! — the hands of the dead have caressed you! . . . Even at this moment I see in your face the signs of death — and you will not believe! . . . Listen to me now, sir — I beg of you — if you wish to save yourself: otherwise you have less than twenty days to live. They told you — those people — that they were residing in the district of Shitaya, in Yanaka-no-Sasaki. Did you ever visit them at that place? No! — of course you did not! Then go

to-day — as soon as you can — to Yanaka-no-Sasaki, and try to find their home! . . ."

And having uttered this counsel with the most vehement earnestness, Hakuōdō Yusai abruptly took his departure.

Shinzaburō, startled though not convinced, resolved after a moment's reflection to follow the advice of the ninsomi, and to go to Shitaya. It was yet early in the morning when he reached the quarter of Yanaka-no-Sasaki, and began his search for the dwelling of O-Tsuyu. He went through every street and side-street, read all the names inscribed at the various entrances, and made inquiries whenever an opportunity presented itself. But he could not find anything resembling the little house mentioned by O-Yoné; and none of the people whom he questioned knew of any house in the quarter inhabited by two single women. Feeling at last certain that further research would be useless, he turned homeward by the shortest way, which happened to lead through the grounds of the temple Shin-Banzui-In.

Suddenly his attention was attracted by two new tombs, placed side by side, at the rear of the temple. One was a common tomb, such as might have been erected for a person of humble rank: the other was a large and handsome monument; and hanging before it was a beautiful peony-lantern, which had probably been left there at the time of the Festival

of the Dead. Shinzaburō remembered that the peony-lantern carried by O-Yoné was exactly similar; and the coincidence impressed him as strange. He looked again at the tombs; but the tombs explained nothing. Neither bore any personal name — only the Buddhist kaimyō, or posthumous appellation. Then he determined to seek information at the temple. An acolyte stated, in reply to his questions, that the large tomb had been recently erected for the daughter of Iijima Heizayémon, the hatamoto of Ushigomé; and that the small tomb next to it was that of her servant O-Yoné, who had died of grief soon after the young lady's funeral.

Immediately to Shinzaburō's memory there recurred, with another and sinister meaning, the words of O-Yoné: "We went away, and found a very small house in Yanaka-no-Sasaki. There we are now just barely able to live — by doing a little private work . . ." Here was indeed the very small house — and in Yanaka-no-Sasaki. But the little *private work* . . . ?

Terror-stricken, the samurai hastened with all speed to the house of Yusai, and begged for his counsel and assistance. But Yusai declared himself unable to be of any aid in such a case. All that he could do was to send Shinzaburō to the high-priest Ryōseki, of Shin-Banzui-In, with a letter praying for immediate religious help.

VII

THE high-priest Ryōseki was a learned and a holy man. By spiritual vision he was able to know the secret of any sorrow, and the nature of the karma that had caused it. He heard unmoved the story of Shinzaburō, and said to him:

"A very great danger now threatens you, because of an error committed in one of your former states of existence. The karma that binds you to the dead is very strong; but if I tried to explain its character, you would not be able to understand. I shall therefore tell you only this — that the dead person has no desire to injure you out of hate, feels no enmity towards you: she is influenced, on the contrary, by the most passionate affection for you. Probably the girl has been in love with you from a time long preceding your present life — from a time of not less than three or four past existences; and it would seem that, although necessarily changing her form and condition at each succeeding birth, she has not been able to cease from following after you. Therefore it will not be an easy thing to escape from her influence. . . . But now I am going to lend you this powerful mamori.[1] It is a pure gold image of

[1] The Japanese word "mamori" has significations at least as numerous as those attaching to our own term "amulet." It would be impossible, in a mere footnote, even to suggest the variety of Japanese religious objects to which the name is given. In this instance, the mamori is a very small image, probably enclosed in a miniature shrine of lacquerwork or metal, over which a silk cover is drawn. Such little images were

that Buddha called the "Sea-Sounding Tathâgata" — "Kai-On-Nyōrai" — because his preaching of the Law sounds through the world like the sound of the sea. And this little image is especially a shiryō-yoké [1] — which protects the living from the dead. This you must wear, in its covering, next to your body — under the girdle. . . . Besides, I shall presently perform in the temple, a segaki-service [2] for the repose of the troubled spirit. . . . And here is a holy sutra, called "Ubō-Darani-Kyō," or "Treasure-Raining Sutra"; [3] you must be careful to recite it every night in your house — without fail. . . . Furthermore I shall give you this package of o-fuda; [4] — you must paste one of them over every

often worn by samurai on the person. I was recently shown a miniature figure of Kwannon, in an iron case, which had been carried by an officer through the Satsuma war. He observed, with good reason, that it had probably saved his life; for it had stopped a bullet of which the dent was plainly visible.

[1] From shiryō, a ghost, and yokeru, to exclude. The Japanese have two kinds of ghosts proper in their folk-lore: the spirits of the dead, shiryō; and the spirits of the living, ikiryō. A house or a person may be haunted by an ikiryō as well as by a shiryō.

[2] A special service — accompanying offerings of food, etc., to those dead having no living relatives or friends to care for them — is thus termed. In this case, however, the service would be of a particular and exceptional kind.

[3] The name would be more correctly written Uhō-Darani-Kyō. It is the Japanese pronunciation of the title of a very short sutra translated out of Sanscrit into Chinese by the Indian priest Amoghavajra, probably during the eighth century. The Chinese text contains transliterations of some mysterious Sanscrit words — apparently talismanic words — like those to be seen in Kern's translation of the *Saddharma-Pundarika*, chap. XXVI.

[4] O-fuda is the general name given to religious texts used as charms or talismans. They are sometimes stamped or burned upon wood, but more commonly written or printed upon narrow strips of paper. O-fuda

opening of your house — no matter how small. If you do this, the power of the holy texts will prevent the dead from entering. But — whatever may happen — do not fail to recite the sutra."

Shinzaburō humbly thanked the high-priest; and then, taking with him the image, the sutra, and the bundle of sacred texts, he made all haste to reach his home before the hour of sunset.

VIII

With Yusai's advice and help, Shinzaburō was able before dark to fix the holy texts over all the apertures of his dwelling. Then the ninsomi returned to his own house — leaving the youth alone.

Night came, warm and clear. Shinzaburō made fast the doors, bound the precious amulet about his waist, entered his mosquito-net, and by the glow of a night-lantern began to recite the "Ubō-Darani-Kyō." For a long time he chanted the words, comprehending little of their meaning; — then he tried to obtain some rest. But his mind was still too much disturbed by the strange events of the day. Midnight passed; and no sleep came to him. At last he heard the boom of the great temple-bell of Dentsu-In announcing the eighth hour.[1]

are pasted above house-entrances, on the walls of rooms, upon tablets placed in household shrines, etc., etc. Some kinds are worn about the person; — others are made into pellets, and swallowed as spiritual medicine. The text of the larger o-fuda is often accompanied by curious pictures or symbolic illustrations.

[1] According to the old Japanese way of counting time, this yatsudoki

It ceased; and Shinzaburō suddenly heard the sound of geta approaching from the old direction — but this time more slowly: karan-koron, karan-koron! At once a cold sweat broke over his forehead. Opening the sutra hastily, with trembling hand, he began again to recite it aloud. The steps came nearer and nearer — reached the live hedge — stopped! Then, strange to say, Shinzaburō felt unable to remain under his mosquito-net: something stronger even than his fear impelled him to look; and, instead of continuing to recite the "Ubō-Darani-Kyō," he foolishly approached the shutters, and through a chink peered out into the night. Before the house he saw O-Tsuyu standing, and O-Yoné with the peony-lantern; and both of them were gazing at the Buddhist texts pasted above the entrance. Never before — not even in what time she lived — had O-Tsuyu appeared so beautiful; and Shinzaburō felt his heart drawn towards her with a power almost resistless. But the terror of death and the terror of the unknown restrained; and there went on within him such a struggle between his love and his fear that he became as one suffering in the body the pains of the Shō-netsu hell.[1]

or eighth hour was the same as our two o'clock in the morning. Each Japanese hour was equal to two European hours, so that there were only six hours instead of our twelve; and these six hours were counted backwards in the order — 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4. Thus the ninth hour corresponded to our midday, or midnight; half-past nine to our one o'clock; eight to our two o'clock. Two o'clock in the morning, also called "the Hour of the Ox," was the Japanese hour of ghosts and goblins.

[1] En-netsu or Shō-netsu (Sanscrit "Tapana") is the sixth of the Eight

Presently he heard the voice of the maidservant, saying:

"My dear mistress, there is no way to enter. The heart of Hagiwara Sama must have changed. For the promise that he made last night has been broken; and the doors have been made fast to keep us out. . . . We cannot go in to-night. . . . It will be wiser for you to make up your mind not to think any more about him, because his feeling toward you has certainly changed. It is evident that he does not want to see you. So it will be better not to give yourself any more trouble for the sake of a man whose heart is so unkind."

But the girl answered, weeping:

"Oh, to think that this could happen after the pledges which we made to each other! . . . Often I was told that the heart of a man changes as quickly as the sky of autumn; — yet surely the heart of Hagiwara Sama cannot be so cruel that he should really intend to exclude me in this way! . . . Dear Yoné, please find some means of taking me to him. . . . Unless you do, I will never, never go home again."

Thus she continued to plead, veiling her face with her long sleeves — and very beautiful she looked, and very touching; but the fear of death was strong upon her lover.

O-Yoné at last made answer:

"My dear young lady, why will you trouble your

Hot Hells of Japanese Buddhism. One day of life in this hell is equal in duration to thousands (some say millions) of human years.

mind about a man who seems to be so cruel? . . . Well, let us see if there be no way to enter at the back of the house: come with me!"

And taking O-Tsuyu by the hand, she led her away toward the rear of the dwelling; and there the two disappeared as suddenly as the light disappears when the flame of a lamp is blown out.

IX

NIGHT after night the shadows came at the Hour of the Ox; and nightly Shinzaburō heard the weeping of O-Tsuyu. Yet he believed himself saved — little imagining that his doom had already been decided by the character of his dependents.

Tomozō had promised Yusai never to speak to any other person — not even to O-Miné — of the strange events that were taking place. But Tomozō was not long suffered by the haunters to rest in peace. Night after night O-Yoné entered into his dwelling, and roused him from his sleep, and asked him to remove the o-fuda placed over one very small window at the back of his master's house. And Tomozō, out of fear, as often promised her to take away the o-fuda before the next sundown; but never by day could he make up his mind to remove it — believing that evil was intended to Shinzaburō. At last, in a night of storm, O-Yoné startled him from slumber with a cry of reproach, and stooped above his pillow, and said to him: "Have a care how you

trifle with us! If, by to-morrow night, you do not take away that text, you shall learn how I can hate!" And she made her face so frightful as she spoke that Tomozō nearly died of terror.

O-Miné, the wife of Tomozō, had never till then known of these visits: even to her husband they had seemed like bad dreams. But on this particular night it chanced that, waking suddenly, she heard the voice of a woman talking to Tomozō. Almost in the same moment the talking ceased; and when O-Miné looked about her, she saw, by the light of the night-lamp, only her husband — shuddering and white with fear. The stranger was gone; the doors were fast: it seemed impossible that anybody could have entered. Nevertheless the jealousy of the wife had been aroused; and she began to chide and to question Tomozō in such a manner that he thought himself obliged to betray the secret, and to explain the terrible dilemma in which he had been placed.

Then the passion of O-Miné yielded to wonder and alarm; but she was a subtle woman, and she devised immediately a plan to save her husband by the sacrifice of her master. And she gave Tomozō a cunning counsel — telling him to make conditions with the dead.

They came again on the following night at the Hour of the Ox; and O-Miné hid herself on hearing the sound of their coming — karan-koron, karan-koron! But Tomozō went out to meet them in the

dark, and even found courage to say to them what his wife had told him to say:

"It is true that I deserve your blame; — but I had no wish to cause you anger. The reason that the o-fuda has not been taken away is that my wife and I are able to live only by the help of Hagiwara Sama, and that we cannot expose him to any danger without bringing misfortune upon ourselves. But if we could obtain the sum of a hundred ryō in gold, we should be able to please you, because we should then need no help from anybody. Therefore if you will give us a hundred ryō, I can take the o-fuda away without being afraid of losing our only means of support."

When he had uttered these words, O-Yoné and O-Tsuyu looked at each other in silence for a moment. Then O-Yoné said:

"Mistress, I told you that it was not right to trouble this man — as we have no just cause of ill-will against him. But it is certainly useless to fret yourself about Hagiwara Sama, because his heart has changed toward you. Now once again, my dear young lady, let me beg you not to think any more about him!"

But O-Tsuyu, weeping, made answer:

"Dear Yoné, whatever may happen, I cannot possibly keep myself from thinking about him! . . . You know that you can get a hundred ryō to have the o-fuda taken off. . . . Only once more, I pray, dear Yoné! — only once more bring me face

to face with Hagiwara Sama — I beseech you!" And hiding her face with her sleeve, she thus continued to plead.

"Oh! why will you ask me to do these things?" responded O-Yoné. "You know very well that I have no money. But since you will persist in this whim of yours, in spite of all that I can say, I suppose that I must try to find the money somehow, and to bring it here to-morrow night. . . ." Then, turning to the faithless Tomozō, she said: "Tomozō, I must tell you that Hagiwara Sama now wears upon his body a mamori called by the name of 'Kai-On-Nyōrai,' and that so long as he wears it we cannot approach him. So you will have to get that mamori away from him, by some means or other, as well as to remove the o-fuda."

Tomozō feebly made answer:

"That also I can do, if you will promise to bring me the hundred ryō."

"Well, mistress," said O Yoné, "you will wait — will you not — until to-morrow night?"

"Oh, dear Yoné!" sobbed the other — "have we to go back to-night again without seeing Hagiwara Sama? Ah! it is cruel!"

And the shadow of the mistress, weeping, was led away by the shadow of the maid.

X

ANOTHER day went, and another night came, and the dead came with it. But this time no lamentation

was heard without the house of Hagiwara; for the faithless servant found his reward at the Hour of the Ox, and removed the o-fuda. Moreover he had been able, while his master was at the bath, to steal from its case the golden mamori, and to substitute for it an image of copper; and he had buried the Kai-On-Nyōrai in a desolate field. So the visitants found nothing to oppose their entering. Veiling their faces with their sleeves they rose and passed, like a streaming of vapor, into the little window from over which the holy text had been torn away. But what happened thereafter within the house Tomozō never knew.

The sun was high before he ventured again to approach his master's dwelling, and to knock upon the sliding-doors. For the first time in years he obtained no response; and the silence made him afraid. Repeatedly he called, and received no answer. Then, aided by O-Miné, he succeeded in effecting an entrance and making his way alone to the sleeping-room, where he called again in vain. He rolled back the rumbling shutters to admit the light; but still within the house there was no stir. At last he dared to lift a corner of the mosquito-net. But no sooner had he looked beneath than he fled from the house, with a cry of horror.

Shinzaburō was dead — hideously dead; — and his face was the face of a man who had died in the uttermost agony of fear; — and lying beside him in the bed were the bones of a woman! And the

bones of the arms, and the bones of the hands, clung fast about his neck.

XI

HAKUŌDŌ YUSAI, the fortune-teller, went to view the corpse at the prayer of the faithless Tomozō. The old man was terrified and astonished at the spectacle, but looked about him with a keen eye. He soon perceived that the o-fuda had been taken from the little window at the back of the house; and on searching the body of Shinzaburō, he discovered that the golden mamori had been taken from its wrapping, and a copper image of Fudō put in place of it. He suspected Tomozō of the theft; but the whole occurrence was so very extraordinary that he thought it prudent to consult with the priest Ryōseki before taking further action. Therefore, after having made a careful examination of the premises, he betook himself to the temple Shin-Banzui-In, as quickly as his aged limbs could bear him.

Ryōseki, without waiting to hear the purpose of the old man's visit, at once invited him into a private apartment.

"You know that you are always welcome here," said Ryōseki. "Please seat yourself at ease. . . . Well, I am sorry to tell you that Hagiwara Sama is dead."

Yusai wonderingly exclaimed:

"Yes, he is dead; — but how did you learn of it?"

The priest responded:

"Hagiwara Sama was suffering from the results of an evil karma; and his attendant was a bad man. What happened to Hagiwara Sama was unavoidable; — his destiny had been determined from a time long before his last birth. It will be better for you not to let your mind be troubled by this event."

Yusai said:

"I have heard that a priest of pure life may gain power to see into the future for a hundred years; but truly this is the first time in my existence that I have had proof of such power. . . . Still, there is another matter about which I am very anxious. . . ."

"You mean," interrupted Ryōseki, "the stealing of the holy mamori, the Kai-On-Nyōrai. But you must not give yourself any concern about that. The image has been buried in a field; and it will be found there and returned to me during the eighth month of the coming year. So please do not be anxious about it."

More and more amazed, the old ninsomi ventured to observe:

"I have studied the In-Yō,[1] and the science of divination; and I make my living by telling peoples' fortunes; — but I cannot possibly understand how you know these things."

[1] The Male and Female principles of the universe, the Active and Passive forces of Nature. Yusai refers here to the old Chinese nature-philosophy — better known to Western readers by the name "Feng-Shui."

Ryōseki answered gravely:

"Never mind how I happen to know them. . . . I now want to speak to you about Hagiwara's funeral. The House of Hagiwara has its own family-cemetery, of course; but to bury him there would not be proper. He must be buried beside O-Tsuyu, the Lady Iijima; for his karma-relation to her was a very deep one. And it is but right that you should erect a tomb for him at your own cost, because you have been indebted to him for many favors."

Thus it came to pass that Shinzaburō was buried beside O-Tsuyu, in the cemetery of Shin-Banzui-In, in Yanaka-no-Sasaki.

Here ends the story of the Ghosts in the Romance of the Peony-Lantern.

My friend asked me whether the story had interested me; and I answered by telling him that I wanted to go to the cemetery of Shin-Banzui-In — so as to realize more definitely the local color of the author's studies.

"I shall go with you at once," he said. "But what did you think of the personages?"

"To Western thinking," I made answer, "Shinzaburō is a despicable creature. I have been mentally comparing him with the true lovers of our old ballad-literature. They were only too glad to follow a dead sweetheart into the grave; and nevertheless, being Christians, they believed that they had only

one human life to enjoy in this world. But Shinzaburō was a Buddhist — with a million lives behind him and a million lives before him; and he was too selfish to give up even one miserable existence for the sake of the girl that came back to him from the dead. Then he was even more cowardly than selfish. Although a samurai by birth and training, he had to beg a priest to save him from ghosts. In every way he proved himself contemptible; and O-Tsuyu did quite right in choking him to death."

"From the Japanese point of view, likewise," my friend responded, "Shinzaburō is rather contemptible. But the use of this weak character helped the author to develop incidents that could not otherwise, perhaps, have been so effectively managed. To my thinking, the only attractive character in the story is that of O-Yoné: type of the old-time loyal and loving servant — intelligent, shrewd, full of resource — faithful not only unto death, but beyond death. . . . Well, let us go to Shin-Banzui-In."

We found the temple uninteresting, and the cemetery an abomination of desolation. Spaces once occupied by graves had been turned into potato-patches. Between were tombs leaning at all angles out of the perpendicular, tablets made illegible by scurf, empty pedestals, shattered water-tanks, and statues of Buddhas without heads or hands. Recent rains had soaked the black soil — leaving here and there small pools of slime about which swarms of

tiny frogs were hopping. Everything — excepting the potato-patches — seemed to have been neglected for years. In a shed just within the gate, we observed a woman cooking; and my companion presumed to ask her if she knew anything about the tombs described in the Romance of the Peony-Lantern.

"Ah! the tombs of O-Tsuyu and O-Yoné?" she responded, smiling; — "you will find them near the end of the first row at the back of the temple — next to the statue of Jizō."

Surprises of this kind I had met with elsewhere in Japan.

We picked our way between the rain-pools and between the green ridges of young potatoes — whose roots were doubtless feeding on the substance of many another O-Tsuyu and O-Yoné; — and we reached at last two lichen-eaten tombs of which the inscriptions seemed almost obliterated. Besides the larger tomb was a statue of Jizō, with a broken nose.

"The characters are not easy to make out," said my friend — "but wait!" . . . He drew from his sleeve a sheet of soft white paper, laid it over the inscription, and began to rub the paper with a lump of clay. As he did so, the characters appeared in white on the blackened surface.

Eleventh day, third month — Rat, Elder Brother, Fire — Sixth year of Horéki [A.D. 1756]. . .

"This would seem to be the grave of some inn-

keeper of Nedzu, named Kichibei. Let us see what is on the other monument."

With a fresh sheet of paper he presently brought out the text of a kaimyō, and read:

En-myō-In, Hō-yō-I-tei-ken-shi, Hō-ni: — Nun-of-the-Law, Illustrious, Pure-of-heart-and-will, Famed-in-the-Law — inhabiting the Mansion-of-the-Preaching-of-Wonder. . . .

"The grave of some Buddhist nun."

"What utter humbug!" I exclaimed. "That woman was only making fun of us."

"Now," my friend protested, "you are unjust to the woman! You came here because you wanted a sensation; and she tried her very best to please you. You did not suppose that ghost-story was true, did you?"

FOOTPRINTS OF THE BUDDHA

I

I WAS recently surprised to find, in Anderson's catalogue of Japanese and Chinese paintings in the British Museum, this remarkable statement: "It is to be noted that in Japan the figure of the Buddha is never represented by the feet, or pedestal alone, as in the Amravâtî remains, and many other Indian art-relics." As a matter of fact the representation is not even rare in Japan. It is to be found not only upon stone monuments, but also in religious paintings — especially certain kakemono suspended in temples. These kakemono usually display the footprints upon a very large scale, with a multitude of mystical symbols and characters. The sculptures may be less common; but in Tōkyō alone there are a number of Butsu-soku-séki, or "Buddha-foot stones," which I have seen — and probably several which I have not seen. There is one at the temple of Ekō-In, near Ryōgoku-bashi; one at the temple of Dentsu-In, in Koishikawa; one at the temple of Denbō-In, in Asakusa; and a beautiful example at Zōjōji in Shiba. These are not cut out of a single block, but are composed of fragments cemented into the irregular traditional shape, and capped with a heavy slab of Nebukawa granite, on the polished surface of which the design is engraved in lines about

one tenth of an inch in depth. I should judge the average height of these pedestals to be about two feet four inches, and their greatest diameter about three feet. Around the footprints there are carved (in most of the examples) twelve little bunches of leaves and buds of the Bodai-jū ("Bodhidruma"), or Bodhi-tree of Buddhist legend. In all cases the footprint design is about the same; but the monuments are different in quality and finish. That of Zōjōji — with figures of divinities cut in low relief on its sides — is the most ornate and costly of the four. The specimen at Ekō-In is very poor and plain.

The first Butsu-soku-séki made in Japan was that erected at Tōdaiji, in Nara. It was designed after a similar monument in China, said to be the faithful copy of an Indian original. Concerning this Indian original, the following tradition is given in an old Buddhist book : [1]

In a temple of the province of Makada [Maghada] there is a great stone. The Buddha once trod upon this stone; and the prints of the soles of his feet remain upon its surface. The length of the impressions is one foot and eight inches,[2] and the width of them a little more than six inches. On the sole-part of each footprint there is the impression of a wheel; and upon each of the prints of the

[1] The Chinese title is pronounced by Japanese as *Sei-iki-ki*. "Sei-Iki" (the Country of the West) was the old Japanese name for India; and thus the title might be rendered, "The Book about India." I suppose this is the work known to Western scholars as *Si-yu-ki*.

[2] "One shaku and eight sun." But the Japanese foot and inch are considerably longer than the English.

ten toes there is a flower-like design, which sometimes radiates light. When the Buddha felt that the time of his Nirvana was approaching, he went to Kushina [Kusinârâ], and there stood upon that stone. He stood with his face to the south. Then he said to his disciple Anan [Ananda]: "In this place I leave the impression of my feet, to remain for a last token. Although a king of this country will try to destroy the impression, it can never be entirely destroyed." And indeed it has not been destroyed unto this day. Once a king who hated Buddhism caused the top of the stone to be pared off, so as to remove the impression; but after the surface had been removed, the footprints reappeared upon the stone.

Concerning the virtue of the representation of the footprints of the Buddha, there is sometimes quoted a text from the "Kwan-butsu-sanmai-kyō" ["Buddha-dhyâna-samâdhi-sâgara-sutra"], thus translated for me:

> In that time Shaka ["Sâkyamuni"] lifted up his foot. . . . When the Buddha lifted up his foot all could perceive upon the sole of it the appearance of a wheel of a thousand spokes. . . . And Shaka said: "Whosoever beholds the sign upon the sole of my foot shall be purified from all his faults. Even he who beholds the sign after my death shall be delivered from all the evil results of all his errors."

Various other texts of Japanese Buddhism affirm that whoever looks upon the footprints of the Buddha "shall be freed from the bonds of error, and conducted upon the Way of Enlightenment."

An outline of the footprints as engraved on one of the Japanese pedestals [1] should have some interest

[1] A monument at Nara exhibits the S'rîpâda in a form differing considerably from the design upon the Tōkyō pedestals.

even for persons familiar with Indian sculptures of the S'rîpâda. The drawing below, showing both footprints, has been made after the tracing at Dentsu-In, where the footprints have the full legendary dimension.

S'RÎPÂDA-TRACING AT DENTSU-IN, KOISHIKAWA, TŌKYŌ

It will be observed that there are only seven emblems: these are called in Japan the "Shichi-Sō," or "Seven Appearances." I got some information about them from the "Shō-Ekō-Hō-Kwan" — a book used by the Jōdo sect. This book also contains rough woodcuts of the footprints; and one of

them I reproduce here for the purpose of calling attention to the curious form of the emblems upon the toes. They are said to be modifications of the manji, or swastika (卐); but I doubt it. In the Butsu-soku-séki-tracings, the corresponding figures

S'rîpâda showing the Swastîka
(*From the* BUKKYŌ-HYAKKWA-ZENSHO)

釋尊足下千輻輪相圖

(*From the* SHŌ-EKŌ-HŌ-KWAN)

suggest the "flower-like design" mentioned in the tradition of the Maghada stone; while the symbols in the book-print suggest fire. Indeed their outline so much resembles the conventional flamelet-design of Buddhist decoration, that I cannot help thinking them originally intended to indicate the traditional

luminosity of the footprints. Moreover, there is a text in the book called "Hō-Kai-Shidai" that lends support to this supposition:

> The sole of the foot of the Buddha is flat — like the base of a toilet-stand. . . . Upon it are lines forming the appearance of a wheel of a thousand spokes. . . . The toes are slender, round, long, straight, graceful, *and somewhat luminous.*

The explanation of the Seven Appearances which is given by the "Shō-Ekō-Hō-Kwan" cannot be called satisfactory; but it is not without interest in relation to Japanese popular Buddhism. The emblems are considered in the following order:

I. *The Swastika* The figure upon each toe is said to be a modification of the manji [1] (卐); and although I doubt whether this is always the case, I have observed that on some of the large kakemono representing the footprints, the emblem really *is* the swastika — not a flamelet nor a flower-shape. [2] The Japanese commentator explains the swastika as a symbol of "everlasting bliss."

II. *The Fish* (*Gyo*). The fish signifies a freedom from all restraints. As in the water a fish moves easily in any direction, so in the Buddha-state the fully-emancipated knows no restraints or obstructions.

[1] Literally: "The thousand-character" sign.

[2] On some monuments and drawings there is a sort of disk made by a single line in spiral, on each toe — together with the image of a small wheel.

III. *The Diamond-Mace* (Jap. "Kongō-sho"; — Sansc. "Vadjra"). Explained as signifying the divine force that "strikes and breaks all the lusts (bonnō) of the world."

IV. *The Conch-Shell* (Jap. "Hora") *or Trumpet.* Emblem of the preaching of the Law. The book "Shin-zoku-butsu-ji-hen" calls it the symbol of the voice of the Buddha. The "Dai-hi-kyō" calls it the token of the preaching and of the power of the Mâhâyâna doctrine. The "Dai-Nichi-Kyō" says:

> At the sound of the blowing of the shell, all the heavenly deities are filled with delight, and come to hear the Law.

V. *The Flower-Vase* (Jap. "Hanagamé"). Emblem of murō — a mystical word which might be literally rendered as "not-leaking" — signifying that condition of supreme intelligence triumphant over birth and death.

VI. *The Wheel-of-a-Thousand-Spokes* (Sansc. "Tchakra"). This emblem, called in Japanese "Senfuku-rin-sō," is curiously explained by various quotations. The "Hokké-Monku" says:

> The effect of a wheel is to crush something; and the effect of the Buddha's preaching is to crush all delusions, errors, doubts, and superstitions. Therefore preaching the doctrine is called, "turning the Wheel." . . .

The "Sei-Ri-Ron" says:

> Even as the common wheel has its spokes and its hub, so in Buddhism there are many branches of the Hasshi Shōdo ("Eight-fold Path," or eight rules of conduct).

VII. *The Crown of Brahmâ.* Under the heel of the Buddha is the Treasure-Crown (Hō-Kwan) of Brahmâ (Bon-Ten-O) — in symbol of the Buddha's supremacy above the gods.

But I think that the inscriptions upon any of these Butsu-soku-séki will be found of more significance than the above imperfect attempts at an explanation of the emblems. The inscriptions upon the monument at Dentsu-In are typical. On different sides of the structure — near the top, and placed by rule so as to face certain points of the compass — there are engraved five Sanscrit characters which are symbols of the Five Elemental Buddhas, together with scriptural and commemorative texts. These latter have been translated for me as follows:

The "Ho-ko-hon-nyo-kyo" says: "In that time, from beneath his feet, the Buddha radiated a light having the appearance of a wheel of a thousand spokes. And all who saw that radiance became strictly upright, and obtained the Supreme Enlightenment."

The "Kwan-Butsu-sanmai-kyo" says: "Whosoever looks upon the footprints of the Buddha shall be freed from the results even of innumerable thousands of imperfections."

The "Butsu-setsu-mu-ryo-ju-kyo" says: "In the land that the Buddha treads in journeying, there is not even one person in all the multitude of the villages who is not benefited. Then throughout the world there is peace and good will. The sun and the moon shine clear and bright. Wind and rain come only at a suitable time. Calamity and pestilence cease. The country prospers; the people are free from care. Weapons become useless. All men

reverence religion, and regulate their conduct in all matters with earnestness and modesty."

[Commemorative Text]

The Fifth Month of the Eighteenth Year of Meiji, all the priests of this temple made and set up this pedestal-stone, bearing the likeness of the footprints of the Buddha, and placed the same within the main court of Dentsu-In, in order that the seed of holy enlightenment might be sown for future time, and for the sake of the advancement of Buddhism.

Taijo, priest — being the sixty-sixth chief-priest by succession of this temple — has respectfully composed.

Junyu, the minor priest, has reverentially inscribed.

II

STRANGE facts crowd into memory as one contemplates those graven footprints — footprints giant-seeming, yet less so than the human personality of which they remain the symbol. Twenty-four hundred years ago, out of solitary meditation upon the pain and the mystery of being, the mind of an Indian pilgrim brought forth the highest truth ever taught to men, and in an era barren of science anticipated the uttermost knowledge of our present evolutional philosophy regarding the secret unity of life, the endless illusions of matter and of mind, and the birth and death of universes. He, by pure reason — and he alone before our time — found answers of worth to the questions of the Whence, the Whither, and the Why; — and he made with these answers another and a nobler faith than the creed of his fathers. He spoke, and returned to his dust; and the people worshiped the prints of his dead feet, because of the

love that he had taught them. Thereafter waxed and waned the name of Alexander, and the power of Rome, and the might of Islam; — nations arose and vanished; — cities grew and were not; — the children of another civilization, vaster than Rome's, begirdled the earth with conquest, and founded far-off empires, and came at last to rule in the land of that pilgrim's birth. And these, rich in the wisdom of four and twenty centuries, wondered at the beauty of his message, and caused all that he had said and done to be written down anew in languages unborn at the time when he lived and taught. Still burn his footprints in the East; and still the great West, marveling, follows their gleam to seek the Supreme Enlightenment. Even thus, of old, Milinda the king followed the way to the house of Nagasena — at first only to question, after the subtle method of the Greeks; yet, later, to accept with noble reverence the nobler method of the Master.

ULULATION

SHE is lean as a wolf, and very old — the white bitch that guards my gate at night. She played with most of the young men and women of the neighborhood when they were boys and girls. I found her in charge of my present dwelling on the day that I came to occupy it. She had guarded the place, I was told, for a long succession of prior tenants — apparently with no better reason than that she had been born in the woodshed at the back of the house. Whether well or ill treated she had served all occupants faultlessly as a watch. The question of food as wages had never seriously troubled her, because most of the families of the street daily contributed to her support.

She is gentle and silent — silent at least by day; and in spite of her gaunt ugliness, her pointed ears, and her somewhat unpleasant eyes, everybody is fond of her. Children ride on her back, and tease her at will; but although she has been known to make strange men feel uncomfortable, she never growls at a child. The reward of her patient good-nature is the friendship of the community. When the dog-killers come on their bi-annual round, the neighbors look after her interests. Once she was on the very point of being officially executed when the wife of the smith ran to the rescue, and pleaded successfully with the policeman superintending the

massacres. "Put somebody's name on the dog," said the latter: "then it will be safe. Whose dog is it?" That question proved hard to answer. The dog was everybody's and nobody's — welcome everywhere but owned nowhere. "But where does it stay?" asked the puzzled constable. "It stays," said the smith's wife, "in the house of the foreigner." "Then let the foreigner's name be put upon the dog," suggested the policeman.

Accordingly I had my name painted on her back in big Japanese characters. But the neighbors did not think that she was sufficiently safeguarded by a single name. So the priest of Kobudera painted the name of the temple on her left side, in beautiful Chinese text; and the smith put the name of his shop on her right side; and the vegetable-seller put on her breast the ideographs for "eight-hundred" — which represent the customary abbreviation of the word "yaoya" (vegetable-seller) — any yaoya being supposed to sell eight hundred or more different things. Consequently she is now a very curious-looking dog; but she is well protected by all that calligraphy.

I have only one fault to find with her: she howls at night. Howling is one of the few pathetic pleasures of her existence. At first I tried to frighten her out of the habit; but finding that she refused to take me seriously, I concluded to let her howl. It would have been monstrous to beat her.

Yet I detest her howl. It always gives me a feeling of vague disquiet, like the uneasiness that precedes the horror of nightmare. It makes me afraid — indefinably, superstitiously afraid. Perhaps what I am writing will seem to you absurd; but you would not think it absurd if you once heard her howl. She does not howl like the common street-dogs. She belongs to some ruder Northern breed, much more wolfish, and retaining wild traits of a very peculiar kind. And her howl is also peculiar. It is incomparably weirder than the howl of any European dog; and I fancy that it is incomparably older. It may represent the original primitive cry of her species — totally unmodified by centuries of domestication.

It begins with a stifled moan, like the moan of a bad dream — mounts into a long, long wail, like a wailing of wind — sinks quavering into a chuckle — rises again to a wail, very much higher and wilder than before — breaks suddenly into a kind of atrocious laughter — and finally sobs itself out in a plaint like the crying of a little child. The ghastliness of the performance is chiefly — though not entirely — in the goblin mockery of the laughing tones as contrasted with the piteous agony of the wailing ones: an incongruity that makes you think of madness. And I imagine a corresponding incongruity in the soul of the creature. I know that she loves me — that she would throw away her poor life for me at an instant's notice. I am sure that she

would grieve if I were to die. But she would not think about the matter like other dogs — like a dog with hanging ears, for example. She is too savagely close to Nature for that. Were she to find herself alone with my corpse in some desolate place, she would first mourn wildly for her friend; but, this duty performed, she would proceed to ease her sorrow in the simplest way possible — by eating him — by cracking his bones between those long wolf's-teeth of hers. And thereafter, with spotless conscience, she would sit down and utter to the moon the funeral cry of her ancestors.

It fills me, that cry, with a strange curiosity not less than with a strange horror — because of certain extraordinary vowelings in it which always recur in the same order of sequence, and must represent particular forms of animal speech — particular ideas. The whole thing is a song — a song of emotions and thoughts not human, and therefore humanly unimaginable. But other dogs know what it means, and make answer over the miles of the night — sometimes from so far away that only by straining my hearing to the uttermost can I detect the faint response. The words (if I may call them words) are very few; yet, to judge by their emotional effect, they must signify a great deal. Possibly they mean things myriads of years old — things relating to odors, to exhalations, to influences and effluences inapprehensible by duller human sense — impulses also, impulses without name,

bestirred in ghosts of dogs by the light of great moons.

Could we know the sensations of a dog — the emotions and the ideas of a dog, we might discover some strange correspondence between their character and the character of that peculiar disquiet which the howl of the creature evokes. But since the senses of a dog are totally unlike those of a man, we shall never really know. And we can only surmise, in the vaguest way, the meaning of the uneasiness in ourselves. Some notes in the long cry — and the weirdest of them — oddly resemble those tones of the human voice that tell of agony and terror. Again, we have reason to believe that the sound of the cry itself became associated in human imagination, at some period enormously remote, with particular impressions of fear. It is a remarkable fact that in almost all countries (including Japan) the howling of dogs has been attributed to their perception of things viewless to man, and awful — especially gods and ghosts; — and this unanimity of superstitious belief suggests that one element of the disquiet inspired by the cry is the dread of the supernatural. To-day we have ceased to be consciously afraid of the unseen; — knowing that we ourselves are supernatural — that even the physical man, with all his life of sense, is more ghostly than any ghost of old imagining: but some dim inheritance of the primitive fear still slumbers

in our being, and wakens perhaps, like an echo, to the sound of that wail in the night.

Whatever thing invisible to human eyes the senses of a dog may at times perceive, it can be nothing resembling our idea of a ghost. Most probably the mysterious cause of start and whine is not anything *seen*. There is no anatomical reason for supposing a dog to possess exceptional powers of vision. But a dog's organs of scent proclaim a faculty immeasurably superior to the sense of smell in man. The old universal belief in the superhuman perceptivities of the creature was a belief justified by fact; but the perceptivities are not visual. Were the howl of a dog really — as once supposed — an outcry of ghostly terror, the meaning might possibly be, "*I smell Them!*" — but not, "*I see Them!*" No evidence exists to support the fancy that a dog can see any forms of being which a man cannot see.

But the night-howl of the white creature in my close forces me to wonder whether she does not *mentally* see something really terrible — something which we vainly try to keep out of moral consciousness: the ghoulish law of life. Nay, there are times when her cry seems to me not the mere cry of a dog, but the voice of the law itself — the very speech of that Nature so inexplicably called by poets the loving, the merciful, the divine! Divine, perhaps, in some unknowable ultimate way — but certainly not merciful, and still more certainly not loving.

Only by eating each other do beings exist! Beautiful to the poet's vision our world may seem — with its loves, its hopes, its memories, its aspirations; but there is nothing beautiful in the fact that life is fed by continual murder — that the tenderest affection, the noblest enthusiasm, the purest idealism, must be nourished by the eating of flesh and the drinking of blood. All life, to sustain itself, must devour life. You may imagine yourself divine if you please — but you have to obey that law. Be, if you will, a vegetarian: none the less you must eat forms that have feeling and desire. Sterilize your food; and digestion stops. You cannot even drink without swallowing life. Loathe the name as we may, we are cannibals; — all being essentially is One; and whether we eat the flesh of a plant, a fish, a reptile, a bird, a mammal, or a man, the ultimate fact is the same. And for all life the end is the same: every creature, whether buried or burnt, is devoured — and not only once or twice — nor a hundred, nor a thousand, nor a myriad times! Consider the ground upon which we move, the soil out of which we came; — think of the vanished billions that have risen from it and crumbled back into its latency to feed what becomes our food! Perpetually we eat the dust of our race — *the substance of our ancient selves.*

But even so-called inanimate matter is self-devouring. Substance preys upon substance. As in the droplet monad swallows monad, so in the vast of Space do spheres consume each other. Stars give

being to worlds and devour them; planets assimilate their own moons. All is a ravening that never ends but to recommence. And unto whomsoever thinks about these matters, the story of a divine universe, made and ruled by paternal love, sounds less persuasive than the Polynesian tale that the souls of the dead are devoured by the gods.

Monstrous the law seems, because we have developed ideas and sentiments which are opposed to this demoniac Nature — much as voluntary movement is opposed to the blind power of gravitation. But the possession of such ideas and sentiments does but aggravate the atrocity of our situation, without lessening in the least the gloom of the final problem.

Anyhow the faith of the Far East meets that problem better than the faith of the West. To the Buddhist the Cosmos is not divine at all — quite the reverse. It is Karma; — it is the creation of thought and acts of error; — it is not governed by any providence; — it is a ghastliness, a nightmare. Likewise it is an illusion. It seems real only for the same reason that the shapes and the pains of an evil dream seem real to the dreamer. Our life upon earth is a state of sleep. Yet we do not sleep utterly. There are gleams in our darkness — faint auroral wakenings of Love and Pity and Sympathy and Magnanimity: these are selfless and true; — these are eternal and divine; — these are the Four Infinite Feelings in whose after-glow all forms and illusions will vanish, like mists in the light of the sun. But,

except in so far as we wake to these feelings, we are dreamers indeed — moaning unaided in darkness — tortured by shadowy horror. All of us dream; none are fully awake; and many, who pass for the wise of the world, know even less of the truth than my dog that howls in the night.

Could she speak, my dog, I think that she might ask questions which no philosopher would be able to answer. For I believe that she is tormented by the pain of existence. Of course I do not mean that the riddle presents itself to her as it does to us — nor that she can have reached any abstract conclusions by any mental processes like our own. The external world to her is "a continuum of smells." She thinks, compares, remembers, reasons by smells. By smell she makes her estimates of character: all her judgments are founded upon smells. Smelling thousands of things which we cannot smell at all, she must comprehend them in a way of which we can form no idea. Whatever she knows has been learned through mental operations of an utterly unimaginable kind. But we may be tolerably sure that she thinks about most things in some odor-relation to the experience of eating or to the intuitive dread of being eaten. Certainly she knows a great deal more about the earth on which we tread than would be good for us to know; and probably, if capable of speech, she could tell us the strangest stories of air and water. Gifted, or afflicted, as she

is with such terribly penetrant power of sense, her notion of apparent realities must be worse than sepulchral. Small wonder if she howl at the moon that shines upon such a world!

And yet she is more awake, in the Buddhist meaning, than many of us. She possesses a rude moral code — inculcating loyalty, submission, gentleness, gratitude, and maternal love; together with various minor rules of conduct; — and this simple code she has always observed. By priests her state is termed a state of darkness of mind, because she cannot learn all that men should learn; but according to her light she has done well enough to merit some better condition in her next rebirth. So think the people who know her. When she dies they will give her an humble funeral, and have a sûtra recited on behalf of her spirit. The priest will let a grave be made for her somewhere in the temple-garden, and will place over it a little sotoba bearing the text — "Nyo-zé chikushō hotsu Bodai-shin":[1] "Even within such as this animal, the Knowledge Supreme will unfold at last."

[1] Literally "the Bodhi-mind";—that is to say, the supreme Enlightenment, the intellegence of Buddhahood itself.

BITS OF POETRY

I

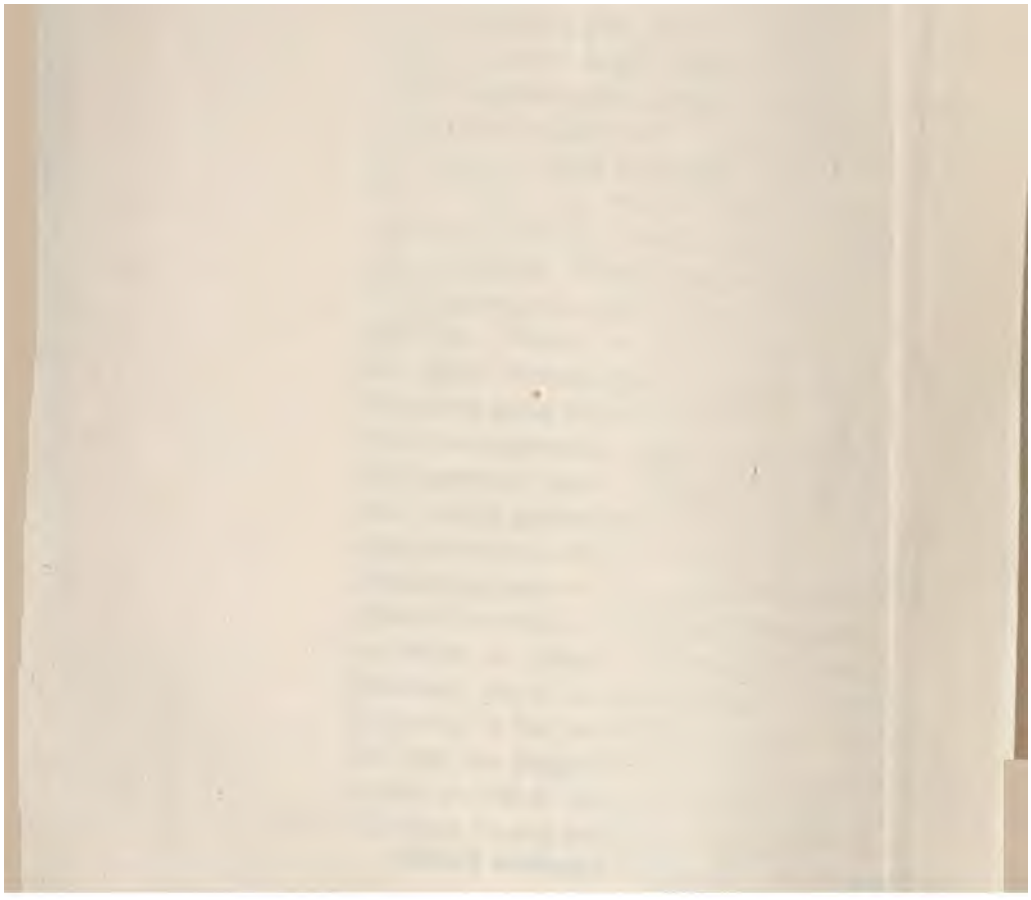
AMONG a people with whom poetry has been for centuries a universal fashion of emotional utterance, we should naturally suppose the common ideal of life to be a noble one. However poorly the upper classes of such a people might compare with those of other nations, we could scarcely doubt that its lower classes were morally and otherwise in advance of our own lower classes. And the Japanese actually present us with such a social phenomenon.

Poetry in Japan is universal as the air. It is felt by everybody. It is read by everybody. It is composed by almost everybody — irrespective of class and condition. Nor is it thus ubiquitous in the mental atmosphere only: it is everywhere to be heard by the ear, *and seen by the eye!*

As for audible poetry, wherever there is working there is singing. The toil of the fields and the labor of the streets are performed to the rhythm of chanted verse; and song would seem to be an expression of the life of the people in about the same sense that it is an expression of the life of cicadæ. . . . As for visible poetry, it appears everywhere, written or graven — in Chinese or in Japanese characters — as a form of decoration. In thousands and thousands of dwellings, you might observe that the sliding-

screens, separating rooms or closing alcoves, have Chinese or Japanese decorative texts upon them; — and these texts are poems. In houses of the better class there are usually a number of gaku, or suspended tablets to be seen — each bearing, for all design, a beautifully written verse. But poems can be found upon almost any kind of domestic utensil — for example upon braziers, iron kettles, vases, wooden trays, lacquer ware, porcelains, chopsticks of the finer sort — even toothpicks! Poems are painted upon shop-signs, panels, screens, and fans. Poems are printed upon towels, draperies, curtains, kerchiefs, silk-linings, and women's crêpe-silk underwear. Poems are stamped or worked upon letter-paper, envelopes, purses, mirror-cases, traveling-bags. Poems are inlaid upon enameled ware, cut upon bronzes, graven upon metal pipes, embroidered upon tobacco-pouches. It were a hopeless effort to enumerate a tithe of the articles decorated with poetical texts. Probably my readers know of those social gatherings at which it is the custom to compose verses, and to suspend the compositions to blossoming trees — also of the Tanabata festival in honor of certain astral gods, when poems inscribed on strips of colored paper, and attached to thin bamboos, are to be seen even by the roadside — all fluttering in the wind like so many tiny flags. . . . Perhaps you might find your way to some Japanese hamlet in which there are neither trees nor flowers, but never to any hamlet in which there is no visible

Children on the Day of the Tanabata Festival



子寶五節遊
清長画

poetry. You might wander — as I have done — into a settlement so poor that you could not obtain there, for love or money, even a cup of real tea; but I do not believe that you could discover a settlement in which there is nobody capable of making a poem.

II

RECENTLY while looking over a manuscript-collection of verses — mostly short poems of an emotional or descriptive character — it occurred to me that a selection from them might serve to illustrate certain Japanese qualities of sentiment, as well as some little-known Japanese theories of artistic expression — and I ventured forthwith upon this essay. The poems, which had been collected for me by different persons at many different times and places, were chiefly of the kind written on particular occasions, and cast into forms more serried, if not also actually briefer, than anything in Western prosody. Probably few of my readers are aware of two curious facts relating to this order of composition. Both facts are exemplified in the history and in the texts of my collection — though I cannot hope, in my renderings, to reproduce the original effect, whether of imagery or of feeling.

The first curious fact is that, from very ancient times, the writing of short poems has been practiced in Japan even more as a moral duty than as a mere literary art. The old ethical teaching was somewhat

like this: "Are you very angry? — do not say anything unkind, but compose a poem. Is your best-beloved dead? — do not yield to useless grief, but try to calm your mind by making a poem. Are you troubled because you are about to die, leaving so many things unfinished? — be brave, and write a poem on death! Whatever injustice or misfortune disturbs you, put aside your resentment or your sorrow as soon as possible, and write a few lines of sober and elegant verse for a moral exercise." Accordingly, in the old days, every form of trouble was encountered with a poem. Bereavement, separation, disaster called forth verses in lieu of plaints. The lady who preferred death to loss of honor, composed a poem before piercing her throat. The samurai sentenced to die by his own hand, wrote a poem before performing hara-kiri. Even in this less romantic era of Meiji, young people resolved upon suicide are wont to compose some verses before quitting the world. Also it is still the good custom to write a poem in time of ill-fortune. I have frequently known poems to be written under the most trying circumstances of misery or suffering — nay, even upon a bed of death; — and if the verses did not display any extraordinary talent, they at least afforded extraordinary proof of self-mastery under pain. . . . Surely this fact of composition as ethical practice has larger interest than all the treatises ever written about the rules of Japanese prosody.

The other curious fact is only a fact of æsthetic theory. The common art-principle of the class of poems under present consideration is identical with the common principle of Japanese pictorial illustration. By the use of a few chosen words the composer of a short poem endeavors to do exactly what the painter endeavors to do with a few strokes of the brush — to evoke an image or a mood — to revive a sensation or an emotion. And the accomplishment of this purpose — by poet or by picture-maker — depends altogether upon capacity to *suggest*, and only to suggest. A Japanese artist would be condemned for attempting elaboration of detail in a sketch intended to recreate the memory of some landscape seen through the blue haze of a spring morning, or under the great blond light of an autumn afternoon. Not only would he be false to the traditions of his art: he would necessarily defeat his own end thereby. In the same way a poet would be condemned for attempting any *completeness* of utterance in a very short poem: his object should be only to stir imagination without satisfying it. So the term "ittakkiri" — meaning "all gone," or "entirely vanished," in the sense of "all told" — is contemptuously applied to verses in which the verse-maker has uttered his whole thought; — praise being reserved for compositions that leave in the mind the thrilling of a something unsaid. Like the single stroke of a temple-bell, the perfect short poem should set murmuring and undulating,

in the mind of the hearer, many a ghostly aftertone of long duration.

III

But for the same reason that Japanese short poems may be said to resemble Japanese pictures, a full comprehension of them requires an intimate knowledge of the life which they reflect. And this is especially true of the emotional class of such poems — a literal translation of which, in the majority of cases, would signify almost nothing to the Western mind. Here, for example, is a little verse, pathetic enough to Japanese comprehension:

Chōchō ni! . .
Kyonen shishitaru
Tsuma koishi!

Translated, this would appear to mean only — "Two butterflies! . . . Last year my dear wife died!" Unless you happen to know the pretty Japanese symbolism of the butterfly in relation to happy marriage, and the old custom of sending with the wedding-gift a large pair of paper-butterflies (ochō-méchō), the verse might well seem to be less than commonplace. Or take this recent composition, by a University student, which has been praised by good judges:

Furusato ni
Fubo ari — mushi no
Koë-goë! [1]

[1] I must observe, however, that the praise was especially evoked by the use of the term "koë-goë" (literally meaning "voice after voice" or a crying of many voices); — and the special value of the syllables here can be appreciated only by a Japanese poet.

"In my native place the old folks [or, my parents] are — clamor of insect-voices!" . . .

The poet here is a country lad. In unfamiliar fields he listens to the great autumn chorus of insects; and the sound revives for him the memory of his far-off home and of his parents. . . . But here is something incomparably more touching — though in literal translation probably more obscure — than either of the preceding specimens:

Mi ni shiniru
Kazé ya!
Shōji ni
Yubi no ato!

"Oh, body-piercing wind! — that work of little fingers in the shōji!" [1] . . .

What does this mean? It means the sorrowing of a mother for her dead child. Shōji is the name given to those light white-paper screens which in a Japanese house serve both as windows and doors — admitting plenty of light, but concealing, like frosted glass, the interior from outer observation, and excluding the wind. Infants delight to break these by poking their fingers through the soft paper: then the wind blows through the holes. In this case the wind blows very cold indeed — into the mother's very heart; — for it comes through the little holes that were made by the fingers of her dead child.

The impossibility of preserving the inner quality

[1] More literally: "body-through-pierce wind — ah! — shōji — in the traces of [namely: holes made by] fingers!"

of such poems in a literal rendering will now be obvious. Whatever I attempt in this direction must of necessity be ittakkiri; — for the unspoken has to be expressed; and what the Japanese poet is able to say in seventeen or twenty-one syllables may need in English more than double that number of words. But perhaps this fact will lend additional interest to the following atoms of emotional expression:

A Mother's Remembrance

Sweet and clear in the night, the voice of a boy at study,
Reading out of a book. . . . I also once had a boy!

A Memory in Spring

She who, departing hence, left to the flowers of the plum-tree,
Blooming beside our eaves, the charm of her youth and beauty
And maiden pureness of heart, to quicken their flush and fragrance —
Ah! where does she dwell to-day, our dear little vanished sister?

Fancies of Another Faith

(1) I sought in the place of graves the tomb of my vanished friend:
From ancient cedars above there rippled a wild dove's cry.
(2) Perhaps a freak of the wind — yet perhaps a sign of remembrance —
This fall of a single leaf on the water I pour for the dead.

(3) I whispered a prayer at the grave: a butterfly rose and fluttered —
Thy spirit, perhaps, dear friend! . . .

In a Cemetery at Night

This light of the moon that plays on the water I pour for the dead,
Differs nothing at all from the moonlight of other years.

BITS OF POETRY

After Long Absence

The garden that once I loved, and even the hedge of the garden —
All is changed and strange: the moonlight only is faithful, —
The moon alone remembers the charm of the time gone by!

Moonlight on the Sea

O vapory moon of spring! — would that one plunge into ocean
Could win me renewal of life as a part of thy light on the waters!

After Farewell

Whither now should I look? — where is the place of parting?
Boundaries all have vanished; — nothing tells of direction:
Only the waste of sea under the shining moon!

Happy Poverty

Wafted into my room, the scent of the flowers of the plum-tree
Changes my broken window into a source of delight.

Autumn Fancies

(1) Faded the clover now; — sere and withered the grasses:
What dreams the matsumushi [1] in the desolate autumn-fields?

(2) Strangely sad, I thought, sounded the bell of evening; —
Haply that tone proclaimed the night in which autumn dies!

(3) Viewing this autumn-moon, I dream of my native village
Under the same soft light — and the shadows about my home.

In Time of Grief, Hearing a Sémi (Cicada)

Only "I," "I" — the cry of the foolish sémi!
Any one knows that the world is void as its cast-off shell.

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[1] A musical cricket — *Calyptotryphus marmoratus.*

ON THE CAST-OFF SHELL OF A SÉMI

Only the pitiful husk! . . . O poor singer of summer,
Wherefore thus consume all thy body in song?

SUBLIMITY OF INTELLECTUAL POWER

The mind that, undimmed, absorbs the foul and the pure together —
Call it rather a sea one thousand fathoms deep![1]

SHINTŌ REVERY

Mad waves devour the rocks: I ask myself in the darkness,
"Have I become a god?" Dim is the night and wild!

"Have I become a god?" — that is to say, "Have I died? — am I only a ghost in this desolation?" The dead, becoming kami or gods, are thought to haunt wild solitudes by preference.

IV

THE poems above rendered are more than pictorial: they suggest something of emotion or sentiment. But there are thousands of pictorial poems that do not; and these would seem mere insipidities to a reader ignorant of their true purpose. When you learn that some exquisite text of gold means only,

[1] This is quite novel in its way — a product of the University: the original runs thus:

Nigoréru mo
Suméru mo tomo ni
Iruru koso
Chi-hiro no umi no
Kokoro nari-keré!

"Evening-sunlight on the wings of the water-fowl;" or, "Now in my garden the flowers bloom, and the butterflies dance" — then your first interest in decorative poetry is apt to wither away. Yet these little texts have a very real merit of their own, and an intimate relation to Japanese æsthetic feeling and experience. Like the pictures upon screens and fans and cups, they give pleasure by recalling impressions of nature, by reviving happy incidents of travel or pilgrimage, by evoking the memory of beautiful days. And when this plain fact is fully understood, the persistent attachment of modern Japanese poets — notwithstanding their University training — to the ancient poetical methods, will be found reasonable enough.

I need offer only a very few specimens of the purely pictorial poetry. The following — mere thumb-nail sketches in verse — are of recent date.

LONESOMENESS

Furu-dera ya:
Kané mono iwazu;
Sakura chiru.

"Old temple: bell voiceless; cherry-flowers fall"

MORNING AWAKENING AFTER A NIGHT'S REST IN A TEMPLE

Yamadera no
Shichō akéyuku:
Taki no oto.

"In the mountain-temple the paper mosquito-curtain is lighted by the dawn: sound of water-fall."

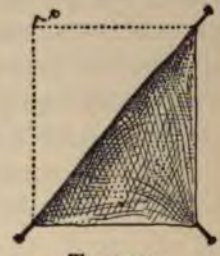
WINTER-SCENE

Yuki no mura;
Niwatori naité;
Aké shiroshi.

"Snow-village: — cocks crowing; — white dawn."

Let me conclude this gossip on poetry by citing from another group of verses — also pictorial, in a certain sense, but chiefly remarkable for ingenuity — two curiosities of impromptu. The first is old, and is attributed to the famous poetess Chiyo. Having been challenged to make a poem of seventeen

SQUARE



TRIANGLE

syllables referring to a square, a triangle, and a circle, she is said to have immediately responded:

Kaya no té wo
Hitotsu hazushité,
Tsuki-mi kana!

"Detaching one corner of the mosquito-net, lo! I behold the moon!"

The top of the mosquito-net, suspended by cords at each of its four corners, represents the square; — letting down the net at one corner converts the

square into a triangle; — and the moon represents the circle.

The other curiosity is a recent impromptu effort to portray, in one verse of seventeen syllables, the last degree of devil-may-care-poverty — perhaps the brave misery of the wandering student; — and I very much doubt whether the effort could be improved upon:

Nusundaru
Kagashi no kasa ni
Amé kyū nari.

"Heavily pours the rain on the hat that I stole from the scarecrow!"

JAPANESE BUDDHIST PROVERBS

As representing that general quality of moral experience which remains almost unaffected by social modifications of any sort, the proverbial sayings of a people must always possess a special psychological interest for thinkers. In this kind of folklore the oral and the written literature of Japan is rich to a degree that would require a large book to exemplify. To the subject as a whole no justice could be done within the limits of a single essay. But for certain classes of proverbs and proverbial phrases something can be done within even a few pages; and sayings related to Buddhism, either by allusion or derivation, form a class which seems to me particularly worthy of study. Accordingly, with the help of a Japanese friend, I have selected and translated the following series of examples — choosing the more simple and familiar where choice was possible, and placing the originals in alphabetical order to facilitate reference. Of course the selection is imperfectly representative; but it will serve to illustrate certain effects of Buddhist teaching upon popular thought and speech.

1. Akuji mi ni tomaru.
All evil done clings to the body.[1]

[1] The consequence of any evil act or thought never — so long as karma endures — will cease to act upon the existence of the person guilty of it.

2. Atama soru yori kokoro wo soré.
Better to shave the heart than to shave the head.[1]

3. Au wa wakaré no hajimé.
Meeting is only the beginning of separation.[2]

4. Banji wa yumé.
All things [3] are merely dreams.

5. Bonbu mo satoréba hotoké nari.
Even a common man by obtaining knowledge becomes a Buddha.[4]

6. Bonnō kunō.
All lust is grief.[5]

7. Buppō to wara-ya no amé, dété kiké.
One must go outside to hear Buddhist doctrine or the sound of rain on a straw roof.[6]

8. Busshō en yori okoru.

[1] Buddhist nuns and priests have their heads completely shaven. The proverb signifies that it is better to correct the heart — to conquer all vain regrets and desires — than to become a religious. In common parlance the phrase "to shave the head" means to become a monk or a nun.

[2] Regret and desire are equally vain in this world of impermanency; for all joy is the beginning of an experience that must have its pain. This proverb refers directly to the sutra-text — "Shōja hitsumetsu é-sha-jori" ("All that live must surely die; and all that meet will surely part").

[3] Literally: "ten thousand things."

[4] The only real differences of condition are differences in knowledge of the highest truth.

[5] All sensual desire invariably brings sorrow.

[6] There is an allusion here to the condition of the shukké (priest): literally: "one who has left his house." The proverb suggests that the higher truths of Buddhism cannot be acquired by those who continue to live in the world of follies and desires.

Out of karma-relation even the divine nature itself grows.[1]

9. Enkō ga tsuki wo toran to suru ga gotoshi.
Like monkeys trying to snatch the moon's reflection on water.[2]

10. En naki shujō wa doshi gatashi.
To save folk having no karma-relation would be difficult indeed![3]

11. Fujō seppō suru hōshi wa, hiratake ni umaru.
The priest who preaches foul doctrine shall be reborn as a fungus.

12. Gaki mo ninzu.
Even gaki (prêtas) can make a crowd.[4]

[1] There is good as well as bad karma. Whatever happiness we enjoy is not less a consequence of the acts and thoughts of previous lives, than is any misfortune that comes to us. Every good thought and act contributes to the evolution of the Buddha-nature within each of us. Another proverb [No. 10] — "En naki shujō wa doshi gatashi" — further illustrates the meaning of this one.

[2] Allusion to a parable, said to have been related by the Buddha himself, about some monkeys who found a well under a tree, and mistook for reality the image of the moon in the water. They resolved to seize the bright apparition. One monkey suspended himself by the tail from a branch overhanging the well, a second monkey clung to the first, a third to the second, a fourth to the third, and so on — till the long chain of bodies had almost reached the water. Suddenly the branch broke under the unaccustomed weight; and all the monkeys were drowned.

[3] No karma-relation would mean an utter absence of merit as well as of demerit.

[4] Literally: "Even gaki are a multitude [or, population]." This is a popular saying used in a variety of ways. The ordinary meaning is to the effect that no matter how poor or miserable the individuals composing a multitude, they collectively represent a respectable force. Jocosely the saying is sometimes used of a crowd of wretched or tired-looking people — sometimes of an assembly of weak boys desiring to make some

13. Gaki no mé ni midzu miézu.
To the eyes of gaki water is viewless.[1]

14. Goshō wa daiji.
The future life is the all-important thing.[2]

15. Gun-mō no tai-zō wo saguru ga gotoshi.
Like a lot of blind men feeling a great elephant.[3]

16. Gwai-men nyo-Bosatsu; nai shin nyo-Yasha.
In outward aspect a Bodhisattva; at innermost heart a demon.[4]

17. Hana wa né ni kaeru.
The flower goes back to its root.[5]

18. Hibiki no koë ni ozuru ga gotoshi.
Even as the echo answers to the voice.[6]

demonstration — sometimes of a miserable-looking company of soldiers. Among the lowest classes of the people it is not uncommon to call a deformed or greedy person a "gaki."

[1] Some authorities state that those prêtas who suffer especially from thirst, as a consequence of faults committed in former lives, are unable to see water. This proverb is used in speaking of persons too stupid or vicious to perceive a moral truth.

[2] The common people often use the curious expression "gosho-daiji" as an equivalent for "extremely important."

[3] Said of those who ignorantly criticize the doctrines of Buddhism. The proverb alludes to a celebrated fable in the *Avadânas*, about a number of blind men who tried to decide the form of an elephant by feeling the animal. One, feeling the leg, declared the elephant to be like a tree; another, feeling the trunk only, declared the elephant to be like a serpent; a third, who felt only the side, said that the elephant was like a wall; a fourth, grasping the tail, said that the elephant was like a rope, etc.

[4] Yasha (Sanscrit, "Yaksha"), a man-devouring demon.

[5] This proverb is most often used in reference to death — signifying that all forms go back into the nothingness out of which they spring. But it may also be used in relation to the law of cause-and-effect.

[6] Referring to the doctrine of cause-and-effect. The philosophical

19. Hito wo tasukéru ga shukké no yuku.
The task of the priest is to save mankind.

20. Hi wa kiyurédomo tō-shin wa kiyédzu.
Though the flame be put out, the wick remains.[1]

21. Hotoké mo motowa bonbu.
Even the Buddha was originally but a common man.

22. Hotoké ni naru mo shami wo heru.
Even to become a Buddha one must first become a novice.

23. Hotoké no kao mo sando.
Even a Buddha's face — only three times.[2]

24. Hotoké tanondé Jigoku é yuku.
Praying to Buddha one goes to hell.[3]

25. Hotoké tsukutté tamashii irédzu.
Making a Buddha without putting in the soul.[4]

beauty of the comparison will be appreciated only if we bear in mind that even the *tone* of the echo repeats the tone of the voice.

[1] Although the passions may be temporarily overcome, their sources remain. A proverb of like meaning is, "Bonnō no inu oëdomo sarazu": "Though driven away, the Dog of Lust cannot be kept from coming back again."

[2] This is a short popular form of the longer proverb, "Hotoké no kao mo sando nazuréba, hara wo tatsu": "Stroke even the face of a Buddha three times, and his anger will be roused."

[3] The popular saying, "Oni no Nembutsu" — "a devil's praying" — has a similar meaning.

[4] That is to say, making an image of the Buddha without giving it a soul. This proverb is used in reference to the conduct of those who undertake to do some work, and leave the most essential part of the work unfinished. It contains an allusion to the curious ceremony called "Kai-gen," or "Eye-Opening." This Kai-gen is a kind of consecration, by virtue of which a newly-made image is supposed to become animated by the real presence of the divinity represented.

26. Ichi-ju no kagé, ichi-ga no nagaré, tashō no en.
Even [the experience of] a single shadow or a single flowing of water, is [made by] the karma-relations of a former life.[1]

27. Ichi-mō shū-mō wo hiku.
One blind man leads many blind men.[2]

28. Ingwa na ko.
A karma-child.[3]

29. Ingwa wa, kuruma no wa.
Cause-and-effect is like a wheel.[4]

30. Innen ga fukai.
The karma-relation is deep.[5]

[1] Even so trifling an occurrence as that of resting with another person under the shadow of a tree, or drinking from the same spring with another person, is caused by the karma-relations of some previous existence.

[2] From the Buddhist work *Dai-chi-dō-ron*. The reader will find a similar proverb in Rhys-David's "*Buddhist Suttas*" (*Sacred Books of the East*), p. 173 — together with a very curious parable, cited in a footnote, which an Indian commentator gives in explanation.

[3] A common saying among the lower classes in reference to an unfortunate or crippled child. Here the word "ingwa" is used especially in the retributive sense. It usually signifies evil karma; "kwahō" being the term used in speaking of meritorious karma and its results. While an unfortunate child is spoken of as "a child of ingwa," a very lucky person is called a "kwahō-mono" — that is to say, an instance, or example of kwaho.

[4] The comparison of karma to the wheel of a wagon will be familiar to students of Buddhism. The meaning of this proverb is identical with that of the *Dhammapada* verse: "If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage."

[5] A saying very commonly used in speaking of the attachment of lovers, or of the unfortunate results of any close relation between two persons.

31. Inochi wa fū-zen no tomoshibi.
Life is a lamp-flame before a wind.[1]

32. Issun no mushi ni mo, gobu no tamashii.
Even a worm an inch long has a soul half-an-inch long.[2]

33. Iwashi[3] no atama mo shinjin kara.
Even the head of an iwashi, by virtue of faith, [will have power to save, or heal].

34. Jigō-jitoku.[4]
The fruit of one's own deeds [in a previous state of existence].

35. Jigoku dé hotoké.
Like meeting with a Buddha in hell.[5]

36. Jigoku Gokuraku wa kokoro ni ari.
Hell and Heaven are in the hearts of men.[6]

[1] Or, "like the flame of a lamp exposed to the wind." A frequent expression in Buddhist literature is "the Wind of Death."

[2] Literally: "has a soul of five bu" — five bu being equal to half of the Japanese inch. Buddhism forbids all taking of life, and classes as *living* things (Ujō) all forms having sentiency. The proverb, however — as the use of the word "soul" (tamashii) implies — reflects popular belief rather than Buddhist philosophy. It signifies that any life, however small or mean, is entitled to mercy.

[3] The iwashi is a very small fish, much resembling a sardine. The proverb implies that the object of worship signifies little, so long as the prayer is made with perfect faith and pure intention.

[4] Few popular Buddhist phrases are more often used than this. "Jigō" signifies one's own acts or thoughts; "jitoku," to bring upon one's self — nearly always in the sense of misfortune, when the word is used in the Buddhist way. "Well, it is a matter of Jigō-jitoku," people will observe on seeing a man being taken to prison; meaning, "He is reaping the consequence of his own faults."

[5] Refers to the joy of meeting a good friend in time of misfortune. The above is an abbreviation. The full proverb is, "Jigoku dé hotoké ni ōta yo da."

[6] A proverb in perfect accord with the higher Buddhism.

37. Jigoku mo sumika.
Even Hell itself is a dwelling-place.[1]

38. Jigoku ni mo shiru hito.
Even in hell old acquaintances are welcome.

39. Kagé no katachi ni shitagau gotoshi.
Even as the shadow follows the shape.[2]

40. Kané wa Amida yori hikaru.
Money shines even more brightly than Amida.[3]

41. Karu-toki no Jizō-gao; nasu-toki no Emma-gao.
Borrowing-time, the face of Jizō; repaying-time, the face of Emma.[4]

42. Kiité Gokuraku, mité Jigoku.
Heard of only, it is Paradise; seen, it is Hell.[5]

43. Kōji mon wo idézu: akuji sen ri wo hashiru.
Good actions go not outside of the gate: bad deeds travel a thousand ri.

[1] Meaning that even those obliged to live in hell must learn to accommodate themselves to the situation. One should always try to make the best of circumstances. A proverb of kindred signification is, "Sumeba, Miyako": "Wheresoever one's home is, that is the Capital [or, Imperial City]."

[2] Referring to the doctrine of cause-and-effect. Compare with verse 2 of the *Dhammapada*.

[3] Amitâbha, the Buddha of Immeasurable Light. His image in the temples is usually gilded from head to foot. There are many other ironical proverbs about the power of wealth — such as "Jigoku no sata mo kané shidai": "Even the Judgments of Hell may be influenced by money."

[4] Emma is the Chinese and Japanese Yama — in Buddhism the Lord of Hell, and the Judge of the Dead. The proverb is best explained by the accompanying drawings, which will serve to give an idea of the commoner representations of both divinities.

[5] Rumor is never trustworthy.

44. Kokoro no koma ni tadzuna wo yuru-suna.
Never let go the reins of the wild colt of the heart.

Jizō

45. Kokoro no oni ga mi wo séméru.
The body is tortured only by the demon of the heart.[1]

46. Kokoro no shi to wa naré; kokoro wo shi to sezaré.
Be the teacher of your heart: do not allow your heart to become your teacher.

[1] Or "mind." That is to say that we suffer only from the consequences of our own faults. The demon torturer in the Buddhist hell says to his victim: "Blame not me! — I am only the creation of your own deeds and thoughts: you made me for this!" (Compare with No. 36.)

47. Kono yo wa kari no yado.
This world is only a resting-place.[1]

EMMA DAI-Ō

48. Kori wo chiribamé; midzu ni égaku.
To inlay ice; to paint upon water.[2]

[1] "This world is but a travelers' inn," would be an almost equally correct translation. "Yado" literally means a lodging, shelter, inn; and the word is applied often to those wayside resting-houses at which Japanese travelers halt during a journey. "Kari" signifies temporary, transient, fleeting — as in the common Buddhist saying, "Kono yo kari no yo": "This world is a fleeting world." Even Heaven and Hell represent to the Buddhist only halting places upon the journey to Nirvâna.

[2] Refers to the vanity of selfish effort for some merely temporary end.

49. Korokoro to
Naku wa yamada no
Hototogisu,
Chichi nitéya aran,
Haha nitéya aran.

The bird that cries korokoro in the mountain rice-field I know to be a hototogisu; — yet it may have been my father; it may have been my mother.[1]

50. Ko wa Sangai no kubikase.
A child is a neck-shackle for the Three States of Existence.[2]

51. Kuchi wa wazawai no kado.
The mouth is the front-gate of all misfortune.[3]

52. Kwahō wa, nété maté.
If you wish for good luck, sleep and wait.[4]

[1] This verse-proverb is cited in the Buddhist work *Wōjō Yōshū*, with the following comment: "Who knows whether the animal in the field, or the bird in the mountain-wood, has not been either his father or his mother in some former state of existence?" The hototogisu is a kind of cuckoo.

[2] That is to say, The love of parents for their child may impede their spiritual progress — not only in this world, but through all their future states of being — just as a kubikasé, or Japanese cangue, impedes the movements of the person upon whom it is placed. Parental affection, being the strongest of earthly attachments, is particularly apt to cause those whom it enslaves to commit wrongful acts in the hope of benefiting their offspring. The term "Sangai" here signifies the three worlds of Desire, Form, and Formlessness — all the states of existence below Nirvâna. But the word is sometimes used to signify the Past, the Present, and the Future.

[3] That is to say, The chief cause of trouble is unguarded speech. The word "Kado" means always the *main* entrance to a residence.

[4] "Kwahō," a purely Buddhist term, signifying good fortune as the result of good actions in a previous life, has come to mean in common parlance good fortune of any kind. The proverb is often used in a sense similar to that of the English saying: "Watched pot never boils." In a

53. Makanu tané wa haënu.
Nothing will grow, if the seed be not sown.[1]

54. Matéba, kanrō no hiyori.
If you wait, ambrosial weather will come.[2]

55. Meidō no michi ni Ō wa nashi.
There is no King on the Road of Death.[3]

56. Mekura hebi ni ojizu.
The blind man does not fear the snake.[4]

57. Mitsuréba, kakuru.
Having waxed, wanes.[5]

58. Mon zen no kozō narawanu kyō wo yomu.
The shop-boy in front of the temple-gate repeats the sutra which he never learned.[6]

strictly Buddhist sense it would mean, "Do not be too eager for the reward of good deeds."

[1] Do not expect harvest, unless you sow the seed. Without earnest effort no merit can be gained.

[2] Kanrō, the sweet dew of Heaven, or amrita. All good things come to him who waits.

[3] Literally: "on the Road of Meidō." The Meidō is the Japanese Hades — the dark under-world to which all the dead must journey.

[4] The ignorant and the vicious, not understanding the law of cause-and-effect, do not fear the certain results of their folly.

[5] No sooner has the moon waxed full than it begins to wane. So the height of prosperity is also the beginning of fortune's decline.

[6] "Kozō" means "acolyte" as well as "shop-boy," "errand-boy," or "apprentice"; but in this case it refers to a boy employed in a shop situated near or before the gate of a Buddhist temple. By constantly hearing the sutra chanted in the temple, the boy learns to repeat the words. A proverb of kindred meaning is, "Kangaku-In no suzumé wa, Mōgyū wo sayézuru": "The sparrows of Kangaku-In [an ancient seat of learning] chirp the Mōgyū" — a Chinese text formerly taught to young students. The teaching of either proverb is excellently expressed by a third: "Narau yori wa naréro": "Rather than study [an art], get

59. Mujō no kazé wa, toki erabazu.
The Wind of Impermanency does not choose a time. [1]

60. Neko mo Busshō ari.
In even a cat the Buddha-nature exists.[2]

61. Néta ma ga Gokuraku.
The interval of sleep is Paradise.[3]

62. Nijiu-go Bosatsu mo soré-soré nó yaku.
Even each of the Twenty-five Bodhisattvas has his own particular duty to perform.

63. Nin mité, hō toké.
[First] see the person, [then] preach the doctrine.[4]

64. Ninshin ukégataku Buppō aigatashi.
It is not easy to be born among men, and to meet with [the good fortune of hearing the doctrine of] Buddhism.[5]

accustomed to it"; that is to say, "keep constantly in contact with it." Observation and practice are even better than study.

[1] Death and Change do not conform their ways to human expectation.

[2] Notwithstanding the legend that only the cat and the mamushi (a poisonous viper) failed to weep for the death of the Buddha.

[3] Only during sleep can we sometimes cease to know the sorrow and pain of this world. (Compare with No. 83.)

[4] The teaching of Buddhist doctrine should always be adapted to the intelligence of the person to be instructed. There is another proverb of the same kind — "Ki ni yorité, hō wo toké": "According to the understanding [of the person to be taught], preach the Law."

[5] Popular Buddhism teaches that to be born in the world of mankind, and especially among a people professing Buddhism, is a very great privilege. However miserable human existence, it is at least a state in which some knowledge of divine truth may be obtained; whereas the beings in other and lower conditions of life are relatively incapable of spiritual progress.

65. Oni mo jiu-hachi.
Even a devil [is pretty] at eighteen.[1]

66. Oni mo mi, narétaru ga yoshi.
Even a devil, when you become accustomed to the sight of him, may prove a pleasant acquaintance.

67. Oni ni kanabō.
An iron club for a demon.[2]

68. Oni no nyōbo ni kijin.
A devil takes a goblin to wife.[3]

69. Onna no ké ni wa dai-zō mo tsunagaru.
With one hair of a woman you can tether even a great elephant.

70. Onna wa Sangai ni iyé nashi.
Women have no homes of their own in the Three States of Existence.

71. Oya no ingwa ga ko ni mukuū.
The karma of the parents is visited upon the child.[4]

[1] There are many curious sayings and proverbs about the oni, or Buddhist devil — such as "Oni no mé ni mo namida," "tears in even a devil's eyes"; — "Oni no kakuran," "devil's cholera" (said of the unexpected sickness of some very strong and healthy person), etc., etc. The class of demons called "Oni," properly belong to the Buddhist hells, where they act as torturers and jailers. They are not to be confounded with the Ma, Yasha, Kijin, and other classes of evil spirits. In Buddhist art they are represented as beings of enormous strength, with the heads of bulls and of horses. The bull-headed demons are called "Go-zu"; the horse-headed "Mé-zu."

[2] Meaning that great power should be given only to the strong.

[3] Meaning that a wicked man usually marries a wicked woman.

[4] Said of the parents of crippled or deformed children. But the popular idea here expressed is not altogether in accord with the teachings of the higher Buddhism.

72. Rakkwa éda ni kaerazu.
The fallen blossom never returns to the branch.[1]

73. Raku wa ku no tané; ku wa raku no tané.
Pleasure is the seed of pain; pain is the seed of pleasure.

74. Rokudō wa, mé no maë.
The Six Roads are right before your eyes.[2]

75. Sangai mu-an.
There is no rest within the Three States of Existence.

76. Sangai ni kaki nashi; — Rokudō ni hotori nashi.
There is no fence to the Three States of Existence; — there is no neighborhood to the Six Roads.[3]

77. Sangé ni wa sannen no tsumi mo hōrobu.
One confession effaces the sins of even three years.

78. Sannin yoréba, kugai.
Where even three persons come together, there is a world of pain.[4]

[1] That which has been done never can be undone: the past cannot be recalled. This proverb is an abbreviation of the longer Buddhist text: "Rakkwa éda ni kaerazu; ha-kyō futatabi terasazu": "The fallen blossom never returns to the branch; the shattered mirror never again reflects."

[2] That is to say, Your future life depends upon your conduct in this life; and you are thus free to choose for yourself the place of your next birth.

[3] Within the Three States (Sangai), or universes, of Desire, Form, and Formlessness; and within the Six Worlds, or conditions of being — Jigokudō (Hell), Gakidō (Pretas), Chikushōdō (Animal Life), Shuradō (World of Fighting and Slaughter), Ningendō (Mankind), Tenjodō (Heavenly Spirits) — all existence is included. Beyond there is only Nirvâna. "There is no fence," "no neighborhood" — that is to say, no limit beyond which to escape — no middle-path between any two of these states. We shall be reborn into some one of them according to our karma. (Compare with No. 74.)

[4] "Kugai" (literally: "bitter world") is a term often used to describe the life of a prostitute.

79. San nin yoréba, Monjū no chié.
Where three persons come together, there is the wisdom of Monjū.[1]

80. Shaka ni sekkyō.
Preaching to Sâkyamuni.

81. Shami kara chōrō.
To become an abbot one must begin as a novice.

82. Shindaréba, koso ikitaré.
Only by reason of having died does one enter into life.[2]

83. Shiranu ga, hotoké; minu ga, Gokuraku.
Not to know is to be a Buddha; not to see is Paradise.

84. Shōbo ni kidoku nashi.
There is no miracle in true doctrine.[3]

85. Shō-chié wa Bodai no samatagé.
A little wisdom is a stumbling-block on the way to Buddhahood.[4]

[1] Monjū Bosatsu [Mañdjus'ri Bodhisattva) figures in Japanese Buddhism as a special divinity of wisdom. The proverb signifies that three heads are better than one. A saying of like meaning is, "Hiza to mo dankō": "Consult even with your own knee"; that is to say, Despise no advice, no matter how humble the source of it.

[2] I never hear this singular proverb without being reminded of a sentence in Huxley's famous essay, *On the Physical Basis of Life:* "The living protoplasm not only ultimately dies and is resolved into its mineral and lifeless constituents, but is always dying, and, strange as the paradox may sound, *could not live unless it died.*"

[3] Nothing can happen except as a result of eternal and irrevocable law.

[4] "Bodai" is the same word as the Sanscrit "Bodhi," signifying the supreme enlightenment — the knowledge that leads to Buddhahood; but it is often used by Japanese Buddhists in the sense of divine bliss, or the Buddha-state itself.

86. Shōshi no kukai hetori nashi.
There is no shore to the bitter Sea of Birth and Death.[1]

87. Sodé no furi-awasé mo tashō no en.
Even the touching of sleeves in passing is caused by some relation in a former life.

88. Sun zen; shaku ma.
An inch of virtue; a foot of demon.[2]

89. Tanoshimi wa kanashimi no motoi.
All joy is the source of sorrow.

90. Tondé hi ni iru natsu no mushi.
So the insects of summer fly to the flame.[3]

91. Tsuchi-botoké no midzu-asobi.
Clay-Buddha's water-playing.[4]

92. Tsuki ni murakumo, hana ni kazé.
Cloud-wrack to the moon; wind to flowers.[5]

93. Tsuyu no inochi.
Human life is like the dew of morning.

[1] Or, "the Pain-Sea of Life and Death."

[2] Ma (Sanscrit, Mârakâyikas) is the name given to a particular class of spirits who tempt men to evil. But in Japanese folklore the Ma have a part much resembling that occupied in Western popular superstition by goblins and fairies.

[3] Said especially in reference to the result of sensual indulgence.

[4] That is to say, "As dangerous as for a clay Buddha to play with water." Children often amuse themselves by making little Buddhist images of mud, which melt into shapelessness, of course, if placed in water.

[5] The beauty of the moon is obscured by masses of clouds; the trees no sooner blossom than their flowers are scattered by the wind. All beauty is evanescent.

94. U-ki wa, kokoro ni ari.
Joy and sorrow exist only in the mind.

95. Uri no tsuru ni nasubi wa naranu.
Egg-plants do not grow upon melon-vines.

96. Uso mo hōben.
Even an untruth may serve as a device.[1]

97. Waga ya no hotoké tattoshi.
My family ancestors were all excellent Buddhas.[2]

98. Yuki no haté wa, Nehan.
The end of snow is Nirvâna.[3]

99. Zen ni wa zen no mukui; aku ni wa aku no mukui.
Goodness [or, virtue] is the return for goodness; evil is the return for evil.[4]

[1] That is, a pious device for effecting conversion. Such a device is justified especially by the famous parable of the third chapter of the *Saddharma Pundarîka*.

[2] Meaning that one most reveres the hotoké — the spirits of the dead regarded as Buddhas — in one's own household-shrine. There is an ironical play upon the word hotoké, which may mean either a dead person simply, or a Buddha. Perhaps the spirit of this proverb may be better explained by the help of another: "Nigéta sakana ni chisai wa nai; shinda kodomo ni warui ko wa nai": "Fish that escaped was never small; child that died was never bad."

[3] This curious saying is the only one in my collection containing the word "Nehan" (Nirvâna), and is here inserted chiefly for that reason. The common people seldom speak of Nehan, and have little knowledge of those profound doctrines to which the term is related. The above phrase, as might be inferred, is not a popular expression: it is rather an artistic and poetical reference to the aspect of a landscape covered with snow to the horizon-line — so that beyond the snow-circle there is only the great void of the sky.

[4] Not so commonplace a proverb as might appear at first sight; for it refers especially to the Buddhist belief that every kindness shown to us in this life is a return of kindness done to others in a former life, and that every wrong inflicted upon us is the reflex of some injustice which we committed in a previous birth.

100. Zensé no yakusoku-goto.
Promised [or, destined] from a former birth.[1]

[1] A very common saying — often uttered as a comment upon the unhappiness of separation, upon sudden misfortune, upon sudden death, etc. It is used especially in relation to shinjū, or lovers' suicide. Such suicide is popularly thought to be a result of cruelty in some previous state of being, or the consequence of having broken, in a former life, the mutual promise to become husband and wife.

SUGGESTION

I HAD the privilege of meeting him in Tōkyō, where he was making a brief stay on his way to India; — and we took a long walk together, and talked of Eastern religions, about which he knew incomparably more than I. Whatever I could tell him concerning local beliefs, he would comment upon in the most startling manner — citing weird correspondences in some living cult of India, Burmah, or Ceylon. Then, all of a sudden, he turned the conversation into a totally unexpected direction.

"I have been thinking," he said, "about the constancy of the relative proportion of the sexes, and wondering whether Buddhist doctrine furnishes an explanation. For it seems to me that, under ordinary conditions of karma, human rebirth would necessarily proceed by a regular alternation."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that a man would be reborn as a woman, and a woman as a man?"

"Yes," he replied, "because desire is creative, and the desire of either sex is towards the other."

"And how many men," I said, "would want to be reborn as women?"

"Probably very few," he answered. "But the doctrine that desire is creative does not imply that the individual longing creates its own satisfaction —

quite the contrary. The true teaching is that the result of every selfish wish is in the nature of a penalty, and that what the wish creates must prove — to higher knowledge at least — the folly of wishing."

"There you are right," I said; "but I do not yet understand your theory."

"Well," he continued, "if the physical conditions of human rebirth are all determined by the karma of the will relating to physical conditions, then sex would be determined by the will in relation to sex. Now the will of either sex is towards the other. Above all things else, excepting life, man desires woman, and woman man. Each individual, moreover, independently of any personal relation, feels perpetually, you say, the influence of some inborn feminine or masculine ideal, which you call 'a ghostly reflex of countless attachments in countless past lives.' And the insatiable desire represented by this ideal would of itself suffice to create the masculine or the feminine body of the next existence."

"But most women," I observed, "would like to be reborn as men; and the accomplishment of that wish would scarcely be in the nature of a penalty."

"Why not?" he returned. "The happiness or unhappiness of the new existence would not be decided by sex alone: it would of necessity depend upon many conditions in combination."

"Your theory is interesting," I said; — "but I do not know how far it could be made to accord with accepted doctrine. . . . And what of the person able,

through knowledge and practice of the higher law, to remain superior to all weaknesses of sex?"

"Such a one," he replied, "would be reborn neither as man nor as woman — providing there were no preëxistent karma powerful enough to check or to weaken the results of the self-conquest."

"Reborn in some one of the heavens?" I queried — "by the Apparitional Birth?"

"Not necessarily," he said. "Such a one might be reborn in a world of desire — like this — but neither as man only, nor as woman only."

"Reborn, then, in what form?" I asked.

"In that of a perfect being," he responded. "A man or a woman is scarcely more than half-a-being — because in our present imperfect state either sex can be evolved only at the cost of the other. In the mental and the physical composition of every man, there is undeveloped woman; and in the composition of every woman there is undeveloped man. But a being complete would be both perfect man and perfect woman, possessing the highest faculties of both sexes, with the weaknesses of neither. Some humanity higher than our own — in other worlds — might be thus evolved."

"But you know," I observed, "that there are Buddhist texts — in the 'Saddharma Pundarîka,' for example, and in the 'Vinayas' — which forbid. . . ."

"Those texts," he interrupted, "refer to imperfect beings — less than man and less than woman: they

could not refer to the condition that I have been supposing. . . . But, remember, I am not preaching a doctrine; — I am only hazarding a theory."

"May I put your theory some day into print?" I asked.

"Why, yes," he made answer — "if you believe it worth thinking about."

And long afterwards I wrote it down thus, as fairly as I was able, from memory.

INGWA-BANASHI [1]

THE daimyō's wife was dying, and knew that she was dying. She had not been able to leave her bed since the early autumn of the tenth Bunsei. It was now the fourth month of the twelfth Bunsei — the year 1829 by Western counting; and the cherry-trees were blossoming. She thought of the cherry-trees in her garden, and of the gladness of spring. She thought of her children. She thought of her husband's various concubines — especially the Lady Yukiko, nineteen years old.

"My dear wife," said the daimyō, "you have suffered very much for three long years. We have done all that we could to get you well — watching beside you night and day, praying for you, and often fasting for your sake. But in spite of our loving care, and in spite of the skill of our best physicians, it would now seem that the end of your life is not far off. Probably we shall sorrow more than you will sorrow because of your having to leave what the Buddha so truly termed 'this burning-house of the

[1] Literally: "a tale of ingwa." "Ingwa" is a Japanese Buddhist term for evil karma, or the evil consequence of faults committed in a former state of existence. Perhaps the curious title of the narrative is best explained by the Buddhist teaching that the dead have power to injure the living only in consequence of evil actions committed by their victims in some former life. Both title and narrative may be found in the collection of weird stories entitled *Hyaku-Monogatari.*

world.' I shall order to be performed — no matter what the cost — every religious rite that can serve you in regard to your next rebirth; and all of us will pray without ceasing for you, that you may not have to wander in the Black Space, but may quickly enter Paradise, and attain to Buddhahood."

He spoke with the utmost tenderness, caressing her the while. Then, with eyelids closed, she answered him in a voice thin as the voice of an insect:

"I am grateful — most grateful — for your kind words. . . . Yes, it is true, as you say, that I have been sick for three long years, and that I have been treated with all possible care and affection. . . . Why, indeed, should I turn away from the one true Path at the very moment of my death? . . . Perhaps to think of worldly matters at such a time is not right; — but I have one last request to make — only one. . . . Call here to me the Lady Yukiko; — you know that I love her like a sister. I want to speak to her about the affairs of this household."

Yukiko came at the summons of the lord, and, in obedience to a sign from him, knelt down beside the couch. The daimyō's wife opened her eyes, and looked at Yukiko, and spoke:

"Ah, here is Yukiko! . . . I am so pleased to see you, Yukiko! . . . Come a little closer — so that you can hear me well: I am not able to speak loud. . . . Yukiko, I am going to die. I hope that you will be faithful in all things to our dear lord; — for I want

you to take my place when I am gone. . . . I hope that you will always be loved by him — yes, even a hundred times more than I have been — and that you will very soon be promoted to a higher rank, and become his honored wife. . . . And I beg of you always to cherish our dear lord: never allow another woman to rob you of his affection. . . . This is what I wanted to say to you, dear Yukiko. . . . Have you been able to understand?"

"Oh, my dear Lady," protested Yukiko, "do not, I entreat you, say such strange things to me! You well know that I am of poor and mean condition: — how could I ever dare to aspire to become the wife of our lord!"

"Nay, nay!" returned the wife, huskily — "this is not a time for words of ceremony: let us speak only the truth to each other. After my death, you will certainly be promoted to a higher place; and I now assure you again that I wish you to become the wife of our lord — yes, I wish this, Yukiko, even more than I wish to become a Buddha! . . . Ah, I had almost forgotten! — I want you to do something for me, Yukiko. You know that in the garden there is a yaë-zakura,[1] which was brought here, the year before last, from Mount Yoshino in Yamato. I have been told that it is now in full bloom; — and I wanted so much to see it in flower! In a little while I shall be dead; — I must see that tree before I die.

[1] Yaë-zakura, yaë-no-sakura, a variety of Japanese cherry-tree that bears double-blossoms.

Now I wish you to carry me into the garden — at once, Yukiko — so that I can see it. . . . Yes, upon your back, Yukiko; — take me upon your back. . . .

While thus asking, her voice had gradually become clear and strong — as if the intensity of the wish had given her new force: then she suddenly burst into tears. Yukiko knelt motionless, not knowing what to do; but the lord nodded assent.

"It is her last wish in this world," he said. "She always loved cherry-flowers; and I know that she wanted very much to see that Yamato-tree in blossom. Come, my dear Yukiko, let her have her will."

As a nurse turns her back to a child, that the child may cling to it, Yukiko offered her shoulders to the wife, and said:

"Lady, I am ready: please tell me how I best can help you."

"Why, this way!" — responded the dying woman lifting herself with an almost superhuman effort by clinging to Yukiko's shoulders. But as she stood erect, she quickly slipped her thin hands down over the shoulders, under the robe, and clutched the breasts of the girl, and burst into a wicked laugh.

"I have my wish!" she cried — "I have my wish for the cherry-bloom [1] — but not the cherry-bloom

[1] In Japanese poetry and proverbial phraseology, the physical beauty of a woman is compared to the cherry-flower; while feminine moral beauty is compared to the plum-flower.

of the garden! . . . I could not die before I got my wish. Now I have it! — oh, what a delight!"

And with these words she fell forward upon the crouching girl, and died.

The attendants at once attempted to lift the body from Yukiko's shoulders, and to lay it upon the bed. But — strange to say! — this seemingly easy thing could not be done. The cold hands had attached themselves in some unaccountable way to the breasts of the girl — appeared to have grown into the quick flesh. Yukiko became senseless with fear and pain.

Physicians were called. They could not understand what had taken place. By no ordinary methods could the hands of the dead woman be unfastened from the body of her victim; — they so clung that any effort to remove them brought blood. This was not because the fingers held: it was because the flesh of the palms had united itself in some inexplicable manner to the flesh of the breasts!

At that time the most skillful physician in Yedo was a foreigner — a Dutch surgeon. It was decided to summon him. After a careful examination he said that he could not understand the case, and that for the immediate relief of Yukiko there was nothing to be done except to cut the hands from the corpse. He declared that it would be dangerous to attempt to detach them from the breasts. His advice was accepted; and the hands were amputated at the

wrists. But they remained clinging to the breasts; and there they soon darkened and dried up — like the hands of a person long dead.

Yet this was only the beginning of the horror.

Withered and bloodless though they seemed, those hands were not dead. At intervals they would stir — stealthily, like great gray spiders. And nightly thereafter — beginning always at the Hour of the Ox [1] — they would clutch and compress and torture. Only at the Hour of the Tiger the pain would cease.

Yukiko cut off her hair, and became a mendicant-nun — taking the religious name of Dassetsu. She had an ihai (mortuary tablet) made, bearing the kaimyō of her dead mistress — "Myō-Kō-In-Den Chizan-Ryō-Fu Daishi"; — and this she carried about with her in all her wanderings; and every day before it she humbly besought the dead for pardon, and performed a Buddhist service in order that the jealous spirit might find rest. But the evil karma that had rendered such an affliction possible could not soon be exhausted. Every night at the Hour of the Ox, the hands never failed to torture her, during more than seventeen years — according to the testimony of those persons to whom she last told her

[1] In ancient Japanese time, the Hour of the Ox was the special hour of ghosts. It began at 2 A.M., and lasted until 4 A.M. — for the old Japanese hour was double the length of the modern hour. The Hour of the Tiger began at 4 A.M.

story, when she stopped for one evening at the house of Noguchi Dengo-zayémon, in the village of Tanaka in the district of Kawachi in the province of Shimotusuké. This was in the third year of Kōkwa (1846). Thereafter nothing more was ever heard of her.

STORY OF A TENGU [1]

In the days of the Emperor Go-Reizei, there was a holy priest living in the temple of Saito, on the mountain called Hiyei-Zan, near Kyōto. One summer day this good priest, after a visit to the city, was returning to his temple by way of Kita-no-Ōji, when he saw some boys ill-treating a kite. They had caught the bird in a snare, and were beating it with sticks. "Oh, the poor creature!" compassionately exclaimed the priest; — "why do you torment it so, children?" One of the boys made answer: "We want to kill it to get the feathers." Moved by pity, the priest persuaded the boys to let him have the kite in exchange for a fan that he was carrying; and he set the bird free. It had not been seriously hurt, and was able to fly away.

Happy at having performed this Buddhist act of merit, the priest then resumed his walk. He had not proceeded very far when he saw a strange monk

[1] This story may be found in the curious old Japanese book called "Jikkun-Shō." The same legend has furnished the subject of an interesting Nō-play, called "Dai-É" ("The Great Assembly").

In Japanese popular art, the Tengu are commonly represented either as winged men with beak-shaped noses, or as birds of prey. There are different kinds of Tengu; but all are supposed to be mountain-haunting spirits, capable of assuming many forms, and occasionally appearing as crows, vultures, or eagles. Buddhism appears to class the Tengu among the Mârakâyikas.

come out of a bamboo-grove by the roadside, and hasten toward him. The monk respectfully saluted him, and said: "Sir, through your compassionate kindness my life has been saved; and I now desire to express my gratitude in a fitting manner." Astonished at hearing himself thus addressed, the priest replied: "Really, I cannot remember to have ever seen you before: please tell me who you are." "It is not wonderful that you cannot recognize me in this form," returned the monk: "I am the kite that those cruel boys were tormenting at Kita-no-Ōji. You saved my life; and there is nothing in this world more precious than life. So I now wish to return your kindness in some way or other. If there be anything that you would like to have, or to know, or to see — anything that I can do for you, in short — please to tell me; for as I happen to possess, in a small degree, the Six Supernatural Powers, I am able to gratify almost any wish that you can express." On hearing these words, the priest knew that he was speaking with a Tengu; and he frankly made answer: "My friend, I have long ceased to care for the things of this world: I am now seventy years of age; — neither fame nor pleasure has any attraction for me. I feel anxious only about my future birth; but as that is a matter in which no one can help me, it were useless to ask about it. Really, I can think of but one thing worth wishing for. It has been my lifelong regret that I was not in India in the time of the Lord Buddha, and could not at-

tend the great assembly on the holy mountain Gridhrakûta. Never a day passes in which this regret does not come to me, in the hour of morning or of evening prayer. Ah, my friend! if it were possible to conquer Time and Space, like the Bodhisattvas, so that I could look upon that marvelous assembly, how happy I should be!" "Why," the Tengu exclaimed, "that pious wish of yours can easily be satisfied. I perfectly well remember the assembly on the Vulture Peak; and I can cause everything that happened there to reappear before you, exactly as it occurred. It is our greatest delight to represent such holy matters. . . . Come this way with me!"

And the priest suffered himself to be led to a place among pines, on the slope of a hill. "Now," said the Tengu, "you have only to wait here for awhile, with your eyes shut. Do not open them until you hear the voice of the Buddha preaching the Law. Then you can look. But when you see the appearance of the Buddha, you must not allow your devout feelings to influence you in any way; — you must not bow down, nor pray, nor utter any such exclamation as, 'Even so, Lord!' or, 'O thou Blessed One!' You must not speak at all. Should you make even the least sign of reverence, something very unfortunate might happen to me." The priest gladly promised to follow these injunctions; and the Tengu hurried away as if to prepare the spectacle.

The day waned and passed, and the darkness

came; but the old priest waited patiently beneath a tree, keeping his eyes closed. At last a voice suddenly resounded above him — a wonderful voice, deep and clear like the pealing of a mighty bell — the voice of the Buddha Sâkyamuni proclaiming the Perfect Way. Then the priest, opening his eyes in a great radiance, perceived that all things had been changed: the place was indeed the Vulture Peak — the holy Indian mountain Gridhrakûta; and the time was the time of the Sutra of the Lotus of the Good Law. Now there were no pines about him, but strange shining trees made of the Seven Precious Substances, with foliage and fruit of gems; — and the ground was covered with Mandârava and Manjûshaka flowers showered from heaven; — and the night was filled with fragrance and splendor and the sweetness of the great Voice. And in mid-air, shining as a moon above the world, the priest beheld the Blessed One seated upon the Lion-throne, with Samantabhadra at his right hand, and Mañjusrî at his left — and before them assembled — immeasurably spreading into Space, like a flood of stars — the hosts of the Mahâsattvas and the Bodhisattvas with their countless following: "gods, demons, Nâgas, goblins, men, and beings not human." Sâriputra he saw, and Kâsyapa, and Ânanda, with all the disciples of the Tathâgata — and the Kings of the Devas — and the Kings of the Four Directions, like pillars of fire — and the great Dragon-Kings — and the Gandharvas and Garudas — and

the Gods of the Sun and the Moon and the Wind — and the shining myriads of Brahma's heaven. And incomparably further than even the measureless circling of the glory of these, he saw — made visible by a single ray of light that shot from the forehead of the Blessed One to pierce beyond uttermost Time — the eighteen hundred thousand Buddha-fields of the Eastern Quarter with all their habitants — and the beings in each of the Six States of Existence — and even the shapes of the Buddhas extinct, that had entered into Nirvâna. These, and all the gods, and all the demons, he saw bow down before the Lion-throne; and he heard that multitude incalculable of beings praising the Sutra of the Lotus of the Good Law — like the roar of a sea before the Lord. Then forgetting utterly his pledge — foolishly dreaming that he stood in the very presence of the very Buddha — he cast himself down in worship with tears of love and thanksgiving; crying out with a loud voice, "O thou Blessed One!" . . .

Instantly with a shock as of earthquake the stupendous spectacle disappeared; and the priest found himself alone in the dark, kneeling upon the grass of the mountain-side. Then a sadness unspeakable fell upon him, because of the loss of the vision, and because of the thoughtlessness that had caused him to break his word. As he sorrowfully turned his steps homeward, the goblin-monk once more appeared before him, and said to him in tones of reproach and pain: "Because you did not keep the

promise which you made to me, and heedlessly allowed your feelings to overcome you, the Gohō-tendo, who is the Guardian of the Doctrine, swooped down suddenly from heaven upon us, and smote us in great anger, crying out, 'How do ye dare thus to deceive a pious person?' Then the other monks, whom I had assembled, all fled in fear. As for myself, one of my wings has been broken — so that now I cannot fly." And with these words the Tengu vanished forever.

AT YAIDZU

UNDER a bright sun the old fishing-town of Yaidzu has a particular charm of neutral color. Lizard-like it takes the gray tints of the rude gray coast on which it rests — curving along a little bay. It is sheltered from heavy seas by an extraordinary rampart of boulders. This rampart, on the water-side, is built in the form of terrace-steps; — the rounded stones of which it is composed being kept in position by a sort of basket-work woven between rows of stakes driven deeply into the ground — a separate row of stakes sustaining each of the grades. Looking landward from the top of the structure, your gaze ranges over the whole town — a broad space of gray-tiled roofs and weather-worn gray timbers, with here and there a pine-grove marking the place of a temple-court. Seaward, over leagues of water, there is a grand view — a jagged blue range of peaks crowding sharply into the horizon, like prodigious amethysts — and beyond them, to the left, the glorious spectre of Fuji, towering enormously above everything. Between sea-wall and sea there is no sand — only a gray slope of stones, chiefly boulders; and these roll with the surf so that it is ugly work trying to pass the breakers on a rough day. If you once get struck by a stone-wave — as I did several times — you will not soon forget the experience.

At certain hours the greater part of this rough slope is occupied by ranks of strange-looking craft — fishing-boats of a form peculiar to the locality. They are very large — capable of carrying forty or fifty men each; — and they have queer high prows, to which Buddhist or Shintō charms (mamori or shugo) are usually attached. A common form of Shintō written charm (shugo) is furnished for this purpose from the temple of the Goddess of Fuji: the text reads: "Fuji-san chōjō Sengen-gu dai-gyō manzoku" — meaning that the owner of the boat pledges himself, in case of good-fortune at fishing, to perform great austerities in honor of the divinity whose shrine is upon the summit of Fuji.

In every coast-province of Japan — and even at different fishing-settlements of the same province — the forms of boats and fishing-implements are peculiar to the district or settlement. Indeed it will sometimes be found that settlements, within a few miles of each other, respectively manufacture nets or boats as dissimilar in type as might be the inventions of races living thousands of miles apart. This amazing variety may be in some degree due to respect for local tradition — to the pious conservatism that preserves ancestral teaching and custom unchanged through hundreds of years: but it is better explained by the fact that different communities practice different kinds of fishing; and the shapes of the nets or the boats made, at any one

place, are likely to prove, on investigation, the inventions of a special experience. The big Yaidzu boats illustrate this fact. They were devised according to the particular requirements of the Yaidzu-fishing-industry, which supplies dried katsuo (bonito) to all parts of the Empire; and it was necessary that they should be able to ride a very rough sea. To get them in or out of the water is a heavy job; but the whole village helps. A kind of slipway is improvised in a moment by laying flat wooden frames on the slope in a line; and over these frames the flat-bottomed vessels are hauled up or down by means of long ropes. You will see a hundred or more persons thus engaged in moving a single boat — men, women, and children pulling together, in time to a curious melancholy chant. At the coming of a typhoon, the boats are moved far back into the streets. There is plenty of fun in helping at such work; and if you are a stranger, the fisher-folk will perhaps reward your pains by showing you the wonders of their sea: crabs with legs of astonishing length, balloon-fish that blow themselves up in the most absurd manner, and various other creatures of shapes so extraordinary that you can scarcely believe them natural without touching them.

The big boats with holy texts at their prows are not the strangest objects on the beach. Even more remarkable are the bait-baskets of split bamboo — baskets six feet high and eighteen feet round, with

one small hole in the dome-shaped top. Ranged along the sea-wall to dry, they might at some distance be mistaken for habitations or huts of some sort. Then you see great wooden anchors, shaped like ploughshares, and shod with metal; iron anchors, with four flukes; prodigious wooden mallets, used for driving stakes; and various other implements, still more unfamiliar, of which you cannot even imagine the purpose. The indescribable antique queerness of everything gives you that weird sensation of remoteness — of the far away in time and place — which makes one doubt the reality of the visible. And the life of Yaidzu is certainly the life of many centuries ago. The people, too, are the people of Old Japan: frank and kindly as children — good children — honest to a fault, innocent of the further world, loyal to the ancient traditions and the ancient gods.

II

I HAPPENED to be at Yaidzu during the three days of the Bon, or Festival of the Dead; and I hoped to see the beautiful farewell ceremony of the third and last day. In many parts of Japan, the ghosts are furnished with miniature ships for their voyage — little models of junks or fishing-craft, each containing offerings of food and water and kindled incense; also a tiny lantern or lamp, if the ghost-ship be dispatched at night. But at Yaidzu lanterns only are set afloat; and I was told that they would

be launched after dark. Midnight being the customary hour elsewhere, I supposed that it was the hour of farewell at Yaidzu also; and I rashly indulged in a nap after supper, expecting to wake up in time for the spectacle. But by ten o'clock, when I went to the beach again, all was over, and everybody had gone home. Over the water I saw something like a long swarm of fireflies — the lanterns drifting out to sea in procession; but they were already too far to be distinguished except as points of colored light. I was much disappointed: I felt that I had lazily missed an opportunity which might never again return — for these old Bon-customs are dying rapidly. But in another moment it occurred to me that I could very well venture to swim out to the lights. They were moving slowly. I dropped my robe on the beach, and plunged in. The sea was calm, and beautifully phosphorescent. Every stroke kindled a stream of yellow fire. I swam fast, and overtook the last of the lantern-fleet much sooner than I had hoped. I felt that it would be unkind to interfere with the little embarkations, or to divert them from their silent course: so I contented myself with keeping close to one of them, and studying its details.

The structure was very simple. The bottom was a piece of thick plank, perfectly square, and measuring about ten inches across. Each one of its corners supported a slender stick about sixteen inches high; and these four uprights, united above by cross-pieces, sustained the paper sides. Upon the

point of a long nail, driven up through the centre of the bottom, was fixed a lighted candle. The top was left open. The four sides presented five different colors — blue, yellow, red, white, and black; these five colors respectively symbolizing Ether, Wind, Fire, Water, and Earth — the five Buddhist elements which are metaphysically identified with the Five Buddhas. One of the paper-panes was red, one blue, one yellow; and the right half of the fourth pane was black, while the left half, uncolored, represented white. No kaimyō was written upon any of the transparencies. Inside the lantern there was only the flickering candle.

I watched those frail glowing shapes drifting through the night, and ever as they drifted scattering, under impulse of wind and wave, more and more widely apart. Each, with its quiver of color, seemed a life afraid — trembling on the blind current that was bearing it into the outer blackness. . . . Are not we ourselves as lanterns launched upon a deeper and a dimmer sea, and ever separating further and further one from another as we drift to the inevitable dissolution? Soon the thought-light in each burns itself out: then the poor frames, and all that is left of their once fair colors, must melt forever into the colorless Void. . . .

Even in the moment of this musing I began to doubt whether I was really alone — to ask myself whether there might not be something more than a

mere shuddering of light in the thing that rocked beside me: some presence that haunted the dying flame, and was watching the watcher. A faint cold thrill passed over me — perhaps some chill uprising from the depths — perhaps the creeping only of a ghostly fancy. Old superstitions of the coast recurred to me — old vague warnings of peril in the time of the passage of Souls. I reflected that were any evil to befall me out there in the night — meddling, or seeming to meddle, with the lights of the Dead — I should myself furnish the subject of some future weird legend. . . . I whispered the Buddhist formula of farewell — to the lights — and made speed for shore.

As I touched the stones again, I was startled by seeing two white shadows before me; but a kindly voice, asking if the water was cold, set me at ease. It was the voice of my old landlord, Otokichi the fishseller, who had come to look for me, accompanied by his wife.

"Only pleasantly cool," I made answer, as I threw on my robe to go home with them.

"Ah," said the wife, "it is not good to go out there on the night of the Bon!"

"I did not go far," I replied; — "I only wanted to look at the lanterns."

"Even a Kappa gets drowned sometimes," [1]

[1] This is a common proverb: "Kappa mo oboré-shini." The Kappa is a water-goblin, haunting rivers especially.

protested Otokichi. "There was a man of this village who swam home a distance of seven ri, in bad weather, after his boat had been broken. But he was drowned afterwards."

Seven ri means a trifle less than eighteen miles. I asked if any of the young men now in the settlement could do as much.

"Probably some might," the old man replied. "There are many strong swimmers. All swim here — even the little children. But when fisherfolk swim like that, it is only to save their lives."

"Or to make love," the wife added — "like the Hashima girl."

"Who?" queried I.

"A fisherman's daughter," said Otokichi. "She had a lover in Ajiro, several ri distant; and she used to swim to him at night, and swim back in the morning. He kept a light burning to guide her. But one dark night the light was neglected — or blown out; and she lost her way, and was drowned. . . . The story is famous in Idzu."

"So," I said to myself, "in the Far East, it is poor Hero that does the swimming. And what, under such circumstances, would have been the Western estimate of Leander?"

III

USUALLY about the time of the Bon, the sea gets rough; and I was not surprised to find next morning

that the surf was running high. All day it grew. By the middle of the afternoon, the waves had become wonderful; and I sat on the sea-wall, and watched them until sundown.

It was a long slow rolling — massive and formidable. Sometimes, just before breaking, a towering swell would crack all its green length with a tinkle as of shivering glass; then would fall and flatten with a peal that shook the wall beneath me. . . . I thought of the great dead Russian general who made his army to storm as a sea — wave upon wave of steel — thunder following thunder. . . . There was yet scarcely any wind; but there must have been wild weather elsewhere — and the breakers were steadily heightening. Their motion fascinated. How indescribably complex such motion is — yet how eternally new! Who could fully describe even five minutes of it? No mortal ever saw two waves break in exactly the same way.

And probably no mortal ever watched the ocean-roll or heard its thunder without feeling serious. I have noticed that even animals — horses and cows — become meditative in the presence of the sea: they stand and stare and listen as if the sight and sound of that immensity made them forget all else in the world.

There is a folk-saying of the coast: "The Sea has a soul and hears." And the meaning is thus explained: Never speak of your fear when you feel

afraid at sea; — if you say that you are afraid, the waves will suddenly rise higher. . . . Now this imagining seems to me absolutely natural. I must confess that when I am either in the sea, or upon it, I cannot fully persuade myself that it is not alive — a conscious and a hostile power. Reason, for the time being, avails nothing against this fancy. In order to be able to think of the sea as a mere body of water, I must be upon some height from whence its heaviest billowing appears but a lazy creeping of tiny ripples.

But the primitive fancy may be roused even more strongly in darkness than by daylight. How living seem the smoulderings and the flashings of the tide on nights of phosphorescence! — how reptilian the subtle shifting of the tints of its chilly flame! Dive into such a night-sea; — open your eyes in the black-blue gloom, and watch the weird gush of lights that follow your every motion: each luminous point, as seen through the flood, like the opening and closing of an eye! At such a moment, one feels indeed as if enveloped by some monstrous sentiency — suspended within some vital substance that feels and sees and wills alike in every part — an infinite soft cold Ghost.

IV

Long I lay awake that night, and listened to the thunder-rolls and crashings of the mighty tide. Deeper than these distinct shocks of noise, and all

the storming of the nearer waves, was the bass of the further surf — a ceaseless abysmal muttering to which the building trembled — a sound that seemed to imagination like the sound of the trampling of infinite cavalry, the massing of incalculable artillery — some rushing, from the Sunrise, of armies wide as the world.

Then I found myself thinking of the vague terror with which I had listened, when a child, to the voice of the sea; — and I remembered that in after-years, on different coasts in different parts of the world, the sound of surf had always revived the childish emotion. Certainly this emotion was older than I by thousands of thousands of centuries — the inherited sum of numberless terrors ancestral. But presently there came to me the conviction that fear of the sea alone could represent but one element of the multitudinous awe awakened by its voice. For as I listened to that wild tide of the Suruga coast, I could distinguish nearly every sound of fear known to man: not merely noises of battle tremendous — of interminable volleying — of immeasurable charging — but the roaring of beasts, the crackling and hissing of fire, the rumbling of earthquake, the thunder of ruin, and, above all these, a clamor continual as of shrieks and smothered shoutings — the Voices that are said to be the voices of the drowned. Awfulness supreme of tumult — combining all imaginable echoings of fury and destruction and despair!

And to myself I said: Is it wonderful that the voice of the sea should make us serious? Consonantly to its multiple utterance must respond all waves of immemorial fear that move in the vaster sea of soul-experience. Deep calleth unto deep. The visible abyss calls to that abyss invisible of elder being whose flood-flow made the ghosts of us.

Wherefore there is surely more than a little truth in the ancient belief that the speech of the dead is the roar of the sea. Truly the fear and the pain of the dead past speak to us in that dim deep awe which the roar of the sea awakens.

But there are sounds that move us much more profoundly than the voice of the sea can do, and in stranger ways — sounds that also make us serious at times, and very serious — sounds of music.

Great music is a psychical storm, agitating to unimaginable depth the mystery of the past within us. Or we might say that it is a prodigious incantation — every different instrument and voice making separate appeal to different billions of prenatal memories. There are tones that call up all ghosts of youth and joy and tenderness; — there are tones that evoke all phantom pain of perished passion; — there are tones that resurrect all dead sensations of majesty and might and glory — all expired exultations — all forgotten magnanimities. Well may the influence of music seem inexplicable to the man who idly dreams that his life began less

than a hundred years ago! But the mystery lightens for whomsoever learns that the substance of Self is older than the sun. He finds that music is a Necromancy; — he feels that to every ripple of melody, to every billow of harmony, there answers within him, out of the Sea of Death and Birth, some eddying immeasurable of ancient pleasure and pain.

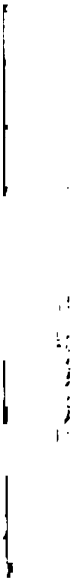
Pleasure and pain: they commingle always in great music; and therefore it is that music can move us more profoundly than the voice of ocean or than any other voice can do. But in music's larger utterance it is ever the sorrow that makes the undertone, — the surf-mutter of the Sea of Soul. . . . Strange to think how vast the sum of joy and woe that must have been experienced before the sense of music could evolve in the brain of man!

Somewhere it is said that human life is the music of the Gods — that its sobs and laughter, its songs and shrieks and orisons, its outcries of delight and of despair, rise never to the hearing of the Immortals but as a perfect harmony. . . . Wherefore they could not desire to hush the tones of pain: it would spoil their music! The combination, without the agony-tones, would prove a discord unendurable to ears divine.

And in one way we ourselves are as Gods — since it is only the sum of the pains and the joys of past lives innumerable that makes for us, through memory organic, the ecstasy of music. All the gladness

and the grief of dead generations come back to haunt us in countless forms of harmony and of melody. Even so — a million years after we shall have ceased to view the sun — will the gladness and the grief of our own lives pass with richer music into other hearts — there to bestir, for one mysterious moment, some deep and exquisite thrilling of voluptuous pain.

END OF VOLUME IX



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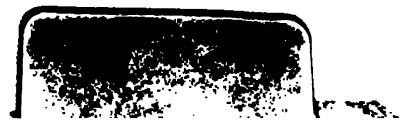
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